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THE

HIDDEN LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN,

See Vol. 18. Page 147

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE

CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF

MRS. SUSANNAH H. TUCKER,

LATE OF MILTON, MASS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

BY

REV. JOHN CODMAN, D. D.

1835

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TO THE

REVEREND SAMUEL GILE,

PASTOR OF THE

EVANGELICAL CHURCH IN MILTON,

WHO FOR SEVERAL YEARS WAS THE

HIGHLY ESTEEMED AND BELOVED MINISTER

OF THE INDIVIDUAL

WHOSE PIOUS EFFUSIONS ARE HERE PRESERVED,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

In adding one more to the innumerable volumes of Christian Biography which distinguish the age in which we live, some apology may be deemed necessary and proper.

The present publication is simply designed for the benefit of immediate relatives, and a little circle of christian friends to whom the writer of the subsequent pages was well known, and by whom she will long be held in affectionate remembrance.

As this volume may, however, find its way beyond the sphere for which it is more particularly intended, it has been thought desirable that it should be introduced to the favorable notice of the christian public by one, who, for many years, sustained the relation of Pastor to the modest and humble individual whose writings are here committed to the press.

The reality of experimental religion has often been questioned, and even denied. There are many who consider religion as consisting in the observance of external rites and forms, or, at best, in the outward conformity of

the life to the precepts of morality. Such persons deride all pretensions to what is generally termed experimental religion, or the religion of the heart. Those who make any pretensions to it, however humble and unobtrusive, are often accused of enthusiasm and hypocrisy. The enemies of the religion of the heart are always ready to attribute improper and unworthy motives to those who make a profession of experimental piety. Sometimes they are accused of assuming the cloak of religion to cover selfish and sinister purposes; and it must be granted that there are not wanting instances of hypocrisy to justify the charges that are alleged against professors of religion. But, because there are to be found those who do not adorn their profession, it does not follow that there are no sincere christians; because there is some counterfeit currency, it does not follow that there is no true coin. On the contrary, the very existence of the counterfeit proves the reality of the thing counterfeited. The mask of the hypocrite is taken from the features of the real christian. It must be acknowledged that there are some peculiar difficulties in establishing the reality of experimental religion, in answer to the objections of infidels and sceptics. The human heart is so deceitful and wicked, and there are so many inducements to false pretensions and hypocritical appearances, that we are almost afraid

to speak, with confidence, of the experimental piety of others, lest we should eventually be deceived, and thus bring a reproach upon that holy cause we profess to love.

But there is one kind of evidence of the truth of experimental religion, which cannot but forcibly impress the minds of those who may read the following pages. It will be perceived that the artless writer commences her diary at a very early period of life, and gives a full and particular account of her religious views and feelings when a child of twelve or thirteen years.

There are several reasons why the religious experience of children is better calculated than the experience of adult believers, to silence the objections and cavils of the enemies of religion.

It affords better evidence of sincerity. There are fewer temptations to hypocrisy and concealment. Childhood is peculiarly the season of artlessness. What can be more artless and simple than a little child, before it is acquainted with the hackneyed ways of the world? It is true, we not unfrequently meet with instances of cunning and deceitfulness in little children; but it is not in pretensions to religion that this disposition is discovered. We see children sometimes attempt to deceive their parents and teachers by dissimulation and falsehood; but very rarely, if ever, do we see them assume the appearance of religion,

with an intention to deceive. They are rarely, if ever, actuated by hypocritical motives in leaving their little sports for their Bibles—their gay companions for the society of experienced christians—the scene of amusement and dissipation for the meeting of prayer and the house of God. When we listen to the unaffected conversation of children on the subject of religion—when we hear them speak of the love of God and the Saviour—when we behold them patient under suffering and resigned to quit their hold of life, we have an evidence of the reality of religion that we do not find in the experience of older christians. We search in vain for the sinister and worldly motive that could have operated on the infant mind—we feel a conviction, that the most hardened cannot resist, of sincerity and truth.

Another reason why the conversion of children affords better evidence of the reality of religion, is, that *it exhibits, in a more lovely aspect, the fruits of the Spirit.* It is, indeed, a sight most cheering to the christian, to behold the sinner, hardened by years of continued iniquity and transgression, bowing, with meekness, at the foot of the cross ; but it is a sight still more lovely to witness the bloom of youth consecrated to the service of God, and to hear the tender accents of infancy lisping the name of Jesus. There is something inexpressibly lovely in the

experience of the youthful christian. Who, that has ever enjoyed the privilege of witnessing real religion exhibited in the tender years of childhood and youth—of conversing with a child who has been taught by the Spirit of God—in whose heart the love of God has been shed abroad by the power of the Holy Ghost, that has not felt that there was something indescribably lovely in early piety—something that brought home to the heart an evidence of its reality that is not to be attained in so high a degree from the experience of others? In the religion of youthful christians there is a softness and sweetness that is like the opening rose bud before it fully expands into the spreading flower, and loses some of its fragrance by exposure to the air.

Another reason why the religious experience of children is better calculated to silence the objections and cavils of the enemies of religion, is, that *it more strikingly displays the immediate agency and power of God.* It is not unfrequently objected to the religion of the adult, that it is the result of metaphysical speculation and abstruse reasoning. His views of religion, and his conversation upon it, appear to many to be nothing more than might naturally have been expected from his opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and the reflections of his own mind. But, when we see a child, strongly imbued with the spirit

of religion, conversing or writing upon those high and spiritual subjects which may well employ the meditations of saints and angels—when we listen to reflections on the insignificance of earthly things, and the value of the soul, and the joys of heaven, we are constrained to confess the power of God, and to acknowledge that it is the Lord's work and marvellous in our eyes. Even the enemies of religion, and those who are disposed to cavil at its doctrines and deny its power, find it difficult to resist this testimony to its truth. It is a most convincing evidence of the reality of religion. It comes home to the conscience and the heart. It speaks, in language more persuasive than the most powerful eloquence, that there is a blessed reality in christian experience, that the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.

There is another evidence in favor of the reality of religion, which cannot fail to excite the attention of the reader of this little volume. It is said by those who are determined to object to the most conclusive evidence arising from the experience of those youthful christians who have died young, that, had they lived, their religious impressions would probably have been effaced by their intercourse with the world, and passed away like the morning cloud and the early dew.

To this objection the volume before us furnishes a satisfactory reply. Although much of the diary and many of the letters were written in early life, the habit of writing on religious subjects was continued to the last, and the letters of the anxious mother to her beloved children form not the least interesting part of this valuable collection of papers. It will be perceived that the religious character of the young disciple advanced with her advancing years, brightening her path as she pursued, with christian consistency, the duties that devolved upon her in the interesting relations of a wife and mother.

While we would not anticipate the christian reader in the satisfaction which we have no doubt he will receive in the perusal of the following pages, we cannot but assure him that he will find portrayed in them a character of no ordinary kind. If we are not mistaken, he will perceive uncommon precocity of talent, strong sense and practical knowledge, united with deep humility, and unaffected, unobtrusive piety. She had but few opportunities of education, but her thirst for knowledge induced her to improve them to the best advantage. Possessing naturally a diffident and retiring disposition, she was but little known out of the immediate circle of her acquaintance. Her words were few, though her writing was voluminous. Her principal companions, to use her own beautiful language, were "her pen, her Bible and her God."

Although her christian character was always well known and highly appreciated, yet her most intimate friends had no idea of her epistolary talent, the depth of her views on religious subjects, her ardent zeal for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, or her strong personal desire to be actively engaged in the missionary enterprise, until the following pages were put into their hands for revision and publication.

It is evident that the pious writer never expected that they would be seen and read out of her own immediate family, and would have shrunk, with that unaffected diffidence for which she was distinguished, from the publicity which some of her friends have thought it desirable should be given them, with a view to benefit others, especially the youthful part of the community. But, we doubt not, if anything on earth can increase the happiness of glorified saints, that her happy spirit will be rendered still more happy by the consideration that the humble productions of her pen have been instrumental in awakening the attention of the thoughtless, and comforting and edifying the children of God.

That this may be the happy result of this publication, is our sincere and earnest prayer.

Dorchester, July 25, 1834.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Mrs. Susannah Humphreys Tucker was the oldest child of Mr. David and Mrs. Azubah Clapp, of Dorchester, Mass. in which town she was born on the 10th of May, 1802. Her early childhood was not remarkably distinguished from that of others; but an activity of mind and body, a quickness of perception, and great tenderness of feeling, together with a fondness for study and an aptitude to learn, were manifested. An intuitive dread of falling short in accomplishing the full amount of her ability, in whatever she was engaged, was exhibited in her earliest years; and hence she evinced an ardent and unwearied perseverance in the prosecution of her studies and her other youthful pursuits, which rarely allowed her to be second to any of her companions. In childhood, as well as in mature years, she was sometimes more governed by this innate conviction of what she considered she could and therefore *ought* to perform, than by a due regard to her health and the advice of friends.

She possessed naturally a slender constitution. From early life she was affected with many of the symptoms of the disorder which eventually brought her to the grave. Her seasons of sickness were frequent; and while they doubtless contributed in some measure to the seriousness of mind which was early exhibited, and subsequently were the periods of many of her loftiest strains of devotional aspiration, they also tended to change her natural tenderness of feeling into a morbid sensitiveness which was at times the source of severe trials.

A taste for reading was shown in her tenderest years, and

increased with her age. Through life her books were classed among her dearest companions and chief sources of enjoyment, and evidences of a mature judgment in their choice were early developed.

The principles of our holy religion were very early presented to her notice, and as she became older were enforced upon her mind as the only sure guide through life and ground of hope in death. At the age of 12 years, or probably previous to that time, these principles, by divine grace, had touched her heart, and brought her to feel her own natural unworthiness in view of the perfect and broken law of God. Her convictions of sin were strong. She mourned long and deeply over the remembrance of her transgressions, and for that hardness of heart which could still prevent her from loving supremely her Maker and her Redeemer. Owing to her natural diffidence, much of this mental suffering was unknown to her relations and associates. But though it was thus generally concealed from the knowledge of others, and though among her young companions her usual cheerfulness was still apparently maintained, it was in a measure disclosed to a few of her more intimate friends, and still more fully expressed by her pen in a record of her religious experience, which even at that early period she was in the habit of preserving.

She was at length led to rejoice in the belief, that, utterly unworthy as she felt herself to be, she could safely trust in the merits of the Saviour for pardon and salvation. The joy which she experienced as this assurance was graciously permitted to illuminate the recent darkness of her mind, was great, and at times transporting. Thoughtful and outwardly correct as she had before been, the change was now evident. A deeper principle regulated her thoughts, words and actions, and she was conscious she had com-

menced what ought to be a new life, and which she humbly trusted would prove such. At 14, she was admitted into the Rev. Dr. Codman's church, of which she was the youngest for several years, and of which she continued an active and worthy member till the year 1825. In July, of that year, she was married to Mr. Charles Tucker, of Milton, and her connection with Dr. C.'s church was accordingly transferred to that of the Rev. Samuel Gile, in that town, of which her husband was a member.

A direct descendant, by both parents, from those who were among the first settlers of New England, she was firm in the belief of the doctrines of the gospel which they so zealously cherished—yet not censorious nor bigoted in regard to those who believed differently. It was her constant endeavor to cultivate a spirit of peace and charity towards all, and to suffer the fruits of her own religious belief to be rather exhibited in a spotless and holy life, than in a controversial and contentious disposition. Yet she was ever able to defend the doctrines she professed to believe, and to "give a reason of the hope that was in her." Her religion was in a marked degree one of principle, taking deep hold of the understanding as well as the heart. This was strikingly manifest during the many trying situations to which a long course of ill health subjected her, at different periods of her life. From the nature of her physical infirmities, as well as of her peculiar temperament, her ordinary feelings sympathized strongly with her bodily health, and were therefore subject to vicissitudes. But a deep and settled conviction of the truth of the gospel, and of her obligation and determination to perform the duties which it enjoins, was never at these times wanting, though in her self-abasement she was often led to doubt the evi-

dences of her regeneration, and to mourn over the coldness of her devotions and the sluggishness of her christian progress.

As has already been observed, she early acquired the free use of her pen. From a period previous to the commencement of her religious impressions, to the close of life, she accustomed herself to record, in a regular and copious diary, her thoughts and feelings on various subjects. Many of these writings she herself afterwards destroyed. Most of those which were preserved are more particularly of a religious and devotional character. This, next to her private and public acts of devotion, was her dearest employment for many years; and, in connection with a familiar correspondence with numerous friends, it was that which peculiarly suited her native talents and her most successful acquirements. A retiring diffidence often imposed upon her a rigid restraint in conversation, preventing the full and free expression of her religious feelings and belief, and sometimes also confining the amount of her active christian labors far within the limits which were prompted by her benevolent and pious heart. The absence of this oppressive restraint in her private meditations and in the exercise of a vigorous mind by the use of her pen, was to her a most delightful freedom. It was to her private diary, which for so many years was a companion and a cherished treasure, that she more particularly delighted to resort; and there was she in the daily habit of unbosoming her inmost promptings and desires, together with those deep, humble, devotional exercises of her mind and heart, which were too sacred for the ear of dearest friendship, and the depth and fervency of which were known only to herself and her God.

The minuteness and extent of her diary may be considered a convincing proof of uncommon industry, as well as

of her peculiar relish for this employment—the portions of it which are contained in the subsequent pages forming but a very small part of the original. Her pen was not resorted to for the purpose of filling up the leisure hours of one who had nothing else to attend to, as, during most of the time previous to her having the charge of a family, when her health permitted, she was engaged in some regular manual employment, at which she accomplished, as has already been observed, more than an average amount. During a few of her latest years, amidst the various duties which the cares of a family imposed upon her, she also found time to pen a series of papers, intended exclusively for her two children, whom she had a presentiment she should early be called to leave, and to whose welfare she wished to contribute by instructions which might guide their tender years when their mother's voice should be silent in the grave.

In the retired and peaceful enjoyment of her own family, and in the active discharge of her various duties, she passed her time till the summer of 1831, when her health, which for several years had been more feeble than formerly, began sensibly to decline under the inroads of a pulmonary consumption. This was less evident, however, to herself, than to the vigilant scrutiny of anxious friends.

It was not till the fall of 1832, when her strength, which for more than a year had steadily but almost imperceptibly failed, had so far gone as to prevent her leaving her room, that she was conscious a fatal disease had taken deep root in her system, and that no earthly power could save or prolong her life. And this was the time for her religious faith and hope to pass through a severer test than they had yet experienced. The religion of the gospel, which in her ten-

der years she had chosen as the guide of her life and the foundation of her future hope, had sustained her amid the enticing snares of youth and the responsibilities and perils of womanhood; it had been with her, her cherished stay and comforter, in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow; and she had looked upon it, while death seemed far from her, as her only trust and consolation in that last mortal conflict. But now, when disease was daily bringing her nearer the final scene, she felt herself in a new and an untried situation. The comforts and delights of social life, which had accompanied this divine trust, and which, in numerous ways, were intimately and delightfully associated with it, were one after another leaving her; and that fearful hour was fast approaching, when she must bid a long farewell to those who were dearer to her than she could express, and enter, *alone*, a world yet hidden by the thick veil of the grave. She had always entertained a dread of bodily pain, and her natural timidity had invested the act of dying with an insupportable share of it. It was therefore a physical shrinking, in fearful anticipation of the agonies of expiring nature, as much as the terrors which hovered over a dark futurity, that constituted the struggle which now awaited her. Does it detract from the efficacy of the religion which she professed, or from the genuineness of her faith in it, that for a season its blessed light was excluded by the trembling doubts and fears of a heart and frame, of tender sensibility, suffering under the weight of these accumulating, these heretofore unknown, afflictions? No—for it was but the passing of a cloud over the still glorious sun; and though the darkness that followed was indeed at times great, yet, thanks be to God, a noon-tide blaze of heavenly light was at length shed upon her apparently benighted

path. The early-sought and long-cherished immortal principle was at length revived, and in its divine armor she conquered the fear of her last great enemy.

From this time till her death—a period of about two months—she became more and more resigned to the divine will, as the conviction was more fully confirmed that her days were numbered and would very soon be finished; and in the exercise of an increasing faith, she was enabled more firmly and joyfully to centre her affections and hopes in heaven. She felt and acknowledged that she could leave her two beloved children, for whose sake more than for any other cause she could still wish to live, in the kind keeping of her heavenly Father, to whose tender mercy she had entrusted her own departing spirit. She recounted to the writer, with great apparent thankfulness, a few days before she died, some of the many blessings for which she felt her deepest gratitude was due. She alluded to the circumstance of the removal of her former distressing doubts—to her present comparative bodily comforts—to the kind and ready attentions of friends—to the great consolation she had received from the constant attendance of her mother; and she hoped that for all these favors she should be sufficiently thankful during her few remaining days. The views of her own insufficiency and unworthiness, which had been so constantly maintained through her whole christian course, were still strikingly manifest—her only hope of salvation resting upon the mercy of God in Christ. The day before she died, she traced in pencil a short and affectionate farewell to her much-loved and absent sister. On each of the five preceding days, she had in the same manner written a few lines, as a continuation of her diary, expressing her entire resignation and willingness to depart.

During the forenoon of the day of her death, January 1, 1833, she appeared disposed to slumber, but continued sensible, and expressed her desire to be in heaven. Early in the afternoon she revived, though it was evident her time had nearly come. She inquired of her mother, who was by her side, what she thought of her. Knowing that no danger was to be apprehended from telling her the truth, her mother informed her that she thought she was dying. "Do you?" said she, in a tone of mingled surprise and pleasure, and calmly inquired if her mother-in-law was of the same opinion. On being asked if she did not think so herself, she replied—"It seems as though it could not be, I feel so comfortable; but," she continued, "it is the best news you have told me this fortnight." To an inquiry, subsequently, by her parent, if she knew her, she answered—"Yes, dear mother;" and soon added—"Farewell, dear mother." She also bade an affectionate adieu to her husband, and to other friends around her bed. She was soon after asked the state of her mind, and she made an effort to pronounce the word "happy;" but it was her last bodily exertion, and her last breath was apparently exhausted in the attempt. The only outward sign of death was her ceasing to breathe. She emphatically "departed in peace." The agony of "this great separation of soul and body," to use her own expression, the thoughts of which had caused such fearful apprehensions, was mercifully taken away, and she was enabled, in the full and calm possession of all her intellectual faculties, to realize that the Jordan over which she was now passing was but a pleasant entrance into that "rest" which she dared humbly but confidently to trust was reserved for her in heaven.

THE

HIDDEN LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN.

DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE.

[The earliest production of the pen of Mrs. T. which was saved by herself from the flames, to which she committed many of her more juvenile writings, is under the date of December, 1813, when she was 11 years of age. It appears originally to have been the commencement of a small daily journal, and is in these words:—]

I intend here to write down all the exercises of my mind, since I was first led to inquire for the one thing needful, and also the letters I have written since that time, and which I may hereafter write. Perhaps I shall never live to write this book through; but if I do not, I shall the sooner be praising God with the heavenly host above. I can willingly and cheerfully commit my soul to Him, depending upon his righteousness alone for salvation.

[There is an interval of nearly a year between this and the succeeding date; after which, an unbroken series is maintained for more than seven years, when casual intermissions again occur during the remainder of her life. The selections which have been made from the mass of writings thus accumulated, are given in the succeeding pages.]

Sept. 6, 1814.—Through the mercy of God, I have been spared through another day. While many have gone to their long homes, I, a sinful worm, have been preserved.

Oct. 31.—I think I have enjoyed God to-day. What shall I render unto him for all his benefits? I thank him for the many blessed and comforting promises he has given to us in the Bible. I feel myself indeed obligated to him for every blessing. Attended Mr. C.'s meeting yesterday. Mr. B., of Dedham, preached. His text in the forenoon was in Rom. vii. 9; and in the afternoon, Rom. vii. 24. He told the christian's experience. I thought I had felt it, and was much comforted by his sermon. Yes, I do love my dearest Saviour. It would be my delight to praise him always. Yesterday I felt all my doubts and fears removed, and thought I had been washed in the blood of the Lamb. If those who are seeking after worldly pleasure only knew what a precious Saviour is offered to them, I think they would accept him. O what can exceed a Saviour's love! Had I ten thousand worlds, I would part with them all for a Saviour.

TO MISS S. C. OF D.

Dorchester, November 12, 1814.

I thank you for your kind letter. I think I love Christ, but am afraid I am deceived. I am willing to endure persecution if I can but arrive at heaven at last. I take much comfort in the company of christians. I love the children of God far more than those of the world, and take great delight in conversing with them upon religion.

I much enjoy reading the Bible, especially the New Testament. I have a great desire to follow Christ. I think there is not so much happiness in anything else. O blessed God, "A day spent in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." I am often surprised at the love of Christ, that he should be willing to save such a sinner as I am. I wonder I was not long ago suffering in the world of wo, for I am sure my sins have deserved it. I believe that Christ is willing to save me if I come to him in a right way, because he has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." I see nothing in this world half so lovely as Christ. If I had a good assurance of an interest in him, I would not give up the hope and go back again to the world, though I might have the riches and honors of ten thousand worlds, for I love Christ better. I want to be a christian and enjoy religion; this is my most earnest desire.

S. H. C.

Nov. 14.—Mr. H., of Bridgewater, preached yesterday, from these words—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." An excellent sermon. When shall I be thankful enough for the many mercies I enjoy? I had a sweet time this morning in prayer. I thought God was evidently with me. I have many times been ready to say, while enjoying religion—"Lord, why was I a guest?" But O, I shudder at the dreadful thought, I may be deceiving myself. I often think of this verse—

"Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust."

Yet why art thou cast down, O my soul? The Lord still reigns. I once thought, if I had a good hope I should always be happy; but now know it is not so. No, I must not expect always to be on the mount.—In perusing the Evangelical Magazine, I found an experience in many respects like my own. It was in a letter written to the Rev. Mr. Newton. The writer says—"When about to commit any sin, something would say, 'Will you do this sin and risk heaven?' Another thought would start up and say, 'Do it—pray do it; you know you can repent of it at a future period, and it is as easy to repent of many as of one sin. Do comply.' If I complied, Satan would suggest, 'Now you have eaten the forbidden fruit, like Adam, and are lost. You have gone too far for repentance to have any weight.'" In this way I have many times been led into sin. O my deceitful and desperately wicked heart!

Nov. 23.—Mr. C.'s text at the lecture last evening, was these words—"Incline thine ear and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." It was a very comforting sermon. I thought I could see my evidence clear. I am now very happy. O what has Christ done and suffered for me! When I reflect upon it, I am astonished that God should save such an one as I am. How have I sinned against him! O how wonderful is his love to sinners, and to me who am the chief!

Nov. 25.—Where shall I find words to express the happiness I feel? O that all the world knew the worth of a precious Saviour! They would leave all their earthly pleasures, which are but vanity, and come to Jesus. They could not refrain from praising the Friend of sinners, for he is altogether lovely. And must I stay still longer on earth, and sin against God? O I cannot do it—I cannot. But hush! I fear my impatience is sin. Lord, pardon this importunity, and grant me thine assistance every moment to keep me from sinning, and from the vanities of the world.

TO MISS M. B. OF D.

Dorchester, November 28, 1814.

Nothing is of so much importance to write upon, as religion. This is the only thing in which real happiness consists. Without religion, we can neither be happy in this world nor in the world to come. Do you not wish to be happy? O, then, repent of your sins and come to Christ, who stands with open arms ready to receive you, and you will not be cast away. Believe me, there is more comfort to be taken in one hour with God, than in years spent in the pleasures of sin. God gave his dearly-beloved Son to die for us, that through him we might have everlasting life. Attend to these things while young, and it will save much repentance. You are young, but not too young to die. There are a great many promises in the Bible for young people. Here is a precious one—"They who seek me early shall find me." The Bible is full of instruction. Attend to it, for it contains the words of eternal life.

S. H. C.

Dec. 10.—When christians mourn, sinners rejoice. How long will the world thus be divided? When will the Millennium, that long-wished-for period, arrive—when all will be united, and each one love his neighbor as himself? Christians appear to be deficient in their duty. O that they would set a better example before the world. The people of the world, too, seem to carry their wickedness farther than common. How can this be preparing the way for that happy period? Yet we read there shall come a falling away first.

Dec. 31.—This is the last day of the year. I think it has been the most important year of my life. What do I not owe to God? "Draw me, O God, and I will run after thee."

Jan. 1, 1815.—Through the mercy of God, I have been brought to see the light of this pleasant morning. It is the Sabbath, "the day of all the week the best." How do I intend to spend this year, should my life be spared? Shall I spend it in the pleasures of sin, or in the true enjoyment of religion? I have tried them both, and can without hesitation affirm that it is religion only which yields solid comfort. I never knew comfort, comparatively speaking, until I knew religion. I am resolved for the future to spend my precious moments no more in vanity.

TO MISS M. B. OF D.

Dorchester, January 23, 1815.

As you requested me to write, I embrace the first opportunity to comply. I hope you now begin to seek the things which are above. If you rightly value your own

happiness, you certainly do seek them. I beg you never to stifle convictions. If you feel yourself to be a sinner, lost and undone, never strive to drive it from your mind, but go and pray to God that he would remove the burden and give you pardon for your sins. I know that many who have convictions try to drive away the uneasiness with vain company, reading entertaining stories, &c. This has probably been the ruin of some. Would you not like to appear in the white robe of a Saviour's righteousness? Then you must be one of those "who have come out of great tribulation," as we read in Rev. vii. We must be in anguish for our sins, which are innumerable. A sinner is not always led to call upon God immediately for deliverance, but God for wise purposes suffers him to go mourning a long season. What wonderful love the Father hath bestowed upon the children of men, in making them heirs of his kingdom! O, M., ever love and adore this great God, who is matchless in grace and infinite in mercy, long-suffering, and boundless in his love. Words are inadequate to express his goodness. You must search the Scriptures, "for they are they which testify of him."

There are varieties in christian experience. Some have their convictions come on so gradually that they know no particular time when the saving change was wrought. But the language of every christian, I think, is—"Whereas I was once blind, now I see." I believe that all christians have seen the time when they could feelingly say—"God be merciful to me a sinner." Never let your prayer be like the boasting Pharisee's. We have no merits of our own; we must plead the merits of Jesus, who died for us.

Religion does not consist in outward forms, but our hearts must be changed from nature to grace; then our conduct will of course be different, for "How can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit, or how can a good tree bring forth evil fruit?" Truly even a christian cannot be perfect in this world. Sanctification is a gradual work—is never completed until after death. We may see a great many faults in christians, but we cannot see their hearts.

I hope you do not forget to pray to God. He knows all our wants, but he will be inquired of by us for needed blessings. Pray to him to give you a new heart, and he will delight to answer the request. Though he may not answer as soon as you expect, or in the way you may look for, yet if you ask aright your petition certainly will be granted. Christ says, "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." These words are spoken by one who cannot lie. S. H. C.

Feb. 14.—Peace declared this day between England and America. What a blessing God has bestowed upon us—how much more than we could expect, when so undeserving! O that we could all live as we ought—but O our wickedness! We must expect judgments.

March 24.—Am unhappy to-day. I am afraid I shall be weighed in the balance and found wanting. Have been learning this hymn—"'Tis a point I long to know," and have derived some comfort from it. I find my own feelings there described.—I dread the approaching summer. The fear of the thunder which I must necessarily hear, bears heavy on my mind. If I were sure I should die this night, I should not feel so much agitated as I am with

the fears of thunder. I am afraid Satan will keep me a slave to fear all the season. But this is my only consolation, that God has power, and if he is my friend I need fear nothing. Therefore my first endeavor shall be to gain his favor.

26.—I find learning hymns a great remedy against evil thoughts. While my hands are employed in common business, I can have the hymn book before me, and have learnt many hymns in this way. I have been more composed to-day, still entertaining a hope that I have been changed from nature to grace. I often think of the poor heathen, who enjoy no Sabbaths as we do. O, had I the wings of a dove, I would soon wing my way to those benighted regions where sin and wo do not cease to reign. I should feel myself amply rewarded, even if I should suffer more than I can imagine, were it made the means of saving one poor soul from eternal punishment. But perhaps I myself am in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity.

April 9.—Have just returned from public worship. Saw the members of the church partake of the holy eucharist. O how I longed to be one of them! Mr. C.'s sermon in the forenoon gave me no small uneasiness. He said all who did not belong to Christ's visible church, might be said to deny him. I cannot bear to think of denying a dear friend; I think it is inhuman. Yet I do not feel fit to belong to the church.

April 11.—I have thought much of giving myself up publicly to God, by joining his visible church, but I do not feel worthy. Perhaps they may say I am too young

—I have not knowledge enough—and that I shall fall away, which I greatly dread.

Thanksgiving Day, April 13.—Thanks be given to the only wise God, who has again granted us the inestimable blessing of Peace. We will ever adore this great God, who has all things at his disposal.—I long to hear the joyful news that heathen India has become the happy place where Jesus reigns—that instead of idol worship, they worship the true God.

I have this afternoon been looking over these writings. I see the want of more care and accuracy; but it is of no consequence. I have pictured as well as I am able the feelings of my heart. I am glad I have saved so many from the flames, as I have often found encouragement in reading them. I had distress of mind for three months. I sought comfort in everything, but found it alone in Jesus. I find I have been harassed with doubts and fears ever since. During the first part of my pilgrimage I was often in fear of being deceived. I have had to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. I have had wars within, and temptations without. But a kind God has brought me safely thus far. The fears of death have been removed in such a manner that it seems a blessed thing to die, and I long for that happy hour to arrive. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Although I meet with many trials, I am not in the least degree tempted to leave Christ. I can say, with Peter—"Lord, to whom else shall we go?" But O, perhaps like him I shall fall away. I feel now as though I could not, but I am not

my own keeper. I wish to pursue with more eagerness the path set before me. O God, on thee I lean—wilt thou sustain me; and when I am removed from this wearisome world, and this once aching head lies easy beneath the clods, I trust this happy spirit will be singing eternal praises to Immanuel. I long to be able to satisfy my dear relatives, on my dying bed, that I shall sweetly repose on the bosom of Jesus.

May 3.—"Is it not strange that one day I should be upon the mount, the next in the valley? Yesterday I was happy praising God, to-day quite cold and stupid." Pious Mrs. Rowe thus inquired; and I must expect nothing more, who am so much beneath such a christian.

Here in my little book will I write all my heart, since no one ever sees my writings. My inaccurate effusions will not meet the eyes of critical observers. If I ever entertained the thought that they would, I should be more careful.

My mind has lately been exercised with thoughts of joining the church. Mr. C. in his late sermon told us, as we departed from the house, to ask ourselves why we had not come forward and joined Christ's visible church. I made the excuse—I have not knowledge enough. O God, wilt thou remove the fear of man, which bringeth a snare. I cannot refrain from weeping to think that the fear of the world still bears upon me. But have I knowledge enough? I fear I have not. Yet I know Christ has shed his precious blood and purchased our pardon, which by the deeds of the law we never could have purchased.

May 4.—When I first began my pilgrimage, I was resolved not to indulge those disquietudes of mind I heard others complain of. Then my countenance bespoke the happiness within. But how often has it since worn a different aspect! While thinking of these things, I feel my heart glow with love to my Saviour, who did not hesitate to shed his precious blood for me on Calvary. He once smiled upon me and kindly said—"Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace."

May 11.—Yesterday was my birthday. I was 13 years old. When I review my past life, and see how much time I have squandered away, I blush and am ashamed. Years rolled away ere I attended to religion. Well may I repent before God in dust and ashes. During the past year I have been brought fully to see my sad state by nature, have been led to the fountain head, and have, I trust, been adopted into the family of God. I have also felt the alarms of war, have seen preparations for battles, and have indeed had my share of grief. O the dreadful consequences of war!

12.—I love this book. This is the friend, and the only friend, to which I can unbosom the inmost recesses of my heart. Here, with my beloved pen, can I communicate the joys and griefs, cares and anxieties, troubles and disappointments, of my life. This friend will retain in its memory all I relate—and when I wish, relate it to me again.

25. *Sabbath.*—Have heard Dr. Griffin preach. His text was—"When I was a child I understood as a child, I thought as a child," &c. He said the most eminent

saint upon earth is as a child, for now he knows only in part; but when he arrives at the state of manhood, that is, after death, he will put away childish things. When we arrive at heaven, we shall look down upon all these sublunary things with which our time has been employed, and acknowledge them to be mere playthings.

June 19.—I hear the sound of a funeral knell. Some breathless corpse is about to be deposited beneath the clods for a time. Perhaps its happy soul has entered the blessed courts above, and is employed in singing praises to the Lamb who was slain, looking down with contempt upon these perishing things of earth. But perhaps it is the reverse. O awful imagination!

July 9.—Rays of divine light have this morning darted into my soul. A Saviour's smiles are indeed worth millions of worlds. I long to tell a whole universe the love of Immanuel, for the souls of others are precious, as well as my own.

The dear people of God are now assembling where prayer is wont to be made, and where I have often met them. How have I improved those holy seasons? I have enjoyed my sweetest moments in that sacred house, and have often said—"It is good for me to be here." Now indisposition, inflicted by a good Providence, prevents my enjoying the blessing. But Jesus has not left me, for he has again shed abroad comfort in this late sad heart. I have often, this morning, thought of these words:

> "For death stands ready at the door,
> To snatch our lives away."

But in death, solemn as it is, there appears to be some-

thing pleasing. But is it real? Let me imagine myself on a dying bed, and my soul about to take its flight. Yes, I think it would be a happy hour. "O, 'tis a glorious boon to die."

> "This soul would stretch its wings in haste,
> Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
> Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd."

Yet, O God, make me contented in my station, and thankful for the many mercies I receive. May I walk in the footsteps of my Saviour, and keep his commandments.

16. *Sabbath.*—I am deprived of attending public worship to-day.

> "Jesus, I long, I faint to see
> The place of thine abode."

O what would I give for the meanest place at the feet of Jesus, if any mean place there is. Can such a vile sinner—despicable in my own polluted eyes, and much more so in the pure eyes of God—ever expect to be saved? Is it not presumption? How can it be that I should be called, while others, so much more worthy, if the word may be used, are rejected? Must I then give up my hope? No, God's grace is sufficient for me. He is able to make me worthy. I will put my trust in him.

I have been reading the life of Dr. Doddridge and his sermons to young people. Find them excellent.

It is now almost a year since I entertained a hope, and I have not yet commemorated the dying love of my Saviour. Why should I be ashamed of the cross? Christ stooped so low as to come to earth to die for creatures infinitely beneath him; and shall I be ashamed of the

cross? Shall any who pretend to be his followers be ashamed of him? I have formerly, with the world, accounted the spirit of a christian to be melancholy, and the ways of holiness only unpleasant paths leading to the deserts of sad retiredness; but now I see that the christian has hidden manna, which the world knows not of—glorious joys, which the stranger cannot meddle with—and the more exact his walk, the fuller are his joys. Once the very thought of parting with my worldly delights, to embrace soul-humbling, self-denying duties, was grievous to me.

July 19.—I read of Basil, that he persuaded himself that if he were in a wilderness, free from the company of men, he should serve God more devoutly and be happy; but when he came there, he said—"I have forsaken all things, but yet I retain my old heart." O Basil, let me learn of thee to be contented; for should my situation be changed, I fear that I, too, should still retain my old heart.

I think I can say it is harder to feel reconciled to live, than to die. Where are those agonizing fears of death I once possessed? I desire to praise God for removing them. The joyful day will appear, when, from this clay undressed, I shall mount aloft to sweet celestial things. I long for the hour of release, when I shall be rid of this heavy burden. But alas! I must now go down again, to converse awhile with earth. O that I could be permitted to sit till death, in this delightful frame!

23.—Once more I greet a sacred morn. I much desire to commemorate a Saviour's dying love. Is it the fear of man which keeps me back? Shall the world keep me

from performing my duty? I have other reasons for this neglect, but I am afraid the fear of man is the greatest. I am young and unstable, and fear I shall not live according to the solemn profession. Where shall I find the right way, that I may walk therein?

TO MISS M. B. OF D.

Dorchester, August 17, 1815.

Dear Friend—You desired me to write, and my own inclination persuades me to comply. When I am with my young companions, I am apt to be too gay and thoughtless. Not that I think it wrong to be cheerful at proper times, but rather commendable; yet when together, our time should not be spent in conversation of no importance, for our moments are too precious to be squandered away in such a manner.

What can I say to win you to Christ? Perhaps you are possessed of a great desire to be a child of God; you feel your load of sin, and at times are greatly distressed. You know you must repent, but think that you will defer it to another period. But why delay to serve him who did not hesitate to die for you, but who left his Father's bosom and a heaven of infinite delight, and came to earth, here to become a subject of affliction all his days, a man of constant grief. Here, too, after living in sorrow, he suffered a more cruel death than imagination can paint to our view—and this merely for love to us. He still intercedes at the throne of grace for us, and if we only give ourselves up to him, we may be saved. The judgment day will soon arrive, when we must assemble at the

bar of God. O cast yourself upon the Saviour, and you will then be secure. S. H. C.

Sept. 12.—O that it were with this sad heart as in months past, when the candle of the Lord shone bright around me. Can I find a friend in Jesus, when I have so greatly backslidden, and deserve so much displeasure? Will he still show kindness? I doubt, but perhaps this is impious unbelief.

Oct. 12.—When my soul has been cast down, and I have again found my Redeemer, I find it is I who have forsaken him; he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Sin is the cause of sorrow. O for that blest hour when I shall quit these vain things here below, and fly to realms above, where sighing and sorrow shall forever cease.

Dec. 4.—I was deprived of attendance on public worship yesterday, but think I enjoyed God at home. Numerous are the privileges we in this land enjoy. We can not only hear the word preached on the Sabbath, but also on other days. While we enjoy these inestimable blessings, we should not forget the poor heathen, who are entire strangers to the joys we feel. We should pray for them, and likewise for those who have submitted to the toils and hardships of a missionary life to declare to them a Saviour. And is there nothing more we can do? Shall our hands hang down and we refuse to lend their aid? If a person can only afford a few shillings, these would purchase a Testament, and that perhaps would be the means of saving one poor soul from death, which would be a crown of rejoicing in a future world.

9.—I have this day finished reading the Memoirs of Miss Woodbury. Spent the day yesterday chiefly in reading it. Have also been reading Dana's Memoirs of Pious Women. How courageously Lady Jane Grey died on the scaffold! But why should it not be expected, since Jesus was hers, and she was blessed with his presence even in those moments.—Have spent this afternoon in the delightful employment of writing. Felt very happy this evening, and thought much of death. His sting is gone. Jesus has purchased for me a crown of glory which will never fade.

14.—I long to be useful in the world—useful in winning souls to Christ. O that I might feel more the influences of divine love shed abroad in my heart, and live entirely devoted to God. I have not attended meeting on the Sabbath since the latter end of November. I desire to meet with the dear christians, but must attend to my health, for this also is a duty.

"*Thou art the man*"—perhaps distinguished for a good or a bad action thou hast done. Perhaps thou hast lived in sin many years and grown hardened. Nothing will melt thy hard heart, and thou art resolved to go on as thou hast begun, sinning against God, refusing to pray, and following hard after the pleasures of the world. Thou art the man whose day of grace is coming to an end; and perhaps it will ere long be said of thee—Thou art the man who was often warned and urged to return to thy God, but all these calls thou hast refused, and now thou art suffering a just punishment for thy unrighteousness. Perhaps thou art the man worn down with affliction and

adversity. You have felt the rod, but all this has not led you to the great source of heavenly comfort. Perhaps thou art the man who has been brought into marvellous light; you have been sensible of your sins, and in Jesus, by prayer and supplication, you have found rest and hope, your salvation, your life and your all. Your warfare is begun; but be not discouraged because of the way—soon will your trials be ended, and you receive a crown of glory. *Thou* indeed art the man—yes, the truly happy man! You are drawing near your end, and expect soon to close your eyes on all sublunary things and be in glory. Your body will soon be mouldering in dust, but your happy spirit purified and received into a heavenly kingdom.

26.—Went to Boston yesterday, and in the forenoon attended the Roman Catholic church. It is an ancient saying—"The eye is never satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing"; but yesterday I felt perfectly satisfied with both. It appeared there in one sense like solemn mockery. Went to an Episcopal church in the afternoon, and saw them partake of the sacrament. I cannot say that I dislike their manner of receiving it, which was very solemn.

31.—I am safely brought to the close of the year. I could scarcely think, last year, that my life would be thus prolonged. What advancement have I made towards Zion? If I should attempt to enumerate the many benefits received from my kind Benefactor, my attempt would prove vain. And yet how ungrateful have I been! I mourn for myself, but will not forget the state of the churches, which seem cold and dead. O God, have mercy on them!

Jan. 2, 1816.—I am surprised to find how much pride still remains in my heart—I, who of all human beings have the greatest cause to be humble.

I have been spared to see the beginning of fourteen years—and how have I spent them? My heart has been prone to evil, and I have too much followed wicked courses all my life. Few and evil have been the days of my childhood. A more frivolous mind than mine, I think, is scarcely ever found. But God's power is supreme. He can remove the night of sin, and impart the cheering light of day. It is now more than a year since the blessed time that he was pleased, in his boundless pity and compassion, to break my heavy yoke of sin—and, alas! I have never yet given myself up to him publicly. Some of the reasons which prevent me are these: I fear my life would not be answerable to those solemn promises, and that I should eat and drink judgment to myself. My pride, both temporal and spiritual, and great backwardness, also keep me from this duty. I am sometimes almost persuaded that I have no interest in Christ. O that I could enjoy my Lord at his table!

9.—I am this day rejoicing in the God of my salvation; but guilt, a heavy chain, will at times almost drag me down again, for I know my duty, but neglect it. Alas! my life is not like a christian's. This ungovernable temper will often rise. I mourn over my past life, and have this day resolved, and I trust not in my own strength, to do better for the future. With sorrow and shame I look on the years of my earliest childhood, when my mind was bent on vanity, though often warned by pious parents,

whose good advice and gentle entreaties and warnings I can never repay, but for which God will reward them.

"O could I once drive back the spheres
And those dear lapsed hours recall,
Wisdom should charm my growing years,
And virtue guide them all."

But the sins I have committed since my heart was changed, I look upon as deserving double the punishment of others. Many precious moments have been spent in vanity and dress. The world, which I once felt entirely weaned from, has engrossed my affections from a Saviour.

11.—Have spent much time lately in reading. O that God would make me to understand what I read! Th Bible, through faith, is able to make me wise unto salvation. Blessed be God, who has given me a little time that I may thus spend.

Feb. 3.—Have been quite happy to-day. Have lately been aroused from a dreadful state of stupidity. Christ has at length again appeared, to bring me joy. This hard heart is softened by love.

"In darkest shades, if he appear
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun."

Religion revives, and not in me alone; we hear of revivals in our vicinity.

TO MISS S. C. OF D.

Dorchester, February 7, 1816.

DEAR COUSIN—Pardon my early intrusion. I feel disposed to answer your kind letter at once, not knowing

what a day may bring forth. You say you are more engaged, and consequently more happy, than you have been. I rejoice with you, and rejoice the more because my feelings coincide with yours. Blessed be God, who thus bestows upon us a taste of heaven below. But our greatest happiness here is very imperfect in comparison with that above, where we shall see our compassionate Saviour, who once died for us on Calvary.

> "His head, the dear majestic head,
> Which cruel thorns did wound,
> See what immortal glories shine
> And circle it around."

Such blissful transports are too great for us to comprehend in this earthly sphere. Why do sublunary enjoyments often delight christians, who can enjoy a Saviour in their stead? We have both, at times, I fear, chosen to place our affections upon such objects, and afterwards it has cost us deep anguish. I think the greatest blessing I now have to be thankful for, is that prayer is delightful. How willingly would I spend hours in the happy employment. O how awfully have I been led astray from my God! Worldly company was the cause of it. But I hope I have been brought back to my Father's house. Those things I then delighted in, I now contemn; and those things I then dreaded, have now become my chief enjoyment. Yet I would not boast of what I now enjoy. Sin may again get dominion over me for a season, for my mountain does not stand strong, and many and fierce are the enemies around me. Let us view the character of God, and endeavor to imitate him in all his imitable per-

fections. Let us keep faith always in exercise; then nothing can remove our joys.

You have probably heard of revivals around us, and of the one at Springfield, in the parish of Mr. Osgood, for whom I have a peculiar regard, as being the means of confirming my faith in God. I hope I shall see my way clear to give myself up publicly to God, for which I beg your prayers. Yours affectionately, S. H. C.

17.—I have this day been reading the Life of David Brainard. I admire his writings. Nothing suits my taste better than the private writings of exemplary christians.

20.—I would ever pray that I may not be entirely deprived of doubts, fears and afflictions; for when not afflicted, I frequently go astray. My afflictions are thus my greatest blessings; they procure for me peace, patience, love, joy in the Holy Ghost, courage, hope, liberty, and, in a word, life eternal. It was outward affliction that first caused me to seek the pearl of great price; it is affliction that makes me pray more earnestly; it is doubts and temptations that increase my love to God. If I should live a hundred years, I would not be without them.

I admire Doddridge's Rise and Progress, and Divine Breathings of a Pious Soul—also Owen's and Jay's works; but Watts's and Lathrop's sermons are the most pleasing, they are so open and familiar. Bunyan beautifully represents the christian warfare. These, with many other works, are my constant delight.

25.—Have read the Bible through in course as far as Acts, since the first of January. Began the New Testa-

ment on the 22d of this month. Lord, give me an understanding heart.

26.—My worthless name is, I trust, enrolled in the book of life. O what should I do without Christ? He has now possession of my soul, which I was forced, in a distressing hour, to commit into his hands—and now it is safe. He will surely keep what I have committed to him, till the decisive hour. Then I shall meet in heaven those eminent saints—Flavel, Henry, Watts, Doddridge, and many others highly esteemed on earth. There shall I join to praise God with Mrs. Newell and Miss Woodbury. There shall I see my respected grandfather, with many other dear relatives. But all this will not constitute heaven; God alone will excite my bliss, Jesus alone will be my joy.

27.—Excluded from all the noise and bustle of the world, I greet the happy hour I am permitted to spend alone in my chamber. My mind is calm and serene, not possessed of transporting joys or deep sorrows. I feel my sins to be great, but know that Christ's blood can cleanse from all sin—and think I have the consolation, that in his strength I endeavor to be more devoted to his service. I now intend to take a retrospective view of things past, and appeal to God for his future direction. I shall soon arrive at the age of 14, if God pleases. Not knowing how my mind will then be employed, or what my circumstances may be, as all things are uncertain, I intend reviewing this day my past life, and recording some of the exercises of my mind which have not before been related. At the age of 4 I began to learn to read, attended school,

and constantly received religious instruction from my pious parents. My 5th year was spent in the same manner. At 6, I at times thought seriously upon religious subjects, and at 7 still more so. Possessing naturally great diffidence, I did not make these feelings known. I felt sensible that I was wicked; I knew there was a soul to be saved or lost, though I did not understand the way of salvation through Christ. At 8, I was for a time possessed of an unceasing melancholy, when the pleasures and amusements of the world afforded me no happiness. This dejection, however, at length disappeared, though I was still distressed through fear of death. At 9, continued in the same frame of mind. Death appeared terrible, beyond expression. I was frequently afraid to sleep, lest I should awake in hell. These distresses were not abiding, but generally came at night, especially after a Sabbath, when I thought how wicked I had been the day before. An earnest desire of pardon was occasioned by the remarkable experience of a friend, which made a deep impression on my mind. I wished for the same joy and peace in believing, and thought I should be brought out of my darkness in the same manner. I then loved to attend on the means of grace, and envied none their happiness but those who had obtained a pardon. About this time a sermon by Mr. C. greatly increased my desires and endeavors after holiness. The words of the text were—"At that great day of the feast, Jesus cried—if any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." At 10, I had a form of religion. From many texts of scripture I gained relief, and thought I was doing well. I retired every day to offer

up prayer at the throne of grace, but do not think that these petitions ever availed anything, because the heart was not with them. My distress still came at different periods, and it grieved me that I could not freely converse upon religion. I wished for the prosperity of Zion, and generally attended a weekly meeting of pious females with a christian friend. Their conversation and prayers were great means of making me search diligently for the pearl of great price, and from them I gained much light and instruction. There was nothing in which I took more delight than in attending these private meetings, but was even then a little ashamed of the gospel of Christ. I very often went from them with a heart almost broken for sin. I ardently wished to be a christian, and searched the scriptures daily. At 11, my convictions did not much abate. The death of my pious and worthy grandfather* deeply affected me. I thought of his counsel to me and of his happy death, and earnestly desired to be good like him. At the age of 12 I was more in the society of the world, and tried to forget religion and restrain prayer before God. In the beginning of August, 1814, I was seized with deep convictions, occasioned by a heavy clap of thunder. Then the Holy Spirit, which I had so often resisted, came with such power that I was obliged to yield. My convictions were such that I could not suppress them.

O never, methinks, never shall I forget that season. Not till I forget religion, shall I cease to remember those struggles, those sighs and overflowing tears. On that

* Deacon Jonathan Capen, of Stoughton, who died May 29th, 1813, aged 89.

memorable night I retired to rest, though for some hours there was no rest for me. I cherished the purpose of opening my mind to my mother, with whom I was to pass the night; and as I told my sorrows, I found some relief. A promise mentioned by her gave me much comfort—"They that seek me early shall find me." A sermon by Mr. Osgood, in October, conveyed more permanent comfort to my weary soul; but possessed, as before remarked, of great diffidence in conversation, my joys, like my former distress, were not transported abroad. Mr. Bates's sermon soon after confirmed my hopes and belief in the Redeemer. It was then I felt that joy which overbalances all others, and which I would not part with for millions of worlds. Several months before this, I began to write upon religious subjects; but fearing they would be seen, I destroyed the papers. A correspondence had been carried on with several of my acquaintance upon trifling and unimportant subjects, but I could continue this no longer. If I wrote either for my own edification or that of others, it must be upon the subject I esteemed the most important—religion must be the theme. I therefore introduced it to my young friends, which procured me ridicule from some of them, though not in my presence.

Thus far have I traced my feelings. How shall I praise God enough for manifesting himself to me, and pouring consolation into my soul? O that I had paid as much attention to this most important of concerns, since my conversion, as I should have done! Alas! I have pursued other paths; I have forsaken the fountain of living waters; I have been too fond of the vain things of time

and sense. I find cause for the deepest humiliation when I consider my past life. Notwithstanding all my privileges, I have been a stubborn and rebellious child.

29.—Yesterday I finished reading the Bible, and think I can say I have this time read it to some profit. I intend to begin it again.

TO MISS R. W. OF R.

Dorchester, March 3, 1816.

Dear R.—Agreeably to your desire and my own inclination, I take my pen to inscribe the feelings of my heart.—We must not expect to be always happy, for nothing is more sure than disappointments. The moment we begin to imagine our happiness secure, the airy phantom eludes our grasp and flies from before our sight. Well, my friend, this world is not our home, and troubles are useful to us as far as they teach us to place dependence only on things above. We must look beyond this world, and if we have no hope of happiness there, we are miserable indeed. The christian life is a warfare. The world will often engross our affections; but it is in our power, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, to conquer this evil. What occasions all this remissness in religion? Why do we retain evil thoughts and wicked imaginations? Why are not all our evil passions subdued? All this arises from our little faith and neglect of prayer. If these graces were always in exercise, according to our Saviour's command, I think we should feel little of this languid frame; instead of evil thoughts, joys supernal would fill the mind. Let us then exercise faith in our Redeemer, and

be frequent in prayer. Prayer is the breath of a christian. —We should endeavor to make our calling and election sure. What an awful, inconceivably awful thing it would be to deceive ourselves and others until a dying hour! What awful reflections will then rend our distracted hearts! Or, if we should die in the deception, how incomprehensibly dreadful would it be in the eternal world to awake to the dread reality! Let us therefore try our hearts by every evidence in our power, and let us strive, in our letters at least, to keep alive neglected and dying self-examination. S. H. C.

TO MISS S. C. OF D.

Dorchester, March 5, 1816.

What a happy thing it is that this world is not to be our eternal home—that we can have this consolation, that there is a place of infinite delight prepared for those who are ingrafted into Christ. When you think of this, is not your soul enraptured, and does it not sweeten even the bitterest cup? I think you must have experienced the vanity of this world, and the foolishness of depending upon it for one moment's comfort. Your trouble, I know, is great; yet your way is marked out by an all-wise Providence, who can look beyond the extent of our humble vision and see that all these things are for your good. God *can* sweeten the waters of Marah; he can give us continual comfort instead of any sorrow whatever. But this would not be for our good: it is well for us to bear the yoke—it is well for us to be afflicted. If you could always feel that it was God who sent your trouble, and

that it was purely for your good, would you ever complain? If you were sensible it was for his glory you suffer this anxiety of mind, would you not be willing to bear double the anguish? O think in how short a time your sou will quit this tabernacle of clay, and ascend to heaven. Every trouble—every joy—carries you nearer that eternal world; and the more afflictions you have here, the more happiness you will enjoy there. There you will see the Saviour as he is, and all the holy angels. There you will see the saints made perfect, and you will bend with them at the throne of the blessed Trinity in infinite and unceasing joy and delight. O how incomprehensible are these great truths! When thousands of thousands and millions of millions of years have run their rounds, the inexpressible happiness and felicity of heaven will be, as it were, but just begun. How amazing is the thought! But perhaps you doubt your title to this bliss. O do not doubt. Satan will tempt, but let him tempt in vain. If your soul is only in Jesus's hands, you can never be lost. Only cast your all upon him, trusting in him and living a life devoted to his service, and you have nothing to fear.

Perhaps you will say I have taken upon me more than I ought, to instruct you who are so much older and have so much more knowledge than I have. But as I think it is nothing but truth that I inscribe, you will not contemptuously throw it aside and say—I need none of your advice. Christ went to John to be baptized, who needed to have been baptized of him; and we must follow his example. When in affliction, we are apt to forget who it is that orders all these things for us; you will therefore,

I hope, permit a suggestion, though from one beneath you. I trust you will avoid murmuring and complaining, and will cheerfully resign yourself to the will of a holy God, and let others know that you have a God who can give you comfort even in affliction, that they may seek him also.—What a blessed thing it is to enjoy religion—the only thing in which true happiness consists. What should we do without it? Let us exert every power in extending its influence over the souls of others. We must mingle with the world, and at such times I have not freedom to drop a word about spiritual things, and therefore set a bad example before those who are continually watching me. O that I could be clear from the world!

> "But what avails a wish so vain,
> Or what relief can hence ensue?"

I ought to be submissive to the will of God. I solicit an interest in your prayers. Farewell. S. H. C.

8.—Yesterday read Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs. Found them excellent, beyond my expectation.

11.—Mr. H., of Boston, preached yesterday, which was communion Sabbath. He convinced me that it was my duty to come into full communion with the visible church. In what a sad situation is the church at this time. It makes my heart bleed. We do not see Zion's prosperity in this place. God wonderfully displays his goodness and mercy around us, and we shall not, I think, be forsaken. No, prayers will not be offered in vain for so good a cause.

I have for some time made it a rule to devote two days

every month almost entirely to the delightful employment of writing. I have often retired to my chamber, cast down and distressed, for this purpose, and left it rejoicing and praising God. I bless God that I was ever led to transmit my daily experience to paper.

15.—I have this week been reading Wesley's Imitation of Christ, and find it excellent. I have lately read Flavius Josephus's works, which are very interesting. I find Baxter's works are excellent, especially his Saint's Rest. Fox's Book of Martyrs is shocking; yet there is something peculiar in it—such love as they had for Christ, such heroic resolution, that I cannot but admire it.

23.—Mrs. C., one of our neighbors, is very ill. But her distress will soon be over; she will be released, and her happy spirit will go where Jesus is. I envy her situation. She has ever expressed, under her most excruciating sufferings, the greatest degree of patience and humble submission; never has a murmuring word escaped her lips; all is peace and tranquillity. She says God's will is right.

26.—Yesterday I began Buck on Experience. I found it excellent beyond expression, especially the young christian's experience. My soul is elevated with the sweetest emotions while reading the happy experience of christians. Sometimes it carries all my thoughts and feelings upwards, and fills me with heavenly ardor; at others, it puts me in mind of *my* past experience—my backslidings, my returnings—and fills my mouth with praise; and in every part I find something recorded which I have felt. Yet this is a book which, strange to relate, I once des-

pised. I thought it altogether insipid, and refused to read it. But now I think, of all the books I have read, there is no one so interesting, the Bible only excepted, as Buck on Experience.

31.—Am reading the Memoirs of Mrs. H. Newell. Her experience was so much like my own, and at the same age, that it cannot but be interesting to me; but in her after life I would not presume to compare myself with her, in every respect so much my superior. But by the grace of God, I am what I am.

TO MISS S. C. W.

Dorchester, March 31, 1816.

DEAR FRIEND—I thank you for your kind letter, and the privilege you have given me of writing to you. I eagerly embrace the present opportunity, and with pleasure will transmit to you some of the recent dealings of God with my soul. I fear I have wounded Immanuel's cause, which I ought to honor. O that the thoughts of my former disobedience might stimulate me to prayer, and make me strive to adorn in future that holy cause. I often anticipate the time when, in riper age, I shall feel more of the enlivening power of God's grace, and be more useful; when I shall be more established, and have more knowledge of divine subjects.

But a few months have elapsed since I was cold and stupid. I sought not the company of christians, religious exercises were irksome, and my gay companions were embraced with delight. But I hope God has vouchsafed again to manifest his love in convincing me of my danger.

I had recourse to prayer, and gained relief, but shall always look back to those dangerous backslidings with deep regret. Now I feel an ardent love to God, and his image wherever it is found. I earnestly hope for the prosperity of Zion, and love the company of christians. Religion is a theme on which I love to think, write and converse, and my greatest aim is to improve and be the means of the improvement of others. I have found the christian life to be an incessant warfare. Immense evils will present themselves in the appearance of graces. But I find religion infinitely worthy my unwearied pursuit. Although temptations and fears are various and frequent, yet as various and frequent are the christian's joys; and even when we doubt, we have a faint glimmering hope which we would not be constrained to part with—and when we rejoice, all is calm and serene, without a single fear.

A kind Providence ordains our lot, and every joy, every trouble, temptation and fear, brings us nearer our eternal rest. Is not this encouraging? I feel willing to endure the scandal and ridicule of the world, considering the joy that will soon follow. But can one so insensible, so cold and negligent, be heir to immortal glory? When I look back I see constant commission of sin. If I take a view of my heart, even in my present situation, I still find sin. And yet I dare to hope, through the Saviour's merits, for admission into those heavenly mansions which he has prepared. In the midst of distressing trials, as they gather thick around me, I can at times, with cheerful resignation, look up and say—"Not my will, but thine, be done"; while at other times I feel none of this happy composure,

and think God has forsaken me. Are you subject to such alternations, or do you always feel one degree of happiness? Are you ever tempted to restrain prayer? and when in this exercise, do you ever feel languid? and while the words flow from your lips, do you never find your thoughts have been on something vastly different? It has been so with me. Will you permit me an interest in your intercessions at the throne of grace, though entirely undeserving.

Though many billows arise and threaten our feeble bark, yet I trust ere long some favorable wind will waft us to that happy shore where sighs and sorrows will never come. Till that happy time, I remain

Yours, affectionately. S. H. C.

April 3.—Have just laid down Rochefoucault's Maxims, which I have been engaged in reading. Have begun Pike and Hayward's Cases of Conscience. I think, by the contents of this book, it must be very searching, and such an one as I have long been wishing to read.

When shall I enjoy the pure and uninterrupted light of Immanuel's countenance? But in this world I cannot expect it. I must encounter doubts and temptations, which at present are not joyous but grievous. Yes, the night cometh, and also the day. But is a christian ever possessed of so much pride as inflates this heart? Can a true christian be so undutiful, and have his thoughts and affections so much upon earthly things? Ah, wretched delinquent, thus to offend that holy Being, and add fresh wounds to that Saviour who said his soul was "exceeding

sorrowful, even unto death." "Show pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive."

16.—I have long neglected this book, on account of company. I have lately been much with the people of the world. Blessed be God, who does not suffer their company to dispel all religious inclinations. Yesterday, on my return home, after quitting my gay and thoughtless companions, I enjoyed a sweet time in communion with God. I found the place of prayer delightful, and poured out my whole soul to him. After I arose, I was enabled to gain satisfaction in close examination of my heart.

21.—How entertaining are the writings of Mrs. Newell. How much she underwent; what strong faith, renewed zeal and resolution, must she have possessed. After reading her letters and diary, one would scarcely think himself a personal stranger to her. O that I could attain that pleasing style in which she writes.

23.—It is impossible to thrive in grace and be unnecessarily connected with the world. I find, by experience, they are vastly different the one from the other; and every day I see more and more plainly the truth of Christ's words—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." I am called to visit my gay associates, and to-morrow expect to be with my dear C.; but O, how much more fervent would be my love for her—with how many tender ties would my heart be united to hers, if I could converse with her upon the only subject of consolation to the believer. O why do I desire company, when it so often proves an injury to my soul's health, by engrossing my affections from Immanuel?

TO MISS R. W.

Dorchester, April, 1816.

Dear R.—I received your letter with pleasure, and resolved to answer it immediately.

Now in the morning of life, when no worldly cares press upon our minds, we ought to study to improve ourselves and to be useful to others. Now that we have time, let us learn the example of our blessed Redeemer, that we may in after years be a shining light and a bright example to inquiring souls. Much good might be done, and much benefit received to ourselves, from such resolves. Our time is precious, and should be spent to the best advantage, as the night of death soon cometh. No more, then, shall we have opportunities of doing good, or of preparing for a happy eternity. Every moment we ought to be ready to die, for every moment we are in danger. Our last breath will soon be drawn, our journey ended, our home reached—and O may it be a happy home. May we meet our Lord with smiles in his face, and in due time may we be united in perfect unison with all our relatives and friends. Till then, and forever, I hope to remain your sincere friend. S. H. C.

May 10.—I have now come to the conclusion of 14 years, and how has this time been spent? I hope for grace to spend my remaining days more in the service of God.

11.—O what a day I spent yesterday, and yet never was sensible of my conduct until my mother told me, in the evening, she thought I had been uncommonly rude all

day. O vain, wicked heart! Is a birthday kept in such a manner acceptable to God? Instead of praising him for the preservation of my life and health, and all the numerous blessings I have received the year past, I have neglected him more than ever. Distressing thought! What would those say who have entertained hopes of me, and with whom I have lately kept a day of fasting and prayer? And would not the people of the world say —This is what we have looked for; it is the way with converts—they set out fair at first, but soon their religion disappears like the morning cloud and the early dew. A minister told us in the pulpit, not long since, that a christian might do only one thing before the world, for which several years of exemplary piety would not atone. I shudder to think that perhaps this is now the case with me.

TO MISS S. C. OF D.

Dorchester, May 12, 1816.

Agreeably to our custom and my own inclination, I resume my pen to transcribe a few lines to you. O that I could tell you I lived in the full enjoyment of God. But it is not thus. O, S., I find, by experience, that it is impossible to enjoy God and neglect prayer. I always feel jealous of that joy which I have not prayed for. Prayer is the breath, the life of a christian. Like a child in a strange land, we are obliged to beg or starve. When we kneel down and find our affections cold and our desires languishing, is it not best to arise and take the Bible, or some other good book that excites pure desires, ardent devotion, and love to the Redeemer? Would not this

tend to make us more engaged? In my opinion we should seldom find it fail to make us enter upon the duty with pleasure, arise with joy and love, and go into the world with a heart more devoted to God.

You wrote in your last, that for a season you felt very happy, and expressed a wish that you always could. But do you think it is best? I know this is a wish incident to us; but frail nature, always wishing and longing, knows not, in such seasons, on what first to fix her attention. It does not stop to ask the plain question, comprised in three words—Is it best? If it did, how many evils would be excluded from us in these happy frames. We are then still liable to sin. Not contented with our present duties, with our humble sphere, we wish to be all over the world and tell others of a Saviour's love. We are not contented with anything; we cannot praise enough, we cannot enjoy enough—all is inadequate. But when we are not thus elevated, and our desires are less intense, you know by experience we strive for devotional feelings, and are more likely to live in a proper frame of spirit. What do you think of this subject? I trust you will read my opinion with candor.

I agree with you concerning revivals. Is it not a consolation, that if this town is not yet visited with the outpourings of divine grace, our vicinity is richly blessed with them.—Write soon, and permit the most unworthy of sinners a place in your intercessions. S. H. C.

22.—With a burdened mind I come to my chamber, repair to the usual place for writing, and transmit to paper

my anxious thoughts. "Who," said my cousin R. yesterday, "can be happier than you? with no cares to burden your mind, and nothing to vex or trouble you." But she did not know the secret anxiety of my heart. I know I have much to be thankful for, but surely am not exempt from trouble. But could I keep my heart fixed on Jesus —could I constantly, through all the chequered scenes of life, bless God with my heart and tongue, I should be far happier than I now am.

TO MISS S. C. OF D.

Dorchester, May 31, 1816.

I read your letter yesterday with a great degree of pleasure, and hasten to thank you for your kind advice and instruction. As to leaving Dorchester this summer, it is uncertain at present. The thought of a separation from a sister in Christ whom I now often see and converse with, and with whom I frequently walk to the house of God and take sweet counsel, is indeed unpleasant; but I hope we shall often meet at the throne of grace, and that a better Friend will be with us than we can possibly find on earth. You will join with me, and say it is better to have Christ for a friend than the whole universe without him.—Have attended a lecture this afternoon. Mr. Fay preached an excellent sermon from Isaiah xxxii. 2. He said much concerning Christ being our rock—our place of safety, and I admired one of his comparisons. A man, said he, in the deserts of Arabia, walking on the burning sands, under the scorching sun, pants and longs for a cool draught, a refreshing breeze. He looks on every side,

but in vain. At length he espies an overbending rock, which produces a pleasant shade; and from that same rock flows, in gentle streams, pure water to allay his thirst. This, said he, is like Christ to the burdened soul.

How swift time moves, and bears us towards the grave. A few more fleeting days, and we shall be in eternity. Then why are we careful and troubled about many things which are altogether unprofitable? Why should we not choose that good part which will produce eternal happiness? Why can we not let worldly anxieties go from our minds, and have our thoughts intently fixed on the beginning, the progress, and the end of our faith? It is not with us as it was in times past. We once, in our social visits, made religion the theme of our discourse, and praised our Maker together. But now, alas! how much more of our time is spent in earthly concerns than in spiritual, and what shall we answer at the tribunal of God for this? Our privileges are now the same; as to convenience, that is the same; and as to knowledge, we probably have more: and yet we neglect God more. What is the occasion of this? Do we think we have secured our own souls' salvation, and that we may now sit at our ease? If so, we certainly are in danger. Let us pray God that the precious time given us to prepare for a happy eternity may not be lavished on fleeting amusements. S. H. C.

TO MISS H. C. OF S.

Dorchester, June 2, 1816.

Dear H.—I take my pen to address you, hoping that my fondness for writing will apologize for this early intru-

sion. * * * * * * Religion is certainly worthy of our deepest investigation. Let us go to the oldest saint, one who has met with many troubles and disquietudes, many of these even on account of his religion, and ask him if he wishes he had never chosen Christ for his guide. I think he would say that religion lightens all his trials, and is more to be desired than the applauses and flatteries of the world. I find, for myself, it is not enough to enjoy the world, for I must soon die and leave it; and in a dying hour, in the last struggle, when the help of all earthly friends ceases, then the world, with all its pleasures, will also be powerless to assist. It is but a few years that I shall continue here, and then there is an eternity to spend either in heaven or hell. The Bible tells me that by nature I am a lost and undone sinner, but points out a way of salvation through Christ. If I give myself up to him, and with a repenting heart rely on his grace for salvation, resolving in his strength to live a new life conformed to his law, I shall be saved. I trust I have thus given myself up to him, but acknowledge with shame that I have not obeyed his laws as I should have done. My sins are my greatest trouble. But I think I have enjoyed religion, and can say that wisdom's ways are pleasantness. I intend, therefore, to tread this path.

I have now told you my choice and my intention, and will you tell me, H., what you intend to do? Do you intend to enjoy the pleasures of the world for your portion, or will you also choose Christ? If the latter, then I think you will like to write and converse on the subject. I remain, Yours, affectionately. S. H. C.

June 7.—I have just laid down Hemmenway on Christian Baptism. Find it such a book as I have often desired to see. I have prayed that my mind might be enlightened on this subject, and I think this book, by the help of God, will do it.

TO MISS S. C. W.

Dorchester, June 7, 1816.

Dear S.—Musing on the contents of your last instructive letter, and your choice of the subject of our letters, I felt inclined to beg the favor of you to throw some light on my mind respecting the doctrine of election and the decrees of God. Certain parts of this subject have lately appeared very dark to me, especially this:—It is often said the sinner may repent when he pleases; it is also said, and in Scripture, that of ourselves we can do nothing—God must do it for us. This seems contradictory. I know our threatened punishment is just—we have sins enough to ruin our souls; but if we cannot repent of ourselves, how can the neglect be imputed to us as a sin? You will perhaps wonder at my ignorance. This subject once seemed plain to me, or perhaps I did not thoroughly examine it. If you think it of consequence to free my mind from doubts of this kind, and perhaps from sin, you will do me the kindness to write a few lines in your next upon this subject.

Our thoughts may profitably be turned on charity—the first and greatest of christian graces. "Charity suffereth long and is kind;" and I think the deficiency of this grace is the cause of many of the divisions among believers.

How faintly does it often shine through their deportment. I am often shocked to hear it said by christians of one and another, "they have no religion"—"such an one is not a christian." Charity for different sects of christians, I think, ought to be far oftener exhibited than it is. "Charity hopeth and endureth all things." S. H. C.

10.—Yesterday enjoyed a pleasant Sabbath. Was enabled to wrestle with God for a blessing in the morning. After meeting was closed, repaired to the house of mourning. It was indeed such. Mrs. S. was last Sabbath in health, but has since been snatched suddenly from this sinful world to meet her dearest Saviour. But though we mourned not as those who have no hope, it was a melancholy sight indeed to see three little orphans follow to the grave their last resource of earthly comfort. They are now left on the world's wide stage, with no friend able to do for them as much as their wants require. Her pious counsels, I hope, will not be forgotten. Will God be a father and protector to them.

12.—A dancing school has lately been commenced in our neighborhood, which C. attends. I wish her mind was more serious. Not that I think dancing a great crime —but that such a school is, of all schools, the most likely to wean the mind from all serious thought. Her reply is, our time might be much worse spent. But such an excuse, I think, will dwindle into nothing at the great tribunal. O that she was converted. I think I should not rejoice more for any one person than I should for her, and I have lately resolved to pray daily and ardently in her behalf.

25.—Have lately been reading the Life of Mr. Joseph C. Frey, and Cotton on Baptism, as well as several other interesting works; but I fear I have too much neglected the Bible.

July 2.—We have glorious and inestimable privileges. Had a lecture last week on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and seven meetings on the Sabbath at such times that we could attend them all.

8.—I long to be useful to others, instead of a stumbling block. How can I bear to look back in a dying hour and see that I have lived entirely useless, and consequently a cumberer of the ground? I often say I have no opportunity; but this excuse, I find, will not do. If I cannot do the good I wish to the souls of others, yet I can occasionally give one mite to supply their temporal wants. Why may I not lop off some superfluities and give to those who need? Why am I so selfish as to keep what can be dispensed with, while the dear disciples of Christ suffer for the want of it? Though abundance of wealth is not mine, and indeed but very little can be called my own, yet I know something might be saved, if only from dress. But, alas! my heart is hard and desperately wicked.

More attended our morning meeting, yesterday, than usual. I could scarcely avoid shedding tears for joy to see the large concourse of people.—I do not feel that engagedness in religion which I wish. I can easily trace the cause to being with vain company, and thereby prevented from pouring out my soul to God. I think I can say I never gained near access to the throne of grace,

without rising from my knees happy in the full triumph of faith. O what a weapon is prayer!

19.—Have this morning thought seriously, and conversed with my mother, about giving myself up publicly to God, in a covenant never to be broken. O, it is a great, a very great undertaking. I want to tell Mr. C. my mind, and receive his advice.

TO MISS S. C. OF D.

Dorchester, July 19, 1816.

Dear Cousin—With pleasure I resume my paper and pen to tell you the exercises of my heart—to unbosom to you that which I have long kept as a secret. I do seriously think of giving myself publicly to God. I think the fear of man—the dread of ridicule from my young companions—has made me neglect this duty; but this must be overcome. Shall I be ashamed of Christ, my Saviour—my all? Alas! this is not right. The sermon last Wednesday evening seemed to rouse me from this awful state of stupidity. I saw my duty plainly, and cared not for ridicule or reproach. The greatest obstacle now is my light conduct, and fear of turning back to the world. But God is able to keep me, and if I am a child of his I shall not be permitted to go back again. What do you say? I need the advice of all. My mother makes no objections. I do not feel worthy, but depend on Christ, whose grace is sufficient for me. It requires much close examination, and I wish to have others examine me, for I fear I am too partial. I must reluctantly say adieu, after requesting an interest in your prayers. S. H. C.

20.—I am deprived this day, by indisposition of body, of visiting the sanctuary of God. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Yet God is not confined to that tabernacle; I may enjoy him here. For four months I think I have attended meeting every Sabbath, and a lecture or conference nearly every week. O that the heathen enjoyed one half my privileges.

26.—Conversed with Mr. C. last evening upon the solemn subject of communion with Christ at his table. Found him perfectly willing to receive me. God grant I may never bring disgrace upon that cause on which all my hopes of eternal happiness depend.

28.—Jesus, for whom I have sought, blessed be thy holy name that thou hast vouchsafed again to restore the light of thy countenance, which alone can cheer my heart in this dark valley of gloom. Divine light has again broken through the clouds of sin, into this benighted soul. I sought thee on every side, unconscious that thou wast so near. O Lord, tarry with me; and though undeserving, yet still let me be blest with thy smiles—let me sit at thy feet, and bid all the cares of the world depart.

Aug. 14.—Mr. C. encourages me to church communion. But it is possible I may be deceived. Not long since, on reflecting upon my wicked heart, I relinquished all hope. But Mr. C. and my mother have encouraged me to go forward.

19.—Doubts, fears, cares and vanity, employ my time. Of what use is such a life? Of what service at present am I to any person, or to my God? The thought of living a useless life is almost insupportable. But I consider

doubts, fears and anxieties respecting a future state, better than stupidity and insensibility; nothing is more to be dreaded than these. I have always thought that there was no christian who had not at times some doubts; but a few days since I found it recorded in the Memoirs of Dr. Conzers, of England, that for eighty years, which was as long as he lived after he was converted, he never had a single doubt.

TO MISS S. C. W.

Dorchester, August 22, 1816.

Dear S.—Accept my thanks for your last instructive letter. I consider it a high privilege to correspond with one who is thus able to edify me. I wish to know your mind upon another topic—which is, whether a person may truly repent of sin and be converted, and yet afterwards fall entirely away and die in sin. It is the opinion of some that this may be the case; but I cannot think it consistent with the nature of God to permit it so to be. Paul speaks of this in his epistle to the Hebrews, where he says—"It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come, if they should fall away to renew them again unto repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to open shame." But this does not decide the question; it only asserts that if we *do* fall away, it is impossible again to be restored. Christ says in John —"I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall

be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture"; intimating that if we once entered in, we should certainly be saved. And in another verse he says—"And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish"; and again—"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." But notwithstanding these and numerous similar promises, many believe that we may fall from true grace. It seems astonishing to think that that which shines so conspicuous in believers, and for which many sacrifice everything and submit to a life of hardships, can be always liable to dwindle entirely away. It seems, likewise, discouraging. I shall confide in your judgment. Write soon, overlook errors, and bear with one who knows not enough to refrain from asking questions. I request an interest in your prayers, and remain your sincere friend. S. H. C.

23.—I am now reading Hervey's Meditations. How he paints every scene in its liveliest and gayest colors, as if all nature was made to charm the eye. I like his Dialogues, and think all his writings very interesting.

26.—Attended meeting yesterday—a communion Sabbath. I was a spectator of the sacramental scene probably for the last time. Happy, yet solemn thought. I fear I shall wound that glorious cause. I fear that I am deceived and shall go back again—or, what is equally as awful, that I shall die in this condition. What could be dreaded more than such a deception? Yet I have searched my heart, and, as far as I can discern my affections, I do love God and holiness.

28.—Have felt more engaged these few days past, than I have for some time, though in some degree doubtful of my sincerity. Is there not a possibility of a person thinking himself worse than he is?

30.—I think my chamber richly furnished. My Bible is the greatest ornament. How much richer a treasure than a cabinet of gold or silver! Next to this, the "Closet Companion," which penetrates the inmost recesses of my heart. Watts's Psalms and Hymns come next, some of which always express the feelings of my soul. But the Treasure of treasures, and the richest of all, is my God—my Saviour. In him I find something to alleviate sorrow, lessen distress, and make me sing for joy.

31.—If it is not for me to experience constant and extatic joys, I must not strive for them.

> "'Tis all in vain to seek for bliss,
> For bliss can ne'er be found
> Till we arrive where Jesus is
> And tread on heavenly ground."

My joys have always been of short duration. A sweet serenity is all I am long permitted to feel—often doubting, and sometimes for a little while almost overjoyed. But blessed be God that I am not always in the dark. How different are the feelings of God's children. Some scarcely ever entertain a doubt, while others are comparatively always doubting. When I dwell upon the love of God and the happiness of heaven, I generally enjoy the most; but when I think of my own vileness, pride and insufficiency, the many snares around, how liable I am to fall, and the possibility of being deceived, I tremble for myself.

Christians being satisfied with me does not give me much comfort, because they do not know my heart. Yet when I hear or read the evidences of true repentance, I think, after close examination, that I have felt them. I think I love Christ. I delight in the company of christians, in good books, and the house of God, and I must still entertain a hope that I am a child of his.

Sept. 3.—Philip Henry used to say that he could more easily bring himself to travel far and hear many sermons, than to spend one half hour in close meditation. And this is certainly the case with myself. Vain thoughts will rush in ; and while meditating, before I am aware my thoughts are roving to the ends of the earth.

4.—S. and myself have opened a weekly prayer meeting. We have reflected upon the many hours spent in vain conversation—how we have sat together hour after hour, and never spoken of God, of heaven, and our souls' salvation—and we have resolved no longer thus to spend our precious moments, but never to pass together another half hour without speaking of these important subjects. We do not wish any one to join us at present in our prayer meetings, but after a while we hope our room will be full.

6.—How difficult it is to distinguish inclination from duty. Here we need particular direction from God. The christian life is a warfare. Within our hearts is a little army of graces, and a great army of sins and temptations, and they are always fighting. But this little army can do greater exploits with the weapons of prayer and faith, than the other can do, who cannot use them. We shall be more than conquerors, therefore, through him who has loved us.

10.—What is a little opposition, a few conflicts and self-denials, compared with eternal bliss? I will join with christians, whatever of a carnal nature opposes. An author says—"Many a winter's evening passes delightfully away, while persons of congenial spirit and piety tell each other what God has done for their souls. Nor will the imputation of fanaticism from a scornful world lessen the value of such society, or prevent those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious from seeking it." No, I am sure this can never be the case. The falling away of christians is the greatest stumbling block to me; but this cannot make me disavow my faith in Christ.

11.—Mr. C. preached a very good discourse last evening from Gal. iv. 5. I generally go from the house of God refreshed. I get tired of everything else that I hear so often as I do preaching, but I grow more and more fond of this. I find Jesus to be altogether lovely. Almost two years have elapsed since I tried his service, and I have found it sweet to my soul. How can I ever praise him enough for causing me to love him? I lament that I have made so little progress, and done no more for him.

TO MISS S. C. OF D.

Dorchester, September 15, 1816.

Dear S.—With pleasure I take my pen to write a few lines to an ever dear friend. I trust I have lately enjoyed the pure light of Immanuel's countenance—and O what a blessing it is! I could wish always to live in this situation; but my heart is so prone to evil, that I shall probably again be involved for a season in midnight gloom, sur-

rounded with doubts and fears. This I have felt, and fear I must feel again. Yes, I walk in a chequered path, but I desire to be thankful to God for turning my feet in any measure heavenwards. * * * * *

There are many things pertaining to futurity which are not fully revealed—one of which is, whether saints in rest are acquainted with the concerns of their friends on earth. I am inclined to think they are, but that their wills and inclinations so perfectly coincide with their Father's, that they suffer no anxiety or distress therefrom. Our employment, we are told, will be that of singing praises to the Redeemer. In what manner we shall sing, we know not now. Many other things seem difficult to understand; but I think it is the language of each of our hearts, that if our Saviour is there we shall be happy. O that the day were now arrived. But not many wearisome days and nights are allotted us here. This tenement of clay will soon return to its native dust, while its inhabitant, the mind, will be transported to that country where it can no more be said, I am sick. Blessed be God, this is nothing contingent, that may or may not happen, but we are sure that if we do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be possessor of this heavenly bliss. There the anxieties and troubles of life will never perplex us, and even tender solicitude, the least of troubles, will find there no place.

> "There we shall see, and hear, and know,
> All we desired or wish'd below."

O let us see to it that we are ripening for that happy country. Let us shake off slothfulness, press forward with earnestness, and make our calling and election sure.

May we ever live in the enjoyment of God here, and be made fit to dwell with him above. Till then, and forever, I hope to remain your sincere friend. S. H. C.

Oct. 3.—Next Sabbath the solemn act will be done. I must then stand before God and angels, and in the presence of his church, and call upon them to witness my sincerity. But, alas! should it be like a solemn sound upon a thoughtless tongue, how dreadful! Yet I know I can truly say, after mature deliberation, that it is the earnest desire of my heart to promise nothing without sincerity. I would not, for millions of worlds, stand before my Judge, and, because it was in my power to deceive my fellow man, vow to that which I do not mean to perform, or do not realize. But my heart is so apt to wander, that I fear I shall commit sin in this way. Yet God is able to restrain me, and I dare not distrust.

4.—I have more reading before me than I can soon accomplish. With so much to do, I ought to improve every leisure moment. I must redeem more time from sleep; and instead of rising at 7, I have this week begun to rise at the dawning of day, and to retire later at night.

5. *Saturday Eve.*—To-morrow is the day appointed for the solemn act. I now view it with great pleasure. At first I regarded it with dread, then with extreme diffidence, then with a mixture of pleasure and fear, and now with unmingled pleasure. I have retired to my chamber for the night. How shall I prepare myself for the solemnity of the coming day? Solemn, indeed, to take upon me the vows of the covenant. How will this proud heart

be affected? Alas! I want humility. Lord, wilt thou be with me. Yes, I must resign myself to him, and in the presence of many witnesses I must renounce the world and its vanities—and then I must live near to my God. How will the least deviation then wound his sacred cause. But prayer, with its energy, must rise. Prayer is the weapon which must rise against adversaries numerous and powerful. Prayer—O what a defence!

6.—The day is come, and I long for the time to say—

> "And now the great transaction 's done—
> I am the Lord's, and he is mine."

It is to me a solemn, an all-important day. O that I realized it enough. I want to be prepared. The work is thine to do, O Lord. Wilt thou prepare me; keep my heart fixed intensely upon thee, I beseech thee. I must this day tell friends and foes that I am on the Lord's side.

7.—It is done. Now all that remains of duty is to live up to a solemn profession. In the morning I experienced some dejection, but hoped and expected that on arriving at the sanctuary I should feel happy. But instead of this, the sad depression increased; the singing, the sermon, all seemed to conspire to increase it. At length the time came. I trembled, but could not go back. I partook of the elements, but I fear very unworthily. In the afternoon and evening I thought I felt a new and more fervent love to all the dear children of God. L. D. informed me that she had relinquished to me her station as the youngest member of the church. Alas! she little thought to what an unworthy creature she had resigned it. O how ill performed will the duty of that station be, which is to

sit with the simplicity of a child, and with eagerness look up for instruction and guidance. I want grace to hear the voice of praise without the least degree of pride. Spiritual pride is dreadful indeed.

9.—O the methods Satan takes to keep us from secret prayer. I feel in some measure sensible of them, and yet often yield to them. I can sincerely say I esteem prayer an unspeakable privilege, and it distresses me that it is not a greater enjoyment. I cannot grow in grace without prayer.

11.—Have sat and waited for day light, to see to read or write.—My repeated opportunities of attending religious meetings, I hope will not rise up in judgment against me. Heard twelve prayers yesterday, and fifteen last Sabbath; and from Friday to Wednesday attended nine meetings, and had frequent interviews with christians. If I duly appreciated half my privileges, I should not be so very stupid and ungrateful.

22.—How I love the society of christians. I can truly say I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Nov. 9. *Evening.*—The moon has begun her journey through the sky. Everything in nature is capable of yielding us instruction; and if knowledge can be derived from the study of little objects, how much more from that of the sun and moon. I think they may with propriety be compared to christians. Some christians appear like the sun in all his majesty. After a dark and gloomy night, they rise clear, and shine with lustre through their brief day; and though a dark cloud may sometimes overshadow them, like the sun they soon shine forth with still greater

splendor. Others, like the moon, rise not from so great darkness, nor do they shine so brightly, but go on with moderation, and still afford light to bewildered travellers. The daily feelings of christians are indeed as various as the appearance of the natural heavens—scarcely any without some doubts, so scarcely a day or night without some cloud.

16.—To-morrow we are to assemble around the table of our Lord. May I be prepared, and have on the wedding garment. I resign myself to God, to prepare me for the solemn ordinance.—I am one week nearer the eternal world. All has been goodness; every day has given me reason to rejoice that the Lord reigns. But the recollection of all my follies and sins pains me. How little have I done for God. When he has given me so many comforts and blessings, I desire to make the poor return that is in my power—I want to be useful.

18.—Enjoyed the privilege of communing yesterday with the dear children of God; but the impressions, the happy effect, too soon wear away. I desire more faith, to feed upon his body and blood. O I would ever bless God for making me a guest.

19.—Alas! I am still remiss in every duty. All nature obeys the voice of God, and how sinful it is for me to be so careless and negligent. I, who, of all the fallen race, have the greatest reason to bless him, must not be silent. How can I refrain from praise, when such innumerable blessings are bestowed upon me, even though by my sins I have forfeited every favor. When everything speaks his praise, shall I, then, have nothing to say? Well might

the very stones cry out, if I hold my peace. His favors must not, shall not be forgotten.

30.—Have just returned from a visit among professors; but how little, how very little, was said upon the subject of religion. If I had introduced it myself, I should have done no more than my duty, and even I, though weak, might thus have been an instrument, in God's hand, of doing good. Will God forgive me.

Dec. 1.—Another sacred day has arrived, and my life is still spared.—Since I have been united to the church, I have enjoyed a satisfaction and peace of mind I never felt before.

> "Now rests my long-divided heart,
> Fix'd on this blissful centre, rests;
> With ashes who would grudge to part,
> When call'd on angels' food to feast?"

8.—Am detained this day from public worship by indisposition of body. Well, it is all right. If I cannot enjoy God in his earthly courts, I ought to bless him for the hope that I shall soon be where this frail tenement cannot molest. There I shall see him face to face, and enjoy him forever. O welcome, happy day.

31.—I have now arrived at the close of another year. How I ought to mourn over my sins and follies during the year, and to admire and adore the goodness of God. The mercies I have received call loudly for gratitude. My friends and relations are spared; health and peace of mind have been my almost constant companions; my religious privileges are not diminished, but enlarged, and have been almost innumerable. And shall I reflect on all these

mercies, and not feel thankful to the giver of them? I desire to praise him that I am permitted to live in a land of gospel liberty—that I hear the gospel preached from the sacred desk Sabbath after Sabbath. During the past year I have, according to my best calculation, attended one hundred and ninety-one meetings, heard one hundred and twenty-two sermons, and united in more than a thousand prayers. But, alas! how little improvement I have made.

Jan. 1, 1817.—O that I might live to the glory of God during the year now commenced. I hope I shall make greater progress heavenward than I have in any year before. I see more plainly than ever the importance of religion. The path shines brighter and brighter. I want to serve God and be useful in the world. I want to live nearer to him; but I dare not say I will, because this deceitful heart is so faithless to its promises. O God, wilt thou give me strength to do it. I intend to begin the Bible again to-day, and read it through in course.

18.—What a wonder is it that I have been spared so long. Not only my life, but many, very many undeserved blessings, have been continued. This is sufficient to show that God's mercies are not limited. I long to join in immortal lays; I long to mingle in the harmony of angels, where I shall not grow weary of praising—

> "Where congregations ne'er break up,
> And Sabbaths never end."

Feb. 10.—Was permitted to sit down at the table of the Lord yesterday, but I very much fear with an unprepared heart. Why is it that my thoughts are so much

confined to earthly objects? Where is my humility? I find my heart full of pride. Where is my patience? Is it not so, that I would presumptuously seize the reward, without patiently laboring and waiting for it? Where is my love? Alas! shall my affections be cold towards my dear Redeemer? Where is my trust and reliance on God? Am I not more ready and willing to put confidence in an arm of flesh, than in that God in whom I ought, as a dependent being, to place my trust? I have deserted my God in the midst of his mercy; I have foolishly forsaken the source of all my comfort. My wicked heart would fain enjoy the world and heaven too. Have I not put my hand to the plough and looked back? The Lord has indeed been kind to me; he has given me christian parents, a competency of food and raiment, and has, as I humbly trust, brought me to a knowledge of himself. O that, in view of all his goodness, I could make some suitable return.

March 1.—Sometimes, in seasons of coldness, I have resorted to the company of christians for relief. But I cannot forbear weeping when I call to mind how often their conversation has been the means of leading this heart, naturally prone to evil, still further from my duty and my God. And has not *my* conduct, also, had the same effect upon others? I fear I have thus wounded Immanuel's cause, and given the enemies of religion occasion to say—What do you more than others? Never, I think, while memory retains her seat—not till the fountain of tears is dried up, and this heart has proved itself harder than adamant, shall I forbear to reproach myself

for those hours, when I fear I added fresh wounds to my Saviour. We often see great effects from little causes. Were I alone to bear the injury, it would not cause so much distress ; but, alas ! the wounds to the souls of others may never be healed.

9. *Sabbath.*—Praise to God. I place these words where I may often and plainly see them, that my ungrateful heart may not entirely forget that all praise and glory should redound to him. "He has done great things for me, whereof my heart is glad." To him be given all the glory forever.

21.—How poorly am I prepared for the solemnity of commemorating the Lord's death. Lord Jesus, clothe me with a wedding garment, I beseech thee, that I may not eat and drink unworthily. I acknowledge that of myself I am utterly unworthy of the smallest crumb that falls from thy table ; yet thy grace is sufficient for me. Yes, there is a fulness in Christ, a fountain at which all may drink—a fountain which will never be dry. When there was no created arm to save, then did Christ, the Son of God, come down to die for us. Behold, was there ever love like this? Be astonished, O earth ! Believe, O my soul, and adore. His love is the wonder of angels; and amidst their hallelujahs, have *I* no notes to raise? amidst their triumphant voices, their melodious tunes, shall *I* be silent? His love is boundless, even to unworthy me ; and shall I raise no song? Forbid it, mighty God. I must praise thee, though in feeble strains, and though I know not where to begin. If I begin with *my* existence, I shall fall infinitely short of thy due ; for be-

fore even time began, thou didst meditate mercy to our race. Shall I ever distrust his goodness? Is he not worthy of honors more than man can give?

> "O may I lose this useless tongue,
> When I forget to praise."

26.—Have enjoyed a sweet season in prayer. I think I never realized the presence of God more. Concluded by singing the beautiful hymn—"Here at thy cross, my dying Lord," and adopted the words as my own.

April 1.—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" Why is it that I am so subject to a slavish fear of thunder? If the Lord is on my side, what can hurt me? O that I could be freed from such distressing fears. O my Father, I beseech thee, if it is consistent with thy holy will, discover to me the true cause of this disquietude. Is there some idol I have not yet resigned—some sin, lurking within, that has not yet been found out?

3.—This is a day appointed for humiliation and prayer. Lord, wilt thou lend a listening ear. Bless this land, and grant that thy word may here have free course and be glorified, and also in heathen lands. We long to see the knowledge of the Lord cover the face of the earth.

10.—How is it possible for a mortal being to walk so careless upon the very verge of eternity? What do I find to encourage slothfulness? Is there one argument that can be brought forward to prove it necessary, useful, or unavoidable? No—but thousands to the contrary. I have everything that ought to make me engaged. The coldness and stupidity of christians is sufficient; the neg-

lect of religion among sinners is sufficient; my own sins, my backslidings, and even a sense of my very slothfulness, are sufficient.

17.—I take great delight in singing, and have often found it the means of conveying heavenly peace and joy to my soul, particularly when singing this hymn—

> "Here at thy cross, my dying Lord,
> I lay my soul beneath thy love—
> Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
> Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove."

I have often wondered how christians could deny themselves the pleasure of singing. God values not the tuning of the voice, but the feelings of the heart. He will

> "Regard the man who in seraphic lays
> And flowing numbers sings his Maker's praise.
> He needs invoke no fabled Muse's art;
> The heavenly song comes genuine from the heart—
> From that pure heart which God has deign'd t'inspire
> With holy rapture and a sacred fire.
> 'Tis He that lends thy towering thoughts their wing,
> And tunes thy lyre, when thou attemptst to sing."

22.—This is truly a thirsty, barren land. There seems to be but little attention paid to religion, either in our church or the churches around us. When I look around, my eyes affect my heart. It is a mournful sight to see sinners crowding the broad road to destruction, and christians cold and indifferent. Be entreated, most merciful Father, to grant us a gracious smile, and favor us with a revival. O breathe among these dry bones, these exceeding dry bones; command flesh to arise and cover them, and let us arise, an exceeding great army.

May 11.—Yesterday I was 15 years old. O that I might spend my few remaining years or days to God's glory. My time on earth is at his disposal, and whether it is longer or shorter, I know he will do right.

23.—Once, when alone, I used to look around upon the grass, the flowers, and the trees, and I could not bear the sight of them, because I thought I must soon go and leave them all. I lived in a slavish fear of death. But since I have experienced the joy and peace of believing, when I look upon these things I enjoy the pleasure which they were designed to afford, yet consider it faint compared with the joy of heaven—and I feel willing, and often wish, to leave all and dwell with my heavenly Father, with saints and angels. Everything now looks blooming. God has indeed to me renewed the face of the earth.—When we view the scenery of nature, we can find many objects that may be compared to the christian's course, and thus receive instruction.

June 1. *Sabbath.*—Have been carried safely through another week, by the goodness of an all-wise Providence. Am requested this day to attend the communion at ——. How much rather would I go to the usual, the beloved place. "There my best friends, my kindred, dwell." It is a blessed enjoyment to go up to the house of God with christian friends. The poor heathen have no such privilege. I have lately thought much of them, and wished it was in my power to do them good. Miss E. H. expects soon to go among the benighted creatures. She is to resign the blessings of social life, and the dear society of her associates and relatives, and submit to the thousand

trials and hardships of a missionary life. How great an undertaking—yet in how noble a cause.

I have formerly found much benefit in renewing my covenant with God. It has been the means of making me more watchful, prayerful and happy. Dear Lord, I would at this time devote myself anew to thee. Sensible of my own unworthiness, and utter inability of myself to do anything as I ought, I would earnestly request thine assistance and direction. If thou wert strict to mark iniquity, I could not answer for one of a thousand of my transgressions. I would desire to lay myself low at thy feet, and humbly beg thy forgiveness. In the sincerity and integrity of my heart I do surrender myself, soul and body, into thy hands, and deliberately say, do with me as seemeth good in thy sight. Witness now, dear Saviour, the solemn engagement to be forever thine. Let the holy angels witness that I do subscribe myself the Lord's. As far as I am able, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I will live devoted to thee. Accept this my engagement, and enrol my name in the book of life.

15.—While I weep over my own inattention and sinfulness, I mourn also for Zion, that her ways are so desolate and so few come to her solemn feasts. O that I could weep day and night, and pour out my grief before the Lord. Why do so many reject the kind invitations of the gospel? Why do they not listen to the sacred truths, and improve their day of grace before it is forever too late? It is God alone that can touch the hard heart and effect this great work.

TO MISS S. C. OF D.

Dorchester, June 17, 1817.

DEAR S.—A few moments this morning shall be devoted to you.—I have been thinking how much good we might do—how useful we might be, not only to our own souls but to the souls of others—were it not for our wicked hearts. Alas! our hearts are prone to evil, and that continually; when we would do good, evil is present with us. How necessary, then, is it for us to live near to God—to be much in prayer and self-examination. It is very important to know ourselves, and this is the only way to acquire such knowledge. When we are enabled to know ourselves, we have attained a great height in knowledge. Whatever else we attempt to learn, we shall be ignorant till we have become acquainted in some degree with our own spiritual nature. Our hearts are deceitful above all things; and if we are not acquainted with them, they will be apt to deceive us with false hopes and lead us astray. If we had not these wicked hearts, we should oftener converse upon religion; we should grow daily in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But the sin that is within us has been in the world ever since Adam fell, and we never shall be entirely rid of this great evil while we are here; yet by prayer and supplication, and constant watchfulness, we may gain great ascendancy over it. If we are children of God, however, we shall not always have these wicked hearts. We shall one day be purified and made perfect, the blood of Christ having cleansed us from all sin. Seeing we have such a glorious prospect in view, we ought to stir up each other's

minds by way of remembrance; we should keep our eyes upon the way, as well as upon the prize. Why should a few difficulties discourage us? Christ has gone before us; he has marked the road, and will give us grace to follow. He once laid down his life for us; now we ought to crucify our sins for him. Let us be up and doing with all our might what our hands find to do. A few duties performed, and a few self-denials, will not carry us to heaven. We must go on uniformly: if we do our duty in one thing, we must in another; if we deny ourselves one thing that is wrong, we must another—for consistency is requisite.

Ah, it is easy to say what should be done, but hard to do it. What shall a slothful, stupid christian do? or is there in creation so inconsistent a character? Yet if I call myself a christian, it must be one of this kind, inconsistent as it is.

> "Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
> And all her words approve;
> But still I find it hard t' obey,
> And harder still to love."

I cannot, however, bear to give up all hope, undeserving as I am. Sometimes I think I do enjoy the blessedness of Immanuel's smiles; but this happiness is soon overclouded with stupidity. It is, in my opinion, far better to be alarmed and uneasy, than to be thus. If I ever arrive at the blessed haven of rest, what a wonder it will be. Do pray for your unworthy cousin. S. H. C.

June 19.—Have this morning heard news which glad-

dens my heart. At C., in Vermont, there has been a very great revival of religion, and my uncle C. and some of his family are among the subjects of it. God has graciously seen fit to visit him at this late hour; his grace is not confined to age—the old and the young may be made partakers of it. Learning and talents cannot save a soul from death; it must be the grace of God alone.

My cousin S. and myself have made it our practice to meet every Saturday to pray in particular for the growth of grace in our own souls, for a revival of religion, and for those of our relations who are unconverted.

22.—Another Sabbath morn has returned, and I have retired to my beloved retreat, my chamber, to spend a few hours before meeting. The morning is delightful—warm, and refreshed with gentle breezes. I cannot help wishing it were so within; that instead of diverse and tumultuous thoughts, all were in perfect harmony and fixed entirely upon God, the great source of happiness; that the Holy Spirit would enliven and quicken me by breathing into my cold heart, and that I could "read my title clear to mansions in the skies." I resolved before I arose, this morning, to banish vain thoughts—not to give them the first place in my mind, and then they would not be likely to have the last. But, alas! how easily they find entrance.

July 6. *Sabbath.*—Expect to be detained this forenoon from divine service. I feel that God is good when he bestows blessings and comforts, and when he removes them I know he is the same—a loving and kind God.—I have for a few days been much cast down, particularly yester-

day ; but I found that prayer would make the darkened cloud withdraw. Met with S., and enjoyed a precious Bethel season ; felt more of the spirit of prayer than usual, and I trust God was indeed with us, and truly manifested himself a prayer-hearing God. O what an unspeakable privilege it is, that we are permitted thus to approach him.

TO MISS L. W. OF C., VT.

Dorchester, July 15, 1816.

Dear L.—I had almost despaired of ever again receiving a letter from you, and feared mine was not acceptable ; but having at length received one, I hasten to answer it.

I think I find, by daily experience, that religion is of more importance than anything else ; it is indeed the pearl of exceeding great price, and worthy our utmost attention and concern. This affords infinite delight ; while all other pleasures are unsatisfactory, and

> " Vanish, as though we saw them not,
> As a dim candle dies at noon."

When religion appears of such great importance, does it not astonish us to look around and see so little attention paid to it even by those who profess to be governed by its spirit. How careless and negligent they often are in the performance of every duty, and how difficult it frequently is to distinguish them from others. Is this the treatment Christ receives in the house of his friends ? Shall those who are his chosen disciples thus wound *Him* afresh who left the bosom of his Father, lived a life of sorrows, and suffered an ignominious death for our sakes ?

I have heard you have lately had a revival of religion. While you enjoy refreshing showers of grace, I hope you will not forget those dry and thirsty places where the love of many is waxing cold; where the most earnest inquiry is—"What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" and where the ways of Zion are desolate, and but few come to her solemn feasts. Will you not intercede that christians elsewhere may be more engaged in earnest supplications.

I regret that so many hundreds of miles are soon to separate us still farther from each other; but I will not relinquish the hope that even then we shall be able to continue our correspondence. If we never have an opportunity again, on earth, of conversing with each other face to face, I hope we shall meet in heaven, where reciprocal affection between friends will be renewed and increased. I remain your affectionate friend. S. H. C.

31.—Why is it that I am suffered to live, a cumberer of the ground, while so many useful ones are taken away? O Lord, thou only knowest.

August 3.—I am now reading "Watts's Improvement of the Mind." Have lately read "Gregory's History of the Christian Church from its earliest periods." Reading is a delightful employment. The poor heathen have no good books. O that the gospel might soon be spread throughout the world, that all may hear of a Saviour.

17.—"Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" When I look around and see so many human beings; when I consider how many there are who have

come within the compass of my knowledge, and the infinitely larger number whom I have never seen ; and when I consider how many millions, yea hundreds of millions do actually subsist on this our earth, my narrow conceptions of the Deity have at times led me almost to fear that among such an innumerable multitude I should be overlooked. But when I carry my thoughts beyond this sphere ; when I consider what a number of worlds there are, each with its numerous inhabitants, and that in the eye of Omnipotence our planet, if it were lost, would be missed no more than a grain of sand by us upon the sea shore, I exclaim—"Who can, by searching, find out God?" How carefully he provides for his large family. His goodness is indeed over all his works. "His centre," as some author has said, "is every where, his circumference no where." Yet though he is loving and kind, we are rebellious and sinful.

24.—Friends drop on every side, and we daily hear of some one who has gone into eternity. Death makes rapid strides, and soon will lay low all who now exist. Yes, the time will come when I, too, must die—when the places that I now visit will by me be visited no more. I shall soon be forgotten by my friends and relations, and my worthless name sunk in oblivion. The leaves which I now turn over, and whose contents afford me warning and encouragement, will soon be mixed with other rubbish and consumed. This clayey tabernacle, too, will drop to dust, and be food for worms. O if I could look into eternity with blessed and unmingled hope, willingly, yea joyfully, would I submit to the monster death. But,

alas! I am in a doubting frame. I fear I have deceived myself and others, and shall come short of heaven.

29.—The text which this day occurs for meditation, is —"Seven times a day will I praise thee, because of thy righteous judgments." Lord, give me this thankful heart to praise thee for mercies and judgments, and may I never murmur at thy will.

Sept. 3.—I find it exceeding hard to keep down pride. I have meditated, to-day, upon these words—"The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad," but fear it can with more truth be said of me that I am *proud*, than that I am *glad*, of God's mercies. I would fain learn to keep this dreadful sin in subjection.

23.—I once more resume my long silent pen. I have, in different places, passed through many scenes since I last wrote. I find that at home I can enjoy my mind best. Blessed be God, who has provided for me such a home, while thousands, more deserving, are deprived of so rich a blessing.

Have been perusing a letter from our dear sister E. H. to a friend. She intends leaving her native land to engage in the missionary cause. O that I could be employed with her in doing something for God. Not that I think myself qualified for her station; but there is much to do, and I fear I am all the day idle—that I live a cumberer of the ground. O God, in mercy remove me, or let me be useful. If I may be but the "hewer of wood and drawer of water" for God and his people, I shall be happy.

28.—Part of this day I have spent in composing verses —a pleasing employment; but is it profitable? Is it pro-

fitable for me to write at all? Yet I cannot relinquish the delightful employment.

Oct. 16.—My pen has for a long time lain untouched. A multiplicity of engagements has employed my time since I last wrote.

I have been called to follow to the tomb a near and dear relative. My aged grandmother has gone to the eternal world. We have every reason to think she is beyond the reach of trouble, praising her God; and who, therefore, could wish her back again to this world of sin and wo? She had completed almost a century, and in that long course of years there have been no idle hours. She was a valuable friend—useful for her advice and prayers, as well as for the labor of her hands. But few live to her advanced age. O God, I humbly beseech thee that my life may not be spared to complete half her term, unless it can be spent in usefulness.

Nov. 5.—I have lately thought more of the perishing souls of the heathen than I ever did before, and wished it were in my power to do them good; but what can I do? Their souls are as precious as mine; and while I live in the full enjoyment of the gospel, they are deprived of the glorious privilege, and are perishing for lack of vision. O that I could do something for their dying souls. Time bears me swiftly away, to mingle with the dead. The feet of those who have carried out my neighbors may be at the door, waiting to carry me away also. But I hope, ere I am removed hence, I shall have done something for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world.

9. *Sabbath evening.*—This afternoon Mr. Wheelock

preached from Luke xix. 10. This is the last Sabbath he expects to spend in America. He has given himself up to the work of a missionary, and soon expects to leave parents and brethren for a heathen land. Often have I met him and Miss H. at the house of God—often united with them in prayer and praise; but now they are going with their companions far away. Never did I realize the importance of the missionary enterprise so much before. While others do so much, shall I do nothing? My heart bleeds for the poor heathen. O that I could snatch them from their dangerous state. When I meditate upon it, the spark is kindled to a flame; it burns for heathen lands, for those dark corners of the world where the Saviour was never known. O fly, thou blessed angel of the everlasting gospel, fly and carry the torch, and enlighten and save the perishing heathen.

30.—With joy I welcome another Sabbath morn.—"Come, holy Spirit, heavenly dove," and emancipate me from this bondage of sin, this unison with the world. Thou canst effect the work. I long to feel the full influence of a Saviour's love. It is more than tongue can utter, what can we say? it is more than heart can conceive, what can we think? Lord, inflame this cold heart. Raise my languid affections above these sordid vanities. There is nothing here can feed an immortal mind—nothing to satisfy our large desires. The soul, originally created for more noble enjoyments, cannot be satisfied with these low objects.

O, the dreadful consequences of the fall. On that memorable, that fatal day, universal wo and death were

brought upon the human race. This was the source of every sorrow, every trial, to which our race is exposed, as it introduced sin, the cause of every evil. But while in sorrow I lament this, I would meditate with joy in proportion on the wondrous redemption from this awful state. I would remember the ransom paid for us. On that auspicious day God's only Son suffered and atoned for our sins. Now we may be made recipients of that happiness we had forfeited. His uncircumscribed love extends to all who are willing to accept it. Rejoice, O my soul, and bless the great Redeemer.

When I meditate on the wretched, the deplorable condition of the heathen, and the usefulness of a female missionary among them, I feel impatient to go and labor in their behalf. I have formerly suppressed all such thoughts as much as possible. Much as I wished to do them service, I thought I could not leave my native country; but I have recently thought that should an opportunity offer, and I could obtain the consent of parents and christian friends, I should feel it my duty to go. The subject is pleasing, and mournful too. But should my wicked heart deceive me—should I go from wrong motives—ah, how dreadful! Yet nothing should prevail upon me to go if I thought I should do no good. I would rather be useless at home, though the thought of this is almost insupportable. Lord, show me what are my true motives. If they are wrong—but why should I dwell upon this? Is it not better to dismiss the subject? My parents, provided other things would admit, would perhaps never consent. Then could I act contrary to the wishes of

christian parents? O no. But if God has designed me, worthless as I am, for an instrument in his hands of doing good, he will provide the means. Let him therefore do as it seemeth him good.

"*They seek me daily.*"

Jesus, I fain would seek thy face
With true sincerity of heart;
I would abide in thine embrace,
And never, never from thee part.

On thee, dear Lord, depends my joy;
Without thee, I am never blest;
Elsewhere, I find no sweet employ;
Other pursuits afford no rest.

Yes, Lord, my spirit doth refuse
All other joys when thou art gone:
This comfort ever will I choose—
'Tis thee I hang my hopes upon.

Let smiling wealth attend me round,
And servants run at every call—
Let every pleasant sweet abound—
Still thou alone art all in all.

Let blooming health crown all my days,
And friends increase in numbers great;
Still, Jesus, I must sing thy praise,
Or all my blessings lose their taste.

Let ease and plenty be my lot—
No pains afflict, nor cares oppress—
Still, Jesus, if I see thee not,
My heart 's estranged from happiness.

True happiness can ne'er be found
When thou art absent, Lord, from me;
But when thou 'rt here, my joys abound.
True, lasting comfort comes from thee.

"*The Lord is righteous.*"

Yes, thou art righteous, Lord, indeed;
Thy righteousness alone I plead,
For I've no merits of my own—
Nothing that will for sin atone.

The Lord is righteous; bless his name,
For he 's from day to day the same;
His love, eternal as his years,
Shall calm our grief and dry our tears.

Dec. 14.—Another blessed Sabbath morn salutes us. What a privilege that I am permitted to spend it according to the dictates of conscience. Jesus in agony purchased for me these precious blessings—and shall I forbear to love him? He deserves all I can give, and this is only what he owned before. Lord, I cannot recompense thee.

20.—I have this evening, at a conference meeting, been so completely swallowed up with the goodness of God and the comforts of religion, that I felt constrained to say that I would not part with this enjoyment for millions of worlds. Might I be called by the noblest title ever bestowed on man, and be lauded and worshipped by my fellow men, these honors would vanish to nothing in comparison with the glorious prerogative of being a child of God. I have likewise been looking around me on those far advanced in life, and sighed lest I should live to such age and do no good.

21.—How gladly would I enter those sacred courts from which, on this holy day, I am detained by the weather. I can truly say of Zion—"I love her gates, I love the road."

24. *Morn.*—Nature wears a pleasant aspect. The sun has not yet shone upon us, but his light illumines the horizon. This calls to mind the day on which Christ was born, when the Sun of Righteousness first shone upon our benighted world. The twilight which now prevails calls also to mind the present condition of heathen lands. The Sun of Righteousness has not yet arisen there, but his light has begun to dawn. O that he would there arise and shine, and thus a bright meridian day be created. And has he not promised it? Nor will his promise fail. O joyful thought, that heathen India will become a gospel land, and its now deluded natives enjoy the precious privileges with which we are favored. Lord, perfect the glorious work, for thine own name's sake.

The morning is indeed delightful. Scarcely a cloud appears in the heavens, and gentle breezes float in the air. The eastern sky is gloriously irradiated with the light of the approaching sun. The pale rays of the moon have done their office, for now a far more resplendent light begins its career. At first its beams are less bright, but it gradually approaches in all its magnitude and splendor. But a few hours since, the heathen were probably worshipping this very sun as it rose upon them; now it lightens gospel lands. The day approaches, and as it progresses may I also make progress in a christian course.

25.—Hail, thou auspicious morn! With joy I greet the welcome day, the supposed anniversary of our Saviour's birth, which brought salvation to sinful men. Well may we rejoice at the introduction of the source of our highest happiness.

27.—Have just returned from another blessed conference. O, the comforts of religion! What do those poor worldlings do who know nothing of these comforts? It is an everlasting solace we mortals need, and in nothing else can such be found. Here is a Fountain that will supply all our necessity. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Jan. 1, 1818.—Another year has begun. O that the Lord would with this new year begin a reviving work among us, and carry it on.

4. *Sabbath Morn.*—

The joyful day of God has come,
With sweet reviving rays—
O let his love be sweetly sung,
And Christ our Saviour's praise.

Jesus deserves our highest praise—
His name is ever blest:
To Jesus I'll devote my days,
And on his mercy rest.

Now on this sacred morning, Lord,
Come, meet thy people dear;
O bless the sacred preached word,
And scatter blessings here.

Behold, O Lord, this barren plain,
These fruitless, with'ring trees—
Revive thy blessed work again
Among dry bones like these.

10.—My attention has lately been deeply excited in regard to the millions of my fellow creatures who are groping in heathen darkness. Mr. C., our beloved pastor, is unusually engaged for them. It does indeed rejoice

my heart to see a missionary spirit excited here. When I have heard this subject treated of in the sacred desk, not having it in my power to give so much towards the support of missions as I could wish, the only way in which I could satisfy myself was by saying—Lord, here am I; send me into those uncultivated fields.

12.—O how lovely is religion. The more I view it and feel it, the more I love it. Perhaps these imperfect writings will never meet the eye of any living creature except myself; but should I leave them behind me when I go hence, some surviving friend may glance his eyes over them—and O my friend, whoever you are, remember that religion alone can make you happy. If you are young, be entreated by your young departed friend to choose this for your portion. Time would fail me were I to attempt to relate the benefits I have already received from an early choice of this one thing needful. Let it be your guide, your comforter, your constant helper through life. It will never fail you; it will never, like earthly comforts, promise more than it performs, but it will perform more than it promises.

15.—What a pleasing employment is study. I hope to improve what learning I receive, to the glory of God. If I knew I never should improve it in this way, I would immediately desist from my studies. God grant I may ever thus improve it.

19.—"O for a closer walk with God." Let me live more entirely devoted to thee, dearest Saviour; let me love thee more and more. Now in the morning of life, while no anxieties distress, nor trials rend my heart—now

while all is serene and quiet, may I attend to that which deserves my utmost regard. I often think that perhaps the time will come when with a sigh I shall look back on these years, and wish that it were with me as in times past. Then, when earthly cares and trials are thick around me, I shall call this a season of ease and comfort. What my future lot is to be, I know not; God only knows. But I do not look forward with one anxious thought respecting the trials I may be called to endure; and if I were sure I should meet with sore troubles, but that I should also be useful in the world, I should rather wish the time to come than dread it. Should I be called, in God's holy providence, to labor in some distant heathen land, I should expect to encounter trials and hardships; but I should likewise expect, in God's strength, to be useful, and this would overbalance all trials. But I wish at present, above all things, to live near to God. Lord, wilt thou give me grace.

25. *Sabbath.*—After six days of labor and study, how delightful—how refreshing—is it to enjoy one day of rest from these pursuits, one day which may be given entirely to the service of God. I would say to all earthly concerns—Tarry ye here while I go and pray yonder; you have no concern with me this day; you have been attended to six days, and now the seventh is to be devoted to God. Abide ye in your proper places and disturb me not.

I have always found it extremely dangerous for me to be in the company of the world. Young, and naturally fond of gaiety, I am too apt to be led away. O how much do I owe to that ever-blessed God, who called me at an

early period of life to choose him for my chief portion. Lord, the work is all thine own. Before I had fallen a victim to the gaieties and sinful mirth of the world, thou wast pleased to call me to higher pursuits, and, as I humbly trust, to adopt me, unworthy as I am, into thy family.

Last evening the weather prevented our usual religious meeting. The week before, we had a precious season; singing better than usual. O how am I often enraptured by the harmony of music, and elevated above every earthly feeling.

Feb. 1.—I am all unworthiness—all sinfulness; beset with temptations on every side, and every day doing the things that I would not, and leaving undone those that I would do. O how long shall I carry with me this body of sin and death? Give me, Lord, more genuine piety—more ardor and zeal in thy cause—more love to my Redeemer. Give me at all times a spirit of prayer and watchfulness. May I set a proper example before my fellow creatures, and O make me useful to them. Give me a grateful heart for the innumerable mercies which thou hast bestowed upon me. Surely thy goodness and mercy have always attended me.

17.—O what an inexhaustible source of consolation is it to know that the Lord reigns. What do those helpless creatures do, who know nothing of this comfort in the hour of trouble?—This day I am suffering from bodily disease, but I hope am resigned to the will of God, who I know does all things well.

23.—This is a communion Sabbath. A violent headache still attends me, and I am detained from the house

of God. I hope to be reconciled to his will, whatever it is. "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts."

March 1.—I retire to my chamber. Here, excluded from every mortal eye, with my pen, my Bible, and my God, I have enjoyed that happiness which the world cannot give nor take away. O happy retirement. But are those moments gone, never again to return? Shall I no more hear that still, small voice, which in times past has spoken peace to my guilty, heavy-laden soul? Has my subtle enemy at length got me in his possession, and must I mourn an absent God and a heart altogether prone to vanity? Or is there balm in Gilead, and a physician there, for a sin-sick soul? O look down upon me, most merciful Father, while I investigate my heart. I find I have sinned against thee without cause. I have gone astray from the fountain of living waters; I have done what I ought not to have done and have neglected my duty, and I deserve only thy impending wrath.

My situation is peculiarly trying. The society of the gay and thoughtless always has been a source of danger to me, and now I am more than ever exposed to it. Dear Jesus, do thou be my strength and my guide, my hope, my comforter, my stay and my staff. O be thou near and dear unto me. May I maintain thy cause against any opposition that may invade. Forbid that I should ever depart from thee, or swerve from thy holy calling, or shrink at the attacks of opposition. Let nothing supersede a constant walk with thee. May I have confidence to come out from the world and be separate, and take up my cross daily. May my walk and conversation be such

as becometh the followers of Christ; and let me be enabled to cleave fast to him while a perverse multitude is saying, crucify him, crucify him.

5.—My time is now entirely devoted to the delightful employment of study. I hope it will not prove injurious to the soul. The soul's welfare is of infinite importance, and must be attended to, whatever else may engage our attention.

7.—Another week draws to a close, and the Sabbath is at hand. With a mind overburdened with worldly cares and occupations, how am I prepared for the sacred day? O God, without thy quickening grace I am not prepared to live or die.

15.—Nothing gives me more satisfaction than cheering intelligence from the dear missionaries. Stupid and wicked as I am, it does give me the greatest delight to hear of their success. Could I be made useful to the poor perishing heathen, I should indeed be happy. I have been laying some plans to do them good, and, with divine assistance, they shall be put in execution.

26.—

> "Where is the happiness I felt
> When first I saw the Lord?"

I find, by daily experience, that the world is an enemy to the soul. Alas! I am sunk in stupidity, in awful stupidity. Whither shall I flee? I have forsaken the God of heaven, my Father and my Friend, and have yielded to temptations. I have neglected prayer, and sought after those airy phantoms which the world calls pleasure. I look within to see what graces I have cultivated and what

sins I have subdued, and with the anguish which possessed the heart of Jacob's elder son I exclaim, my graces are not, and I, whither shall I flee? Shall I come before an offended Father? He has entrusted a talent to my care, and I have done worse than bury it in the earth. Yet I will adopt the publican's words—"God be merciful to me a sinner."

April 15.—*Hints to Christians.* Dear brethren and sisters—There is a race set before us, which we must run and not faint. As our heavenly Master labored, so must we. We must not put our hand to the plough and look back, neither must we put our hand to the plough and stand still. We must not be idle, for there remaineth yet much land to be possessed. If you have been hopefully born again, do not imagine that all is done; no, it is only begun. If you can look forward to the celestial city, and see the road that it is straight and pleasant and strewed with flowers, still you may have many steps to take before you complete your journey, and if you sit down idle it will never be accomplished. Satan will take the advantage, temptations will beset you, and your task will yet be hard. Christians, you have no time to lose; you are placed in a world that needs your service—an unenlightened and vicious world, that needs your labors, your example and precept. Yes, a great work is to be done: all the inhabitants of this earth must receive the gospel; all must know the Lord, from the least to the greatest; the Bible must be translated and sent to every land. This great work must be accomplished by the use of means, and it belongs in common to every christian to

exert all the power of which he is capable for its advancement. What have you done, christians, towards it? If you would not trust your own souls out of the ark of safety, how much should you feel for those who know nothing of this refuge. Every one has it in his power to do something for them. If he is so exceedingly indigent that he cannot impart his alms, he can pray for them. But you who know nothing of poverty, to you it particularly belongs to give plentifully for the spread of the gospel. But, alas! how many make the excuse, I am not able to give, who expend large sums for trifles. If what might well be saved from dress was given for the support of missions, how large a sum would be devoted to this glorious cause.

21.—Left the school where I have spent so many agreeable hours in pleasing studies. O that what little knowledge I have attained might be improved to the glory of God. Yet how dead and thoughtless have I become. Not dead to the world, but to concerns of infinite importance; not thoughtless of vanity, but of religion. How do I neglect that Saviour who voluntarily gave his body a sacrifice for my sins. How grudgingly do I suffer for him. If he said no more in my behalf than I have said for him, what would be my prospects? Does he not from year to year plead with his Father, saying—Let this cumberer alone this year, also, till I shall dig about it? O my Saviour, dig and prune, and do what thou wilt with me—only make me useful in the world. But while I long and pray to be useful to others, I am aware there is much to be done within. Lord, give me correct views of my-

self; show me the whole catalogue of my vices—the whole history of my heart; help me to penetrate and carefully to investigate the darkest corners. Sin is in every part. It may rightly be called legion, for they are very many. Can Jesus cleanse such a filthy heart? Yes, his grace is sufficient for the vilest of sinners, even for me. Kind Saviour, look down in mercy upon me; receive me and make me thine.

May 10.—Another Sabbath morn has come. This is my birthday. Sixteen years of my short life are gone, never to return; and it is a solemn thought that all my ill-spent hours during this time may appear against me at the bar of God. But are sixteen years indeed gone? I start at the thought. My life appears like an idle dream, an empty show. Few have been the days of my pilgrimage; but O that they had been days of usefulness, instead of the reverse. How dreadful is the thought of a useless life, particularly when there is so much to be done.

On Spring.

'Tis come—delightful Spring is come,
And nature wears a lovely hue;
The fields and lawns display their bloom;
Come, and the verdant landscape view.

What is it alters nature so?
Where the dry shrubs were lately seen,
What makes them all appear so gay,
So lively, drest in beauteous green?
This is the aspect they derive
From the kind hand by which we live.

A few weeks since, and all was drest in gloom:
The fields and flowers could render no perfume;

The sky with darksome clouds was overcast;
Imperious winds were sending forth their blast;
The drifted snow block'd up the oft-trod path;
The piercing cold almost congeal'd our breath.
A lenient sun has broke these iron chains,
And sends the sun to cheer the frozen plains.
Dread Winter, thou hast left our earth,
And beauteous Spring has had its birth.

What magic do our eyes behold!
All the rich beauties can't be told.
The vernal trees, the grass, the flower,
Assume new beauties every hour.
Who makes them thus to grow and thrive?
Who makes the barren waste revive?
Who clothes them all in beauteous garbs,
And give the food to flocks and herds?
Sure 'tis the God who nature form'd,
And whom we ought to praise.

Though nature now does thus look gay,
Yet soon the time will come
When all that tends to charm the eye
Again will wear a gloom.

Thus is our life exposed to change,
And ills of various kind;
Whene'er we think to pluck a rose,
We're sure a thorn to find.
Then, Jesus, may we look to thee,
For thou wilt live eternally.

24.—This day have I been blest with the sound of the preached gospel—a guide to the doubting, a cordial to the fainting. But, alas! even now, when others are more engaged, and the secure are alarmed, I am cold and stupid. A good attention to the one thing needful prevails, and I hope a good work is indeed begun.

27.—Why do I weep? Why do I sit pensive and alone, and write of gloominess? Surely God's goodness is enough to excite pleasure. If I were sufficiently grateful, should I not be happy? Lord, may I again enjoy the smiles of thy countenance. Truly water to the thirsty soul, or parched land, could not be more desirable or more welcome. I desire to thank thee for earthly comforts, and pray for spiritual ones. O may I walk with thee. What greater honor or happiness can I enjoy than walking with that God in whose service I have tasted substantial bliss?

29.—Have spent a delightful afternoon with six, all of one heart and one mind. It was refreshing to my soul. I do love the society of christians. Surely if heaven is similar to such society, I can be happy there. May I not, then, hope that I know and feel the power of that religion which prepares for heaven? And shall I, with all my inconsistencies, with all my guilt, trust that I am a child of the Most High! Is Jesus indeed mine—is heaven mine! And can I any longer be cold and inattentive to these great concerns? Forbid it, Lord.

This is a delightful evening. All around is calm and serene. And I rejoice that it is also calm within. I do trust that I have been ransomed from death, and that I am not left to wander away from my God. For a long time I have not felt so comfortable an assurance. O may my wicked heart never deceive me.

June 1.—What enjoyment is to be compared to that of the presence of God? For this would I part with all the joys of sense. For this I would live all the days of my

appointed time till my change come—then, with a cheerful heart, bid the vain world adieu, and pass the dark valley to those blessed regions where no sighing or sorrow shall ever come. But O, in what words shall I speak my Saviour's praise? How shall I ever extol him enough who paid such a penalty for my aggravated crimes? O for an angel's tongue to tell what he has done for me, in calling me at an early period of life to see my own sinfulness and choose him for my portion. Why was I not passed by? This is indeed the greatest of blessings. What is all which the world calls pleasure, when compared with this? Earth's gaudy vanities, all its fading treasures, I behold with scorn when thus immersed in the boundless ocean of a Saviour's love. Wherever I turn my eyes, something testifies that the Lord is good. And shall I be silent? Is it possible I can ever forget his favors, or feel stupid or cold towards him? *My* God! Let me dwell upon the delightful sound. It charms my ear, it animates my frame.

> "Fain would I sound it out so loud,
> That heaven and earth might hear."

3.—The sun is just setting beyond the horizon, with no cloud to obscure the brightness of its lustre. O may I leave the world as calmly as the sun now disappears, and may I perform the duties of my office as well as he has performed his. Now the laborer leaves his work, the beasts return to their rest, and nature begins to wear a dusky hue. Have we not all enjoyed the pleasures of the day? How it becomes us, then, at its close, to return thanks to our great Preserver. Alas! how many expe-

rience comfortable days and nights, without thinking of the Source of these favors.

8.—O what a blessing to enjoy the consolations of religion, the smiles of my heavenly Father. This afternoon I have heard the sound of thunder, and felt comparatively no fear. I thought I could look through these dark clouds, and behold my Saviour, and I felt happy in him. It has been the desire of my heart that it might be a stranger to those fears which have heretofore so much distressed me; but I hope I feel submissive to the will of God, whichever is best.

How prone I am to forsake the fountain of bliss—how prone to seek my comfort here, slight my blessed Redeemer, and disobey his commands. Can he take any pleasure in me? Will he condescend to love and accept me, when I am unwilling to accept him? Will he make me one of his family, when I am striving to be removed from it; and confer on me favors when I hardly deign to receive them? Will he be my friend, when I am ashamed of his friendship? Will he plead for me, when I am acting against him? O wonderful love and condescension! Has he done all this, and more, and shall I forbear to love him? Lord, renew my spirit, sanctify me and pardon my sins.

17.—Acquaintance and neighbors are dropping around me; death enters the house of happiness, and snatches away the aged, the middle-aged, or the young, and lays them low. Man goeth to his long home, and where is he? Time with him must be no more. The cold clods cover all that was once life, health, and animation. And

what woes ensue! With some their all is gone; all they depended upon for earthly happiness and support, is gone, to be seen no more. From whence all these sorrows? What is the original cause? It is surely nothing less than sin, which is the cause of all our wo. This deadly sting infects us all. O when shall we learn, from the folly of others, to be wise ourselves? When shall we practise the short but comprehensive lesson—"Know thyself." Alas! what progress do we make towards wisdom? What efforts do we make to attain this invaluable prize? It is worthy our closest study; still we disdain it. It is the only thing capable of making us happy, and we are ready to acknowledge it; but still we seek happiness in other things, where we know we shall never find it. When shall we fools be wise, and understand these things?—What inconsistent beings we are—an astonishment even to ourselves! ever acting contrary to our intentions, and ever purposing what we never really mean to fulfil. O Lord, change our hearts; renew us, we beseech thee. May we hate that which thou hatest, and which is the cause of our inconsistency. We need purifying; we need cleansing from all this pollution. The work is all thine own. Perform it, mighty God, and thine be the glory forever.

25.—O this flinty heart! When will it be susceptible of any feeling—when will it be sufficiently grateful for innumerable favors, and melted into contrition for its many transgressions? Lord, I have not loved and served thee as I ought. I have revolted against thee, and sought my happiness here, although I have known that thou art all

in all—the only true source of comfort. Thou beholdest me thus vile, sinful, unholy, and what wilt thou do? Wilt thou accept me if I plead the merits of my adorable Redeemer, or justly spurn me from thy presence for proving so false to thee? How many times have I forsaken thee—how many times refused, by slighting thy just commands, to have thee to reign over me! Rid me of this dreadful evil, and I ask no more. May I not hope? Hast thou not prepared a way for sinners to escape deserved ruin? O may I be saved in this way—I wish to be saved in no other.

28. *Sabbath Eve.*—What a sight, what a blessed sight, have I this day beheld! Seven young persons have come forward and renounced the world and its charms for religion. They have said, in the presence of us all—"As for us, we will serve the Lord." And O may they continue to the end; may they fight valiantly, and come off conquerors. When shall I resign the seat of the youngest member of the church, to one more worthy? O that we might often enjoy the delightful sight of seeing young christians come forward. When will parents behold their children more devoted to God, growing up for him, and thus prepared to supply their places?

30.—Our blessed Lord not only parted with the glittering toys of earth, but with far superior joys, to save our souls; and shall we refuse to deny ourselves a few superfluities to save the souls of our heathen fellow creatures who are perishing for lack of vision? They sit in thick darkness—in the shadow of death. Shall they continue so? Shall we be enriched with the best of blessings—

have the gospel freely dispensed to us, and enjoy unmolested all its privileges, and let them suffer and die, for the want, only, of a small portion of that which we may very well impart? Far be it from us, christians, so to do. No—let us arise, and by our exertions evince the emotions of our hearts. How could they believe it was of any importance, if we should take no pains to send it to them? How unkindly we should treat them not to endeavor to rescue them from that destruction to which we will not expose ourselves. Does not duty, then, call upon us to use every means to send them the word of life? Freely we have received—shall we not freely give? Do we belong to that comparatively small number who, by living in a christian land, possess the temporal blessings of christianity? How thankful we ought to be, and how desirous to have our fellow creatures possess them also. And do we belong to the still smaller number who know by happy experience the inward comforts of religion? How very highly favored we are—the thrice-happy people, whose God is the Lord. And what shall we render unto him for all these peculiar favors? What less can we do than endeavor to bring others into his kingdom? Come, then, christians, and let the heathen know that our God is also worthy of their love. Say not you have nothing to give, as long as anything is spent for that which profiteth nothing. God knows your circumstances. Can you appeal to him and say—Lord, I have ever given what was in my power; I have wasted nothing? If conscience will not let you do this, then strive for the future to do your duty. The gospel must be preached to every nation, and we

should all lend our immediate assistance to effect this mighty work, for our day will soon be spent—the night of death is at hand.

July 17.—Once more night draws its sable curtains over our hemisphere; the grand luminary is gone to shine upon those fellow mortals who know nothing of a more magnificent light. O my dear fellow creatures, I would release you from this horrible darkness. Yes, willingly I would relinquish all my earthly comforts, to purchase for you heavenly ones. Your souls are precious, and I wish I could rescue them from destruction. Lord, may I do all in my power to help forward this great work.

18.—Another week has gone, and another is soon to come as short and deceitful as this has been. So passes our life. Why, then, should we be so anxious for comforts which must soon fade and die? Why give ourselves so much uneasiness about trifles? I blame myself exceedingly. I am astonished at my inconsistencies, at my fondness for the things of time and sense, when I must so soon leave them. How miserable are those who seek all their happiness in these things. What did Abraham say to his servants when going to sacrifice his beloved son—"Tarry ye here while I go yonder and worship." O that I could this night say to all earthly concerns, tarry here while I go and worship my Father; and may I resign entirely and voluntarily to his disposal my choicest earthly comforts, and the dearest idol that obstructs my progress; and then, when I am entirely willing to resign them at his call, and not before, I am prepared to enjoy them.

19.—Another blessed day is come, and how am I pre-

pared to meet it? These tumultuous thoughts, how they distract my unstable mind. O God, bid my warring passions rest. Thou knowest my heart, and all its vileness. O wilt thou subdue it, and make it submissive to the mild sceptre of Jesus. To whom shall I go but to thee? Polluted with sin and hateful to thy pure eyes, I must yet fly to thee. Is not this the dear centre of my soul? Let not Satan deprive me of enjoying the blessed consolation of loving thee above every other good. If I must part with thee or all my earthly comforts, pleasant as they are I bid them all adieu. Earthly comforts fail, but thou art the strength of my heart and my portion forever. O my heavenly Father, thou, and thou alone, knowest the anxiety which now corrodes my heart and prevents my full enjoyment of thee. Wilt thou not drive it thence? I have long since chosen thee for my guide and counsellor, and wilt thou fail me now? O no—and may I distress myself no further, but thankfully visit thy holy house.

Aug. 2. *Sabbath Morn.*—

> "Welcome and precious to my soul
> Are these sweet days of rest"—

dear emblems of an eternal Sabbath, where nothing will interrupt our joy. Truly it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the bliss that is prepared for those that love God. O can I, with all my sins and imperfections, belong to that happy number? If so, to God belongs all the glory.

6.—Another day is past; the great luminary has left our hemisphere; night draws her sable curtains, and soon all will be obscured in utter darkness. So many changes

does the face of nature undergo. Darkness and light, heat and cold, storms and calm sunshine, are all wrought upon this famous groundwork. But this will ere long decay. Yes, these heavens must pass away, time grow old and die, and the elements melt with fervent heat. All which we now behold, however beautiful and charming, we shall soon see no longer. How miserable are those who have laid up all their treasure in such transitory things. What will they do when these have vanished away, and their day of grace is past? But we now have the power of choosing a better portion. God is using every means to bring us to himself and make us happy; he is setting life and death before us; and if we refuse all his calls, is he unjust in leaving us at last without any place of refuge from that punishment which he has told us will overtake the ungodly?

8.—A number more are to come forward on the ensuing Sabbath and profess their faith in Christ. O how pleasing the prospect! Religion has indeed revived. Comparatively large numbers come and unite themselves with us. We have for a long time been a little band, despised and rejected, with scarcely any increase. A few years since, only four were added to the church in the course of a year. We were cold and stupid, and we beheld none anxious for the salvation of their souls. Our dear pastor faithfully preached to us, but he seemed to spend his strength for nought. He was discouraged; and had not a good God upheld him, perhaps would have resigned his labors from a persuasion that he could do no good. But at length the Lord's time came. Yes, I

trust he has begun his glorious work; he has stirred up christians to prayer, and has wrought upon the hard hearts of sinners and inclined them to forsake their sinful ways. O how is the scene changed! Many are inquiring the way to Zion, while others are coming forward and owning that they have found the blessed path. I stand amazed at the mighty works of God. I have seen the gay and thoughtless as they flourished in their pride. I have felt no fellowship with them; they despised what I loved, and how could they be my companions? But suddenly they have stopped; they have viewed their paths, and found they were not right; they have forsaken them, and now I behold them owning their Saviour before a scoffing world. Never before was I blessed with such a sight, and now it appears like a dream. But O may it no longer be a new thing. May this blessed work be carried on, and be more and more powerful.

9.—I am brought to see the pleasant light of another communion Sabbath. O what must be my condemnation if I make no improvement of all the great blessings I enjoy. Am I then going this day to meet and commune with my God? Will he condescend to come and meet with such a vile worm? Yes, I must be happy when I approach so near my God, my dear covenant God. Thou art mine, my portion and my joy. Possessed of such a treasure, what more can I ask? Before I knew thee, thou didst call me and adopt me into thy family. Although I have been prone to forsake thee, yet thou hast been faithful. Yes, I set to my seal that God is true; I here record it with ink, God is true and faithful,

the same yesterday, to-day and forever. I leave this testimony for whoever may hereafter read this sentence. I have tried him and found him an unchanging God. Whom he once loves, he loves to the end.

13.—Why is it that there is not more said in the company of christians upon the most important of all subjects? I have cast upon myself a thousand reproaches, at as many different times, for this neglect, and as many times resolved to do better for the future. But, alas! how this treacherous heart delights in deceit; how much sorrow has it caused. Lightness in conversation and behavior has many times caused my heart to ache. When I am with superiors in age and knowledge, I do not censure myself so much for this neglect as when with my companions. I then find but little to say; I cannot express my feelings in words. It is *here*, and here only, with my pen and paper, that I can use that freedom which I cannot command when most it is needed. Could I converse for the edification of my friends, instead of writing entirely for my own, should I not be more useful? But this is ordered by a wise Providence, and must be best.

16.—The rising sun has just cast his beams upon us, and ushered in another holy Sabbath morning. In what innumerable shapes do the lengthy shadows gradually make their appearance and chequer the ground, and how free from clouds is the bright azure sky above us. What is there wanting, in external nature, to make this sacred morning perfectly joyous and delightful? Surely nothing. With what striking events was it once ushered in. Early on a blessed morning like this, eighteen hundred years

ago, two pious women arose from their beds to go forth and seek their Lord. They repaired to his sepulchre, but with inexpressible sorrow found he was not there. Early on this morning should I too arise and seek my Lord. If I find him not, I must indeed go mourning all the day. Without his presence and blessing it will be but an unprofitable season, though the best of preaching sound in my ears. Come, then, dearest Lord, wilt thou not condescend to be with me and bless me through the day. Wilt thou banish all vain thoughts, which interrupt devotion, and choke the word and make it unfruitful.

19.—How partial we are to ourselves! It is long before we will own or be convinced that we are in a fault, and then we very soon forgive ourselves and forget it entirely. How often do we censure our fellow creatures for that of which we are guilty ourselves, without once thinking that we are wrong. How easily we perceive motes in the eyes of our neighbors, while we have beams in our own. O God, I desire to see the worst of myself. Show me all my vileness, make me sensible of every sin, and give me true repentance.

Sept. 13.—I think I have reason to bless God for sending me "Law's Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life." As far as I can judge, it has had a good effect on my mind and heart. A book equal to it, on that subject, I think I have never perused.

TO MISS S. C. OF D.

Dorchester, September 17, 1818.

DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND AND COUSIN—I hope you have not begun to indulge the thought that I have forgot-

ten you, on account of the inactivity of my pen and my absence from you. No, never can I forget those friends with whom I have frequently walked to the house of God and taken sweet counsel—with whom I have united in prayer and praise, and by whom I have been faithfully advised and comforted. I often think of those precious seasons which we have spent in prayer and praise; and though Providence sees fit at present to deprive us of these comforts, yet I hope the time will come when we shall again meet together and "all our social joys renew." But all the hours which I have spent with you do not now yield me this pleasure. I fear I have at times hindered you in your progress heavenward. But if we ever meet again, let us resolve to do better, and have important concerns the theme of our conversation. Of how little importance is everything else when compared with religion; and yet how apt we are to neglect the latter for that which profits us nothing. I have thought of this lately more than ever. I feel more like a stranger and pilgrim here, and have a stronger conviction of the truth that this world is not to be my home, and that I must seek a better. No, S., this is *not* our home; we are only travelling through this world to another; our journey is very short, and of how little consequence it is what befals us on the way. If trials are our lot, when we arrive at home our condescending Father will wipe all tears from our eyes, and make us happy in his presence forever. Let us not, then, stop to contemplate any mere earthly happiness, but press forward and eagerly pursue our journey. Whatever we do here, let us do it to the glory of God. Let us not

strive to gain the vain applauses of the world—its friendship, or riches. A life devoted to such pursuits may justly be called far below the dignity of an immortal being; it does not answer the end of our existence. Let us seek first the kingdom of heaven, and God will provide all other things for us in the best possible manner. If he sends afflictions, we know that those whom he loves he chastens, and these afflictions will last but for a moment. Should we possess the earthly comforts which we may most desire, they might be a detriment to us in our heavenly course, and perhaps plant thorns in our dying pillow. These comforts often make us tempt our Maker to his face, and cause him to be angry with us.

May we remember that God is a sufficient portion for us, and therefore give him that service which he so reasonably requires, and which it is our interest to bestow. The nearer we live to him, and the more we do for him, the more certainly we shall find that in serving him we experience superior joy. You will soon read Law's Serious Call, which is a most excellent book. I have taken great comfort in reading it, although I fall very far short of that holy conformity to God's requirements which is there enforced. But I need not recommend it; it will sufficiently recommend itself, and I hope will find you exactly what is required of you to be. I hope that divine light is shining in upon your soul, and that you go rejoicing all the day. If my prayers are answered, this is the case. If it is not, I hope you will ask yourself *why* it is not, and why you do not enjoy this blessing as formerly. You know God is the same, and is just as willing and as

able to give you comfort as ever. He is ever mindful of you; no friend you have is half so tender and watchful over you. Is it not, then, because you are not as ready to receive it?

It is easy for us to talk and write of what we should be; but it is hard, I find by daily experience, to conquer this propensity to evil and be what we ought. But we shall not always be thus exposed. Some heavenly breeze will ere long waft us to that blissful shore where sin and sorrow are unknown.

When you approach the throne of grace and intercede for unworthy sinners, do not forget your friend. S. H. C.

19.—I have been much pleased, and I trust edified, by reading the book of Isaiah with Lowth's new Translation and Explanation. What a precious book is the Bible. I have taken great delight in reading it the past summer—more, I think, than ever before.

20.—Have attended public worship to-day, and approached the table of the Lord, but felt far too little impressed with the solemn duties before me. O why was this heart so callous and obdurate? When my Saviour was prefigured before me in all his agony and blood; while I heard him, as it were, uttering his last groans, and saw him casting his eyes in sweet compassion on me as they were about to close in death, I could not weep. Lord, make me susceptible of feeling—of gratitude to thee, and of deep repentance for my aggravated transgressions. Quicken me, by the influences of thy Holy Spirit, that I may live as becometh one with such privileges as

enjoy. Where much is given, much will be required; and though I shall not have to answer for great abilities or mental gifts, I shall for the much greater blessing of a kind Saviour and Sanctifier.

26.—Once more I resume my pen, to improve the evanescent moments as they pass. Another week has glided away; its hours are gone, never to return. Time bears me swiftly to the mansions of the dead—to that world "from whose bourne no traveller returns." But the place which I am passing through is unworthy to detain me in my progress, and why should I lament a departure from it? What real good is derived from all the airy phantoms beneath the canopy of heaven, which poor mortals so steadfastly pursue? None—but, on the contrary, remorse and self-reproach will follow. While I consider the folly and blindness of others, I would not be unmindful of myself. I have drunk too deep of that cup of folly and boasted pleasure; I have blinded my eyes to the glorious light of the gospel, closed my ears against its most melodious sound, and slighted its most reasonable demands. Although I have been the recipient of thousands of favors which my pen can never adequately describe or my tongue express, yet my heart has been ungrateful. That which ought to have been the zest of my conversation, I have seldom spoken of. My obdurate heart has refused to commiserate my suffering fellow creatures as much as it ought. And with all this burden of guilt, whither shall I go? Methinks I hear a still, small voice; it whispers in my ear, and invites me to Calvary's mount—and there an object attracts my sight and engages my heart. It is the

dying Redeemer; and while he gasps, he kindly says—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." His countenance bespeaks his intense agony; and something seems to say, he thus emancipates my guilty soul from the yoke of sin. My sinfulness does not excite his hatred. No—he pleads even for me. Kind Saviour, I will accept the pardon. I do rejoice to transcribe and call it mine. And now I surrender myself to thee; and here, where no mortal eye beholds me, I do subscribe myself thine for time and eternity. And all the praise this feeble tongue can here give, is thine; and all the glory my golden harp can yield in heaven, shall be given to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, forever.

All nature now is hushed in silence; sleep has overpowered man and beast; and all are protected, in these defenceless moments, by an omnipotent power. I, too, must sleep. Wearied nature requires repose. I must drop my pen; and if I no more awake in this world, O heavenly Father, take me, I beseech thee, to thy courts above.

Oct. 3.—Weary and fatigued, once more I arrive at this dear place—my home. Have spent several days in B., where my mind has been too much upon the vain things of time and sense, which ever fail to yield substantial bliss.

4. *Sabbath Morn.*—As travellers on the burning sands of Arabia, without one cooling draught or lenient shade, wearied and almost exhausted with their journey, at length hail a delightful shade, a refreshing fountain, an undisturbed repose—so doth my soul, after a week's journey through

toils and cares, disappointments and wearisome pursuits, greet this holy day, when I may be refreshed at the inexhaustible fountain, and sweetly rest under the blessed, the reviving droppings of the sanctuary. Thrice-blessed day. Welcome to my weary soul.

7.—It is night; darkness has again veiled these lower regions, and all is hushed in silence. Life is only a repetition of the same occurrences; days fly successively away, and nights succeed each other. A certain number of these revolutions we must experience, and then time with us will be no more. Prepare me, O Lord, to live and reign with thee. Sinful as I am, I trust I may style myself thine.

Our dear minister preached, on the last Sabbath, concerning Peter's denying his Lord. I felt much interested in the sermon, and could scarcely forbear weeping when I thought of Peter's crime and of my own liability to commit the same. But is it possible? Yes—even though I should first go so far as to promise to die with him. How I ought, then, to watch and pray; or, like Peter, I may hereafter weep bitterly.

10.—Have been blessed with a pleasant interview, this afternoon, with Miss M. B. from Portland. Two years ago I was introduced to her, when we spent many happy hours together. How sweet, and yet how bitter, too, is the recollection; bitter, because we never shall enjoy such hours again—no, never while we are confined to these clayey tabernacles. One friend, who then blest our society, is now no more. She has finished her earthly labors, and left us to mourn her absence. But though she is

gone, I trust her advice still lives in many a heart. Another is gone to labor among the heathen—a glorious work, and O may it be prospered.

13.—What a peculiar and strong attachment there is between christians. This I have experienced this evening, on meeting with Miss S.—a stranger, but an engaged christian. We seemed to forget that we were strangers, and to recollect only that indissoluble union which so closely connected us with each other and with our blessed Master. She has lately become acquainted with experimental religion, having been one of the subjects of a revival in Maine. There are now three females among us from that State, each very much engaged in religion. O that they might do us good.

20.—Again I take my pen, though much fatigued. I have resolved to devote the greater part of this night, should my strength allow it, to reading, writing, meditation and prayer. These night seasons are precious and welcome to my soul. Sleep is a dull employment, and we ought, I think, to give as little time to it as will possibly suffice.

22.—My scriptural Monitor produces this text for my meditation to-day: "The voice of rejoicing is in the tabernacles of the righteous." Where else, indeed, can there be true rejoicing? Blessed source of happiness! When disappointments assail, and my agitated bosom can find no rest, I do feel a sweet composure, an unspeakable joy, in leaving all with my covenant God, and relying solely on him. I have found him faithful, and I love to meditate on his ways, and to depend upon his all-sufficient grace.

Ye infidels, with all your art, ye cannot substitute a comfort like this.

> "I could from all things parted be,
> But never, never, Lord, from thee."

Nov. 4.—I desire to thank God for sending hither engaged christians, eminently qualified to do good. I hope they will prove blessings to this place, while I, with my feeble efforts, lend them a little aid. Our object is to institute a society of females, to meet one afternoon in each week to sew, and apply the proceeds to the education of young men for the ministry. I meet with same discouragements; opposition I do not care for. Lord, without thy blessing, all our exertions will be in vain. Wilt thou bless us and grant us success, and may we find many disposed to engage in aiding this desirable object.

7.—What an important thing it is to be a christian indeed. It does not consist in outward rites and forms. We may go far in our professions, and yet be strangers to vital religion, and know nothing of that renovation of heart so strongly inculcated by our Saviour. We may preach to others, and at last ourselves be cast away. Our own hearts we may easily deceive, and we may also deceive others; but God, the great Searcher of hearts, we can never deceive. Vice is ever creeping in, the moment we are off our guard. We must watch and pray always. Sloth and negligence are very apt to attend us, and are always inimical to our soul's concerns. There are many inlets for sin, in consequence of our innate love to it; and in resisting these, it is often requisite that we pluck off a right hand and part with a right eye. But it must be done.

We must live anew in Christ Jesus. Our obligations and responsibilities are great; we have much to perform between our own souls and our Creator. There is much to do within. But ah! it is easy to sit down and think of our duty, and form rules and resolutions; but hard, with all our evil desires, all our strong inclinations to sin, to perform what we ought. But in Christ's strength we can effect it.

10.—Another night has come, and I have resolved to steal it from sleep and devote its hours to my favorite employments. May I not rob nature of some sleep, when it has robbed me, by sleep, of so many precious hours?—There is something peculiarly solemn and delightful in this midnight season. All nature is hushed to silence, and nothing is heard but the soft whispers of the Almighty, whose glorious presence is realized within. Surrounded with darkness, under the view of no eye but that of him with whom the darkness is as the light, and after all the cares and toils of the day are past, what can be more delightful than these sweet hours of calmness and serenity? Here no noise disturbs, nor foe invades; but, with my pen, my books and my God, the hours pass cheerfully away. May they not be spent in vain; may they be remembered with sensations of pleasure and gratitude when time shall be no more.

O it must be a happy season when all the brethren and sisters get home to their Father's house, and inherit the kingdom prepared for them. But can such an unworthy creature as myself be a possessor of such superior bliss in the heavenly world? Who am I—what is my life—that

I should be nearly allied to the King; or, what is far more, be own child to the King of Kings? My God, what shall I render unto thee? I cannot repay thee for thy rich gifts—thine unmerited favors.

21. *Saturday Night*, 12 *o'clock.*—

'Tis night--and darkness reigns around
This habitable earth;
I hear no voice—no dismal sound—
Nor noise of giddy mirth.

But all is silent; save the breeze,
Soft gliding through the air,
And gently rustling in the trees,
Catches my list'ning ear.

The cares and toils of day are past,
And one more night is come;
Think, O my soul, perhaps my last—
For this is not thy home.

Sleep overcomes our mortal race;
In silence they are laid,
While angels fly from place to place,
And watch their sleeping bed.

The last, dark night, will shortly come—
Nature must droop and die;
Soon we must meet our solemn doom,
Above this lower sky.

But O, ye saints, why should you fear
This dreary night of death?
For you shall meet your Saviour there,
Whom now you view in faith.

Welcome the sweet, the precious day,
When, from this clay undrest,
You're borne by seraphs far away,
To be forever blest.

There weeks and Sabbaths never end,
And tears no more invade—
There you will be with Christ—your Friend,
Your Saviour, and your Head.

To heaven I stretch my longing eyes,
And wait the welcome voice
That bids my grov'ling spirit rise
To taste superior joys.

28.—O what will become of a stupid, careless christian? But with what unbecoming words do I burden the christian name! Was there ever such a christian as this? Was ever a creature slothful, who was so highly honored as to be permitted to engage in the most glorious of causes—with everything before him to do, and everything to induce him to engage in the delightful work? O my soul, press boldly forward. Leave the world and all its cares behind, and follow Christ in thought, word and deed. God wants not a lukewarm, inactive soul, half devoted to the world and half to him. Come, then, and give him all your heart, and "on this blissful centre rest."

29.—One thing embitters my days and deprives me of comfort. I fear I do live a cumberer of the ground. No door seems to be open for me to do anything. O my God, wilt thou not employ me in thy service? Hast thou not some corner in thy vineyard, either here or elsewhere, for me to labor in? Send me, I beseech thee, where thou wilt; I care not whether I am at home or abroad, on the eastern or western continent, in Hindostan's sultry clime or on the cold shores of Greenland, among civilized or uncivilized people, if I may but be useful. And shall I pray

and sigh in vain? Thou who hast said—"Ask, and ye shall receive," O grant me this one request. If I am unqualified, thou canst qualify me, for thy grace is sufficient. I do not ask a life of ease or comfort here; I only ask to be permitted to labor for the souls of my fellow creatures. Grant me this, O my God, and I desire no more.

Dec. 20.—The bright luminary of day is shedding his beams on the earth as he rises in all his splendor, dispelling darkness and clouds. How many thousands of human beings are witnessing the re-appearance of this glorious orb of light. I am often lost in astonishment when I reflect on this mighty work of the Deity, and am led to exclaim—"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" But when I stretch my thoughts still further; when I consider that there are other worlds, all under the guidance and direction of the Majesty of heaven—that the sun, though so small in appearance to the naked eye, is abundantly larger than this whole earth on which such vast oceans roll and lofty mountains rise; when I view all these twinkling stars, and consider that they are suns to other worlds, I am lost in wonder. O how great, how infinite, must be that Being who with a glance can take in all these fixed and moving spheres, while the smallest insect is not without its share of his beneficence!

TO MISS L. S. OF Q.

Dorchester, December 22, 1818.

Perhaps you will be astonished at the reception of a letter from one with whom you have little acquaintance; but why should we call ourselves strangers, when we are

united by such tender ties, are children of one Father, and travellers to the same happy home? I have wished to form an acquaintance with you ever since you became united to our church. Opportunities of seeing you, however, are very few, and I therefore take my pen and propose a correspondence, should it be agreeable to you. I feel that I do not deserve any of your precious time; but if you can find a leisure hour that cannot be better employed, I trust you will think of your unworthy sister.

My dear L., what duties are incumbent on us as christians? We have commenced a warfare; we have foes both within and without to conquer—the world watching us on every side and waiting for our halting, and a heart prone to evil continually. But this is a short life. We have a limited journey to accomplish, and then all these contests will be over. The world will then make havoc of our feeble graces no more; Satan's molestations will be at an end; and all the sighs and sorrows which now heave our bosoms, will be exchanged for songs of rejoicing. O what joy, what unparalleled joy, will that hour unfold, when Sin, our worst enemy, shall be subdued, and we assimilated to the glorious likeness of our Immanuel. There we shall no more inquire the path of duty—no longer hesitate what to do, nor mourn because we do no more. Blest with the presence of God, how shall we gaze on his glory with ineffable delight, and improve in felicity and knowledge through the revolutions of eternal ages. But how faint are our most exalted conceptions, our most enlightened views, of this happy, happy place! And yet words are inadequate to express even our feeble

views. O may our hearts expand with love to God. We should be constantly engaged in his cause ; and when so much awaits us, shall we be idle or slothful ? Should christians keep eternity more in view, and oftener contemplate the importance of being prepared for heaven, they could not feel the coldness and languor to which they are so liable. Did we realize more the worth of an immortal soul, and the infinite loss sustained by its neglect, we should certainly feel more fervor and animation ; we should habitually be looking to Jesus, and be earnest and importunate in our supplications to the mercy seat. Our closets and consciences would not attest to those strange aversions, wanderings, and seasons of coldness, which have often given a blot to our profession, and hindered those who were seeking to enter in at the straight gate. O, if it is a truth that the soul is of more value than millions of worlds, that it must exist forever in heaven or hell, and that it is here characters are formed for one or other of these worlds, how differently ought we to act and feel.

My dear L., I fear I shall tire your patience. Instead of the few words intended as introductory to an acquaintance which I hope will never end, a long epistle is written. Will you excuse my freedom and overlook all imperfections, and if this letter deserves an answer I hope you will gratify me with one. Letter writing, I think, is useful. As for myself, I here feel a freedom unknown in conversation ; and when addressing christian friends, I lose every embarrassment. I shall esteem your correspondence, friendship, and prayers, very highly. Adieu.

S. H. C.

31.—Another year has gone, its hours forever fled. A year—an age—what is it? It passes away like the morning cloud and the early dew. I bid farewell to the last year with a faltering voice, conscious of my many misspent hours. O how much of it has been thrown away.

Jan. 1, 1819.—At the commencement of this new year, my kind Saviour, I yield myself renewedly to thee. O save me from temptations without and foes and fears within. Be near me in whatever trials await me. Guide and protect me through this fading world, prepare me for heaven, and in thine own time take me hence. Lord, thou knowest the scenes of my future life, but from me they are concealed. All my past years have been begun and ended in peace and tranquillity. Near friends and relations are still spared; food and raiment sufficient is bestowed; no dire affliction has wounded my heart, no trial shook my frame, nor earthly trouble sunk me down. All has been kindness and beneficence, unmerited though it was. I do not expect to live so happily another year. No, sorrows will aim their darts at me. I, too, as well as others, must suffer afflictions here. Hitherto my own depraved heart, with its wicked inclinations, has been my chief source of grief. I often ask why my path is so pleasant, while others walk through thorns and briars. But perhaps God is preparing for me severe afflictions. Yes, I often think that the time may come when I shall sigh for the return of these happy departed hours. Yet though the future is lodged as in chaos, it is a sweet relief and comfort to know that God will order all. If I may but be useful, why should I fear a few trials? I do not; I would

press forward, overcome them all, and do my Father's will. But how should I blush when I think how ungrateful I have been to the Giver of all my blessings—to him who kindly took me under his protection from the first moment of my existence, and at an early period brought me to an acquaintance with himself. O how ought I to be overwhelmed with gratitude! Lord, inflame my heart with love and gratitude, for I acknowledge my unworthiness of the least of thy mercies.

3. *Sabbath Eve.*—Not more welcome to the hungry man is a supply of delicious food, than the glad tidings of salvation, the faithful preaching of the word, to me. This afternoon our beloved pastor preached from Psalm xxxi. 15, and this evening from Rom. xiii. 11. There seems to be a hearing ear, and O may the word preached be attended with a blessing. Could I see those whose anxious concern now appears to be what they shall eat, what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed; those whose chief aim it is to obtain the riches of this world, its vain honors and applause, and who love its pleasures above everything else; O could I see them seeking with tears the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, nature could hardly sustain the joy it would afford. My dear young friends, my heart bleeds for you. O that I could take you by the hand and lead you to Christ. Here is a fountain opened to cleanse you from all pollution. Come, my dear friends, all things are ready. And will you refuse every invitation, and ruin your souls? Must those souls be lost—those never-dying souls? How can I bear to part forever with those who are dear to me here?

Come, then, and let us follow our Saviour together. Let us walk in wisdom's paths, for they are paths of pleasantness; and then, when we drop this mortal clay, we shall go where Jesus reigns, and be happy with him forever.

Have been reading some extracts from Mrs. C.'s journal on her passage to India. How happy they must have been to see the ship's company turning to the Lord. I hope they are now landed safe in Burmah, and are employed in doing good. What a blessed employment! Intelligence from missionaries, particularly those with whom I have been acquainted, affords me much delight. To hear that they meet with success, and gain the souls of the poor heathen, is indeed transporting. I long to go where I can instruct the ignorant—where I can be useful—were it through difficulties and trials to the ends of the earth. I feel more for the poor heathen than I can possibly express, and more and more earnestly desire to go among them. I have feared that this desire arose from wrong motives; but the more engaged I feel in religion, the more earnestly I wish to go and tell the perishing heathen that there is a Saviour. I have not ventured to unbosom this desire to a single person; and should I submit it to my friends, I know they would object to my youth, and perhaps with reason. But I feel that life is short; I have health and strength, and the grace of God is sufficient to supply all my deficiencies; and why may I not begin betimes? I long to give up my whole life to this glorious work. I await the will of my heavenly Father, and may he calm my mind and make me contented.

23.—The sun is disappearing in the west. I catch its

last faint rays, and bid it once more adieu. It is also the closing scene of one more week. And thus our life draws to a close. It is but a shadow, that soon fleeth away.

A fresh warning—the sound of a funeral knell—falls upon my ear. It seems like a still small voice from the courts of heaven—a gentle whisper from an omniscient God—saying, Your time also is near. Pensive and solemn, I meditate on the important summons. A death-like calmness surrounds me. All is silence, like that of the grave where mortality must soon lodge. Yes, these active limbs must soon decay, these eyes grow dim, and this voice falter, while the cold arms of death encircle me. This head must then rest among yonder clods; and all earthly pursuits and expectations, all earthly comforts and schemes, that now engage my attention, vanish as though they were never known. I must soon be by the side of her who has just departed, and who has gone a little while before me to the lonely grave. May I but go to Jesus—may I but join the heavenly choir—and I can welcome death, welcome the hour that releases me from this clay and this world of wickedness and sorrow.

TO MISS H. W. OF D.

Dorchester, January 25, 1819.

It is with a trembling hand, my dear Miss W., that I take my pen to comply with your request—deeply sensible of my inability to furnish anything for your edification or improvement. I know you do not wish for a specimen of elegant writing; the simple, unstudied style of a christian sister will better suit you. The flattering compliments

of the vain world are but empty sounds. The common occurrences of life deserve but little room in the intercourse between children of a heavenly Parent. But the difficulties and dangers, the privations and hardships, which we have to encounter in the enemy's grounds, and the joys of the beloved home to which we are travelling, ought to occupy our thoughts. Yes, we are but sojourners here—"pilgrims through this barren land." Our Father has prepared us a way in the midst of it, but this way is surrounded with many and dangerous foes. Yet the time is not far distant when we shall complete our journey; and if we have pursued it aright, we shall then greet our wished-for home, meet our smiling Father, and take possession of mansions prepared by God himself before the foundation of the world.

Evening now draws her sable curtains, and darkness pervades this portion of our earth. But O how different from the darkness of that hour when the mighty Saviour, the Prince of Peace, was extended on the accursed tree. Well might the sun with astonishment withdraw, and earth tremble, to behold the great Redeemer of man thus cruelly put to death by the very creatures whom he came to save. With what emotions, my dear, should we have looked on this spectacle? How should we feel to see our Saviour now groaning and expiring in agonies indescribable? Is it possible our hearts are such that they would concur in the awful deed of crucifying him? Would they have assented to put to death our blessed Mediator; or could we, like Peter, behold him despised and rejected of men, buffeted by his enemies, and without one com-

forter, and deny him? O how should we be on our guard, for our hearts are the same as his. May that disciple be a warning to us. None professed more zeal for their Lord, than Peter. Do we possess his zeal? We, too, like him, may fall; like him we may deny our Lord. We must be prayerful and watchful, resisting every temptation, and shunning every evil way. Such is the situation of the christian, that the least deviation may be attended with awful consequences to others around him, besides the danger to which it subjects himself. We are as a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid. We are watched on every side; and our life and conversation must be as becometh the gospel of Christ, or we certainly wound his blessed cause. O that our lives could be so holy and blameless that others might see that religion does make us better—more useful and more agreeable, both at home and abroad. Our obligations are very great; the vows of God are upon us; we have openly professed to come out from the world and be separate: and do we in very deed live up to our obligations and professions? There is much required of us; and what do we perform? Zion's walls are to be built; and are we at work? The gospel must be preached to every creature; precious souls are perishing for lack of vision; there is a famine for Bibles: and what are we doing? O my sister, everything calls for diligence; our own souls and the souls of our fellow creatures have demands upon us. The graces of the christian must be kept in constant exercise. The fond wishes and desires of the heart must be abridged, and our lusts subdued.

I would expatiate more on this subject, but conscious guilt prevents; for you might justly say—"Physician, heal thyself." Ah, it is easy to read my duty, and know it too, but hard to perform all it requires. "What I would, I do not; but what I would not, that do I." But all these fightings and tumults will ere long cease. It is pleasant to meditate on the happy period when the spirit shall be chained to flesh no more—pleasant, and yet solemn, to think of eternity. It hastens, and soon will burst upon us. If we have built our hopes on a good foundation, and are indeed united to Christ, we shall then be happy—happy beyond description in that blessed world where sorrow and sighing shall never come. O sweet release! And O, my sister, if we arrive at that blissful shore, after this tempestuous voyage of life, how we shall swell our songs of victory. How eager we shall be to express our gratitude to our Redeemer, and tell each other what he has done to bring us there. A circle of brothers and sisters, how freely shall we acknowledge our obligations to our kind Father. O what a happy family! But feeble words fall far short of a true description of this latter glory.

The striking clock reminds me of the lateness of the hour. I must close. Truly these are inexhaustible subjects. Remember me in your prayers. I remain yours, in christian affection. S. H. C.

Feb. 2.—A charming evening. No cloud intercepts the bright rays of the moon. All nature is hushed in uninterrupted silence. O for a voice to praise the Creator—a voice as untainted with sin and as acceptable to God, as

the innocent bleating of the lamb or the chirping of the bird, or the now silent praises of both animate and inanimate creation.

9.—Once more my plans for the acquirement of useful knowledge have been frustrated. My intention was to be qualified to teach the ignorant—those who never knew a Saviour's name. To this delightful employment I long to devote my powers and faculties. I wish to give up my life, and all I have, to the service of perishing souls. But perhaps my Father has other purposes respecting me. If so, his holy will be done. I have long since learned to place no sure dependence on earthly things. Nothing, perhaps, would have afforded me more joy than the success of my recent plan ; but it has been ordered otherwise, and I am contented.

18.—This is a dismal, melancholy day. Four unhappy men are to be executed at Boston, in the presence of gazing thousands, having been found guilty of piracy and murder. How will they stand at the bar of a just and holy God, and their precious immortal souls meet their awful destiny ? Must they be irrecoverably lost ? O that I could rescue them from everlasting destruction ! Could I do it by yielding up my own life, it should willingly be done. Lord of heaven, have mercy on them ; or if their day of grace is past—if there is no mercy for them—may their awful exit be a monitory call to those who witness it, and lead them to take heed to their ways.

25.—O how sweet is liberty—doubly sweet to the once burdened soul. I can adopt the language of an excellent poet :

"I'm tired with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatt'ries paid to fellow worms—
Their conversation cloys,
Their vain amours and empty stuff;
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy dear company, my Lord,
Thou life of all my joys."

Three o'clock.—It is night—dark night. The tempest howls through the air, waters fall, and universal nature seems in convulsions. Yet

"God rides upon the stormy wind,
And manages the seas."

TO MISS L. S. OF Q.

Dorchester, March 10, 1819.

Once more I direct my thoughts to Q., and inquire how it is with my beloved fellow pilgrim there. She is living, I hope, near to God, and enjoying all the consolations of religion, which are neither few nor small. Religion *can* cheer us as we journey through this vale of tears—can alleviate our woes, bear us up under every affliction, and impart joys which the world can neither give nor take away. O may this letter find you realizing all the worth of religion—enjoying all its comforts here, and pursuing with alacrity the way which leads to joys above this lower world, beyond our feeble vision. Is not the religion of the gospel like some firm rock that has weathered the wintry blast and the howling tempest—that has sheltered frail mortals from impending dangers—and still stands sure and unmoved? All the complicated exertions of the learned and the ignorant to undermine its stability have

proved utterly ineffectual; it still stands, still protecting and defending, still rescuing from threatened danger. Let infidels boast of their better system; it cannot, like this, afford a "refuge from the stormy blast, a covert from the wind." O happy the soul fixed on this firm rock. It shall appear thus to mocking enemies when this vain world shall be no more. When the last trump shall sound, and the decisive voice be heard declaring that time shall be no more—when the receptacles of the dead are opened, and all the sleeping nations raised to judgment—then, then will appear the preciousness of this sure foundation; then it will be known that the christian did not plead with God for nought—that he had reason to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. O what an hour will this be to those who have rejected the Saviour. Then will they see that the poor despised followers of Christ, whom they once deemed mad enthusiasts, did really know and feel the worth of this neglected prize. Then will they wish, but wish in vain, that they, too, had made a better choice.

O, Lucy, what will be *our* final destiny? Are we indeed preparing for the blessed world above? are we ripening for glory? Or are we only heaping up wrath against the day of wrath, being deceived by our own wicked hearts? After all our professions and pretensions, should we be weighed in the balance and found wanting, awful indeed would be our condition. O how important is self-examination—candid, impartial self-examination. Among all our other concerns, the duty enjoined in this short command—"Know thyself," ought ever to be remembered and strictly attended to. It is of all things the most

important to have our hearts right with God. Less than the whole heart, our Saviour very justly refuses. If we love the world, the love of the Father is not in us.

A christian is capable of doing much injury to the cause of Christ. If he is not constantly on his guard, some inadvertent word or action may be noticed by others, which will wound the cause he professes to love. We must therefore watch—watch and pray—lest we by this means cause the ruin of some immortal soul. Shall we in one fatal hour destroy what our Saviour died to redeem? Surely there is nothing of more importance than to live near to God. There is no preservative against an unholy and blameable conversation—no incentive to pious zeal and activity—no source of comfort and unspeakable joy—like a constant walk with God. What dignifies the human creature so much as having all his wishes and desires centred in his heavenly Father—submitting, without murmuring, to his gentle rebukes—and daily increasing in grace and divine knowledge? But where shall we find the christian who thus maintains at all times a consistent walk with God; whom nothing can allure from a strict adherence to all his commands; who manifests a deference to his Father's will in all his words and actions; who lives above the world and has his conversation in heaven? It is to be lamented there are so few.

O, shall we not be engaged? Shall we not be up and doing, be vigilant and active, when every important concern calls forth to exertion, and every important consideration is an inducement to comply? O shall we, can we, be idle? We *must* conquer our wicked hearts—*must*

overcome the temptations of Satan and this evil world, and lend our aid to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. And are we still slothful? But I would not implicate you. It is myself I have cause to censure for slothfulness and inactivity. You, I trust, are engaged in building the walls of Zion. Go on, my friend. Let no opposition discourage you. Do what you know to be your duty, whatever opposes, leaving the event with God. And O pray for your unworthy friend, that she, too, may be profitably employed.

I could write much more, but fear I shall weary you, though I have not yet answered the full demands of your very acceptable letter. Please overlook all imperfections. I should be extremely happy to make you a visit this winter, and if it is our Father's will, a convenient opportunity will be provided. I remain

Yours, affectionately. S. H. C.

18.—Night once more draws its sable curtains around us. The sun hides its effulgence behind yonder hills, and "nature all silent lies." But Jesus lives and reigns—Jesus, the kind Intercessor of our fallen race, the adorable Saviour. Ye angels, strike your harps, and ascribe to him glory and honor. Ye seraphs, serve and praise him, until an innumerable company, purchased by his own blood, shall join and vie with you in duty and in bliss.

21. *Sabbath.*—Again I must not enter those sacred courts where I have so often sat beneath the pure droppings of the sanctuary. I have been repeating some of the words of the holy Psalmist, and think they are the

sincere language of my heart. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts." O what a precious book is the Bible—a sweet, a rich treasure! The more I read it, the more highly do I prize it.

TO MISS L. S. OF Q.

Dorchester, March 25, 1819.

On Monday last, my ever dear Lucy, your most interesting epistle was handed me, and met with a cordial reception. For three Sabbaths I had been prevented from going to the house of God. On the day of our communion I was, like yourself, disappointed, and, I fear, submitted too reluctantly. O what could reconcile us to all our privations, but the sweet assurance that our heavenly Father orders them for good? Yet how often are they the origin of lasting comforts, even here. Yes, how often do christians have cause to exclaim, Sweet affliction!

I have just laid down the Recorder, in which I have been perusing, with deep interest, a circular addressed to females. I could not restrain my tears when I read and reflected on the destitution of millions on our earth. "We plead," says the address, "the cause of six hundred millions of our race, to whom the advent of a Saviour never was proclaimed; and of millions, too, in our own land (yes, of millions), deprived of gospel ordinances, multitudes of whom are most affectingly entreating us to send among them the messengers of God." How much I have felt for the heathen world, I can never express. Ever

since I became convinced of the importance of religion, and indulged a hope that I felt its influence, which is now more than four years, I have entertained an ardent and increasing desire to become useful to the heathen—to be the means of meliorating, in some humble measure, their lamentable state. O can our hearts, adamantine as they are, forbear to melt when reflecting on their miserable condition?

We need not look beyond the Atlantic to find those who are thus suffering. We need not search Indostan's burning shores, nor Lapland's frigid clime. We need not traverse Europe, Asia, or Africa, to find the wretched heathen. Our western continent, as stated in the address alluded to, affords enough to extort a tear from every eye. Yes, America contains those who never hear a Saviour's name. In our own native land are thousands who know nothing of the religion we profess. Shall we suffer them to live and die in this awful ignorance? Shall they still pursue the beaten path of sin, live in open rebellion to the God who made them, and remain subject to all the unalleviated distresses of life, without one cheering thought of a better world—without the Bible in their hands to point them to glory? Even humanity and common benevolence recoil at the thought; but how much stronger claims do they have upon us as christians. O we must weep in secret places for these never-dying souls. May we both, in God's own way, be conducive to the promotion of their eternal good. We certainly could not think any earthly sacrifice too great for this purpose. I have thought much of the young in these destitute places, growing up

in all the sin and ignorance of their parents. O that they might have their tender minds impressed with religious truth. Were I qualified for instructing them, most readily would I engage in the delightful employment. It has been my daily prayer to God that he would make me useful in some way. The thought of a useless life is insupportable. Sometimes, however, I fear I am too solicitous for a change of place in order to do good; but my present situation is peculiarly unfavorable to usefulness. In some humble sphere I long, ardently long, to advance the Redeemer's kingdom—to imitate the example of our blessed Lord, who went about doing good.

O how very thankful we ought to be, that while millions sit in heathenish darkness, we are blessed with the full light of the gospel. But where much is given, much also is required. Do we live worthy of our high and holy vocation? and in this present evil world does our light so shine before others as to induce them to love the gospel we profess? O, my dear Lucy, why is it that christians are not more under the enlivening influence of the Holy Spirit—far more zealously and efficiently active, and more united one with another? Why do they so often complain of doubts, and coldness, and indifference? Do not these things proceed from a want of love to God, and a too great proneness to love the world? Alas! our vile, deceitful hearts. If they are renewed by grace, they are sanctified but in part. O may we be daily putting off the old man with his deeds—daily growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord.

Candidates as we are for eternity, and only probationers

here below—standing as we do on the brink of Jordan, and liable at any moment to be summoned across the stream and enter a world entirely new, there to receive according to our deeds—what can be more proper or more necessary than frequently to inquire if we are prepared to go? How can we be too solicitous for our eternal welfare? O, my sister, the day is just at hand when our mortal part must mingle with its kindred dust and moulder beneath the clods. But a far more trying test awaits this vital part within. At that solemn hour may my dear Lucy and her unworthy Susannah be found leaning on all-sufficient aid—be judged and acquitted, and received into heavenly mansions. God grant this may be our happy portion. Then shall this affection, begun below, heighten and increase when time is no more.

Wishing you that comfort and peace which passeth understanding, and requesting an interest in your prayers and a continuance of your letters, I subscribe myself yours, with christian affection. S. H. C.

April 14.—

> "In this world of sin and sorrow,
> Compass'd round with many a care,
> From eternity we borrow
> Hope that can exclude despair."

Could not the eye of faith pierce through these dark clouds and behold a world of joy and eternal rest, what would support us when earthly comforts fail? Again my faith is tried. Prospects had begun to appear more promising. I thought I saw plainly the path in which I should walk. I had ceased to inquire what I should do,

thinking duty was plain. But at this moment all my plans were thwarted. What I had most depended upon and thought most sure, was withheld, and again am I thrown into doubt and perplexity. But the language of my heart, I trust, is—"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." For many years has my kind Father kept me under his care and protection, and shall I distrust him now? O no—he will provide.

TO MISS S. C. OF D.

Dorchester, April, 1819.

I resume my pen to answer your recent letter, in which you write much of trouble. Yes, this *is* a troublesome world. The gourd which yields us much delight to-day, has a worm at its root, and to-morrow it will wither and die. To-day we may be possessed of many comforts, promising never to forsake us, but to-morrow all may vanish. Such is the instability of all sublunary things. Ere we are aware, the airy phantoms elude our grasp. But of what little consequence it is, my dear S., if these things *do* fail us. Have we not a treasure laid up in heaven? Eternity is very near at hand; and is there not a seat provided for us above, where we shall be forever happy? Is not Jordan's stream rolling just before us, and the messenger very near to bear us beyond it? If we have made our peace with God, we shall then partake of joys above our feeble conceptions, and shall ever remain in the presence of that adorable Saviour who redeemed us from sin and wo. With such scenes in prospect before us, so replete with solemnity and with joy unutterable—with such

an important concern in view as the eternal welfare of the never-dying soul, how are we to feel and act? Certainly we should search diligently for the path to glory, and strive to enter in at the straight gate. And are we still grovelling in the dust? Are we cleaving steadfastly to this passing world, and laying up our treasures where moth and rust do corrupt? How inconsistent! O, S., let us strive more to live above the world, and to have our hearts and our portion in heaven. This will smooth the rugged path of life; this will alleviate our woes, lighten our burden, and sweeten the bitter waters of Marah; and this will also bear us safe to an eternity of rest. We may then pass swiftly

"Through the ruffling storms of this vain, vexing world,
Tread down its cares—those ragged thorns that lie across the road—
Nor spend a tear upon them.
We travel through a desert, and our feet
Have measured a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares,
Well 'scaped. Months that are gone, are gone forever,
And have borne away each its own load. Every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period. O celestial point,
That ends this mortal story."

Yours, affectionately. S. H. C.

18.—If I am indeed one of the ransomed of the Lord, how much I have to thank him for. Next to the great privilege of being a child of God, is that of being called while young. O this is a great blessing, which is not duly appreciated. To begin, as life begins, to serve the

Lord—ere the world, with all its flattering charms, has taken possession of the heart—is blessedness indeed. I often think that had I remained until now before my peace was made with God—so great would have been the obstacles which the ridicule of gay friends and a fondness for the pleasures of the world would have presented—it would never have been done. Almost seventeen years of my life are now past, and I lament that only one fourth part of it has been devoted to God, and that in a poor manner. O blessed be God for all his benefits. What shall I render unto him? It is far beyond my power to compensate him for the least of his favors; for such is my depraved nature that I am daily incurring his displeasure. Even my very tears of repentance need to be washed with tears of repentance again, and every prayer needs another prayer to recommend it to heaven.

21.—Have visited this afternoon at Mrs. ——'s; a very agreeable woman. O that she were a child of God! Only the one thing needful is wanting. How many such people in the course of my pilgrimage do I meet with: some, who have superior talents, and who, if they only possessed this precious pearl, might be eminently useful in the world; others, who profess to know and possess religion—who go monthly to the table of the Lord, and weekly to the house of God—who live an upright life, deal justly and love mercy, to human view—and yet are never heard to converse on this important subject, either to recommend it to others or to warn them of their danger without it. These, of all characters, are the most difficult for me to understand. But I am not to be their judge.

May 7.—Have been re-perusing my Lucy's last epistle. It seems a long time since I last saw my dear christian friends. Situated at a distance from them, unable often to attend their precious religious meetings, and at this time unusually oppressed with care, and engaged in worldly occupations, I fear I shall grow cold and careless. Yet how sweet is the reflection that the Sabbath is near at hand. Delightful hours of rest, rendered doubly delightful by succeeding, and proving a respite to, a week of fatigue and labor. With the same, though increased delight, may I reflect on that long eternal Sabbath prepared for the children of God. O come, thrice welcome to my soul, after the toils and labors of this lower world are over. "O, long expected day, begin."

9.—Another holy day is almost gone. Have attended public worship, and engaged for the first time in the duties of a Sabbath School teacher. I have long felt a desire to do this, but had not courage to come forward and offer my weak services among so many of my superiors. At length I was requested to engage, and could not refuse. O my Father, wilt thou enable me to do my duty. I feel the responsibility of teaching those dear children. O instruct me, that I may be able to instruct them.

10.—This day completes 17 years of my life. I shall not, probably, sojourn here seventeen years more; indeed I do not wish it, unless I may be doing good. I shudder at the idea of living so many years in vain. How much do I owe to my kind Parent who has thus far protected me. Years have rolled away, and he has through their whole course smoothed for me the path of life. With

reluctance I bid the last year adieu. I look back, and my bosom heaves a sigh when I recollect that I cannot recall its many pleasing hours, now fled forever from my eager grasp. Those days of my childhood, also, which were spent in vanity—O could *they* once more return! I regret the loss of the precious time which was spent in useless employments. But those days are gone, and can never more be recalled. The whole past seems like a dream—a vision of the night—and the earthly future is wrapped in impenetrable darkness.

This day being the commencement of my eighteenth year, I desire again solemnly to give myself to God. Thine I am, O my Father. To thee belong all my powers and faculties. All I have shall be devoted to thee. I need thy strength to enable me to fulfil my engagements, and O wilt thou impart it.

11.—I now come to take possession of a room just erected, and which I wish to dedicate to God. Lord, wilt thou ever dwell here. Here may the morning and evening sacrifice daily ascend. May no day pass, so long as it shall stand, without the occupant here lifting up the heart and voice to thee. Here, in this consecrated place, may the praises of Immanuel constantly be sung. Come, Holy Spirit, breathe into it the air of heaven. Here, Lord, I erect my altar. Here is my chosen retreat for private devotion, and may I here ever meet thy face.

12.—I think much of the Sabbath School in which I am engaged, and feel my great need of divine assistance, that I may be enabled rightly to instruct the dear children in the doctrines of our holy religion. God does often

cause seed to spring up which is sown in weakness, and O that my feeble endeavors might be thus blest.

June 10.—My religious feelings have been wavering, and at times I am in darkness. Doubts, awful in their nature, have assaulted me. It has been suggested—Is there a God? is the Bible true? is not religion only fanaticism? These dreadful thoughts, though they have been only transient, yet as touching the groundwork of my greatest comfort, have reduced my faith and love, and consequently rendered me unhappy. But O may I never be left to dishonor the sacred cause I have espoused.

> "My soul doth wish Mount Zion well,
> Whate'er becomes of me."

Lord, wilt thou set me right, and forgive all my deviations and wanderings.

TO MISS O. F. P. OF C.

Dorchester, June 25, 1819.

Had inclination alone been consulted, I assure you I should not thus long have neglected to write to you. But numerous avocations have prevented. It was with the greatest pleasure I received your favor, and I hope we have commenced a correspondence which will be long continued, and profitable to our souls. Yes, we are writing for eternity. The effect these letters will have on our hearts will probably be experienced when time is no more—when these mortal frames shall have put on immortality, and this passing world is gone forever. Considering these things, my dear sister, and that all our actions must be scrutinized by the Judge of heaven, and also that our time

is very short, how ought we to live? Surely we ought to be pressing forward with holy zeal. We have professedly separated ourselves from the world. We have put our hand to the plough, and must not look back. The vows of God are upon us. It is a great privilege our Father has permitted us to enjoy, that of beginning in the morning of life to devote our days to him. Precious privilege indeed! Not unto us, not unto us, but unto him be all the glory.

Our church has recently had large additions. Well do I recollect the time when one communion passed away after another, and no one was added to our number—none seemed inclined to follow our Saviour's dying command. Cold and stupid indeed have we been. The prevalent and earnest cry has been, both by the world and professors—"What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" while things intimately connected with our everlasting peace have been neglected. O that we were now more engaged. In your prayers I trust you do remember us. I hope we shall yet see many turning from the error of their ways, and travelling the road to Zion. Desirable, above all things, is the salvation of precious, immortal souls.

Will you excuse all the errors of this hasty and imperfect letter, and write soon. At the throne of grace, remember your unworthy s.

July 3.—Just returned from a visit in B. How far preferable, in my view, is a retired country life, to such noise and confusion. May I have a friend and companion

in my Bible and my God, and a heart to enjoy them, and this is sufficient. All earthly enjoyments, in comparison, dwindle into nothing.

6.—This day entered a school. May a blessing attend my endeavors to acquire knowledge, and may I find some of God's dear children among the large number of young ladies with whom I find myself surrounded.

18.—O that I might adorn my profession, and recommend religion by a becoming walk. Surrounded by the gay and volatile, may each take knowledge of me that I have been with Jesus. It is very necessary that a professor should manifest, in word and action, that he is really equal to his profession. How does the irregular walk of christians injure their Master's blessed cause. We must watch and pray daily and hourly, lest in some unguarded moment we do essential harm to the cause we advocate. A christian is often placed in a more critical situation than he imagines. If he gives only a limited scope, at some seasons, to the bias of strong inclination, he may do injury to an extent of which he little thinks.

25.—Another dear Sabbath arrives—sweet day of rest to the weary traveller. Passing through this world—through all its changing scenes—how pleasing are these hours which mercifully give us a relief from all its cares and revive our drooping spirits.

26.—Returned, on a short visit, to the beloved home where seventeen years of my life have passed peacefully away. Now, for the first time, I have taken up my residence in another place, for the purpose of attending a seminary. How has my heavenly Father provided for

me. My long-cherished wishes are now accomplished, and in a more agreeable way than I had ever anticipated. Blessed be his name for thus far disappointing me, and now exceeding my wishes. O may I never distrust such a Father, whose ways are always right.

Aug. 8.—The light of another holy morning is beaming upon us, and O may it be such a day as I shall not blush to own when called before the awful Majesty of heaven. Lord, wilt thou bless the dear children in the Sabbath School. For their precious immortal souls, I humbly implore the best of heaven's blessings. Cleanse them from sin, renew their hearts, and may they receive lasting benefit from their instructions.

30.—In consequence of sickness, with which I have been afflicted for the past week, I was brought home last night, in the hope that leaving the school a short time will restore me to health. Study is a pleasing employment, and I have made very close application. Astronomy has to me been particularly interesting. A knowledge of the wonderful works of the Deity must ever be desirable. But how little is known by the most learned. They can trace the great Artificer in but a few of his works—in but a small part of his wondrous productions.

Sept. 12.—Still remain very weak, though some better. I desire to be submissive to the will of my heavenly Father. It is a great consolation to reflect that all these trials are ordered by him. In the hands of this loving Father I can cheerfully leave myself and all my concerns.

19.—Another holy day arrives, and I am unable to go to the house of God. Dear sacred place. There have I

heard the truths of the gospel faithfully dispensed; there have I often wept under a sense of guilt, and there, too, has my heart throbbed with joy at the glad news of salvation to guilty sinners. O shall I forbear to love that place? Frequently have I repaired thither to seek that comfort which all earthly things refused to give, and there my aching heart has found the desired relief. There have I realized the glory of Jehovah; I have there heard of his justice, his mercy, and all his righteous attributes—and while I have trembled at his presence, I have fled to my dear dying Redeemer, and he has spoken peace to my soul. There also have I frequently commemorated my Saviour's sufferings and death, and thus enjoyed some of the sweetest moments my Father ever granted his unworthy child. Exactly suited to my frame of mind have I there often found the preached word: if doubts and fears possessed my heart, it spoke comfort to my troubled soul. O may I soon again appear in those sacred courts—again go up to the house of God with those who keep holy day.

TO MISS O. F. P. OF C.

Dorchester, September, 1819.

I received your letter with the greatest pleasure on the 6th of August, and my first intention was to answer it immediately, in order to make amends for my former long delay; but numerous avocations have obliged me to decline what would have afforded me great delight. I have been attending a school, and my time has been devoted to various studies. This is indeed a pleasing employment; but neither this nor any other earthly pursuit ought to

come in competition with our first, our great concern—a preparation for eternity. When we reflect seriously on this important subject—when we remember that we have an immortal soul, which will exist beyond the reach of time and its attendant cares and toils, O how trifling all other things appear.

I have been confined at home by sickness for nearly four weeks; but my health, I hope, is now returning. For four Sabbaths I have been deprived of the precious privilege of going to the house of God—a privilege which I long once more to enjoy, but which I prized too little while indulged with it.

My dear O., I should be pleased to write an hour longer, but bodily weakness prevents. Life is uncertain, and perhaps I am addressing you for the last time; perhaps we shall never meet again this side of eternity. How necessary, then, is it that we should watch and pray, and be in readiness for our exit. May our constant and practical resolution be, like Joshua's—Whatever others do, as for us we will serve the Lord. S. H. C.

26.—I am permitted to behold another Sabbath. For what purpose do I live? Why are my days prolonged? I hope my Father has something yet for me to do, though I seem to live a cumberer of the ground. Lord, wilt thou listen to this, my constant petition—Make me useful.

27.—Returned again to school.

Oct. 14.—Have commenced attending a singing school. Surrounded by the gay and thoughtless, how critical is my

situation. Grant, O God, that I may not dishonor thy holy name and my profession.

Returned home last evening. O how could one so much attached to home as myself, ever consent to leave it? I think nothing but a clear conviction of duty would ever induce me to forsake this dearly-beloved spot, where my youthful years have rolled pleasantly away, and where are the dearest and best of parents.

30.—Leave school to-day, and part with some whom perhaps I shall never see again; but O may we meet in a better world.

TO MISS L. S. OF Q.

Dorchester, December 1, 1819.

I am ashamed, my dear Lucy, of having thus long neglected your letter. Had I followed my inclination, it would long since have received the attention it merited. I cannot tell you how acceptable it was. For three weeks I had been confined at home by sickness, and on the eve of the third Sabbath your truly valuable letter was handed me, and was as a cordial to my languid frame. For five Sabbaths I was not permitted to enter the sacred courts. I reflected much on the many precious hours I had spent there, where I had so often heard the glad news of salvation and felt that comfort which the world could neither give nor take away. But trying as it was to be deprived of the privilege, I felt the greatest consolation in thinking that it was my heavenly Father's will. Cannot this reflection reconcile us to the severest trials? Shall we repine at what our Father gives, when we have every

reason to believe that it is indispensably necessary for us? O no—it is a kind, beneficent Being who has marked out our path. If we look back and review the way we have trod, we shall not find a single affliction which has not in some way proved beneficial. O what wisdom is displayed in all the ways of Providence. Not the minutest circumstance occurs without his special command. Every little event, as well as thousands of worlds, is under his control. He will bring light out of darkness; and if earthly comforts fail, still, if he is our portion, we are by no means destitute. I admire the language of the prophet Habakkuk—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Could we at all times be in this frame of mind—have our affections above all mere earthly things, and derive our comfort only from God—how much happier we should be. We should not then meet with the disappointments we now do; worldly cares and anxieties would not distress our hearts. The world might frown, and withdraw from us all its comforts; but our chosen portion would still remain untouched.

It is essential that we constantly have our conversation in heaven. How inconsistent, my dear friend, that we should enter into the most solemn engagements, professing to separate ourselves from the world, and then live a life so conformable to it—so contrary to the precepts and example of our divine Master. What wounds religion

more than the irregular walk of its professors? O may we both be preserved from injuring the cause which it is our duty to honor. If our own salvation should be our first request of God, should not our second be the salvation of others?

I hope, my dear Lucy, that you are enjoying the light of Immanuel's countenance, and progressing daily Zionward. Shall we presume to loiter in such a journey, when everything connected with our interest calls us forward with renewed alacrity? But, alas! I am acting thus unbecomingly. During the past summer, my time and attention have been much occupied with earthly things. Study, as is often the case, drew my attention from higher concerns, and I have been cold and stupid with regard to religion. O for more engagedness in the best of causes —a heart entirely devoted to God, rising above all earthly things, and seeking its chief delight in heaven.

My dear sister, I know I do not merit your letters, but they have always afforded me so much pleasure that I venture to ask for a continuance of them. May these writings be attended with blessed effects. At the throne of grace remember your unworthy and obliged s.

11.—O that it were my constant, I had almost said my only delight, to meditate on God and on eternal things. I am astonished that I can remain so stupid and careless concerning that which is more to me than life or health, or all my friends. How is it possible I can live and not live to God; that I can possess powers and faculties, and not devote them to him? My Maker, my Preserver, my

kind Benefactor, it was thou that made and fashioned this clayey tabernacle, and breathed into it the breath of life. It is thou that hast kindly preserved my life from threatening ills and from the shafts of death. It is thou that hast ever kindly bestowed upon me food and raiment, and crowned my days with peace and prosperity. O what do I not owe to thee? Accept this heart, and make me entirely thine. Shall I call thee—the supreme Governor of the universe—the God of heaven—my Father? If it is not presumption how could I delight to dwell upon the endearing appellation. I pity the miserable wretch whose deluded fancy leads him so far astray as to believe that there is no God. I pity, too, that unhappy creature who is so depraved as to deny the truth of the word of God. O where—where, in an hour of distress and affliction, can they find relief? What can thrill their hearts with solid joy? If religion *is* vain, if the Bible *is* false, if there is *no* God, O I cannot relinquish the comfort derived from a belief in them. If the soul is not immortal, still I would wish to believe that it is. But is it possible that imagination can make me believe and feel what I have believed and felt without any foundation, any divine interposition? No, I cannot think it.

26.—Attended public worship to-day, and sat down to the table of the Lord, but I fear with a heart of which the world had possession. O why this attachment to the world? Truly my Saviour is the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely; he demands, he deserves, my heart, my life, my all. O may they all be fervently engaged in advancing his kingdom in the world.

31.—I am now brought to the closing scenes of another year, and with deep regret I must bid them all adieu. O how have I spent the past year? Great indeed has been the goodness of God towards me; in unexpected ways he has appeared and provided for me. But O how few returns have I made. Alas! I have lived unworthy of all his kind gifts. I have been astray; I have forsaken the God of heaven, and perhaps dishonored his holy name before his enemies. "Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive" my manifold transgressions. Shouldst thou mark iniquity, I could not stand; I must plead guilty at the bar of a righteous Judge. But in the name of my ever-blessed Mediator I hope to be forgiven, and through his merits to be accepted. The wheels of time have now borne away twelve fleeting months. Once more has the earth performed her revolution around that immense orb which daily illumines its surface, and the changing seasons it has produced are past; and soon must the day of life also be over.

Jan. 1, 1820.—In health and comfort I behold the commencement of another year. May I begin it with usefulness, and end it in happy reflection on time well spent, and work well done.

4.—Have just laid aside the holy Scriptures, which, according to my usual custom, I have begun to read through in course with the new year. Enlighten my understanding, O my God, that I may be enabled to understand what I am permitted to read. Without the teachings of thy Holy Spirit, I shall read in vain.

9.—Another holy morning beams upon me and blesses

my waiting eyes. Reflecting on the precious privileges which are enjoyed in this gospel land, my thoughts are involuntarily transported to those who never pronounced the name of Jesus, or welcomed a Sabbath.

My health bids me remain away from the house of God. But O, may it not be a misspent Sabbath. A severe headache attends me; yet shall the language of my heart be—

> "In every joy that crowns my days,
> In every pain I bear,
> My heart shall find delight in praise,
> Or seek relief in prayer."

My Father sees fit to lay upon me his chastening rod. O may it do me good. I know he does it for wise purposes, and may I never complain.

16.—Attended meeting and heard the word faithfully preached.

O that I could drive from my mind this criminal anxiety, which intrudes into my lonely hours and destroys my peace. Where can I go for relief but to God? This I do daily. O, my Father, it is my earnest prayer that thou wouldst make me reconciled to thy will; then I shall be happy.

30.—As the weather will detain me from public worship this morning, may I enjoy the presence of God here. I have entered into covenant with him, and have bound myself by solemn engagements to be his, and to love and serve him all my days. Saints and angels heard the vows, which were undoubtedly registered in the eternal world. But have I lived in conformity to my own proposals and promises? Has my life been in unison with

my engagements? In a *few* instances, only, has frail nature led me astray? has the bias of my inclination only a *few* times drawn me from the path of rectitude? or have I deviated only through ignorance, and has all been sincerely confessed and repented of before a heart-searching God, and followed by constant and successful endeavors to do better for the future? Alas! I cannot thus clear myself. No—*daily* and *hourly* have I gone astray; I have followed the dictates of my own wicked heart; and should Jehovah mark iniquity, where—where should I stand? O my God, I confess I have sinned against thee times and ways without number, and deserve only thy wrath; but thou art merciful and good—thou hast provided a ransom for the guilty, even for me; and though my sins are thus aggravated, yet wilt thou for His sake who has suffered and died to redeem a guilty world, O wilt thou forgive and accept the most unworthy of thy creatures, and to thee shall redound all the glory.

Feb. 5.—Once more I retire to my beloved retreat, and resume my consoling pen; but, alas! not so dear, not so frequented is this spot as it once was; not so cordially embraced the hours that afford me an opportunity of retiring from everything but my God. Ah, the consciousness of this strikes me with sorrow. Guilt drives me from the presence of my Maker, and makes me dread to be entirely alone with him whom I am conscious of having offended. O that I could make one successful struggle, which would extricate me from the snares and temptations into which I have fallen, and make me blind to all the gay attractions of vanity. I am sensible of a declen-

sion of religion in my heart. My affections, which were once fastened on my Redeemer, have since been engrossed by the world. Where conversation was once religious, it is now worldly; and hours once spent in prayer, have since been spent in useless pursuits. I have met with no rebuke from christians, but my own heart condemns me. O for the solid comforts enjoyed by an upright, consistent believer. My heart, O heavenly Parent, more than I can express, is known to thee. All its errors lie exposed to thy view, and O show me all those of which I am not yet convinced. If thou hast left me, as thou didst one of old, to discover to me all that is in my heart, wilt thou now thoroughly cleanse me, and may this declension thus prove of the greatest benefit. May I come forth as gold well refined, and devote all my remaining days exclusively to thee.

6.—Once more the sun declines beyond the horizon, and its last rays vanish from my sight. Farewell, bright orb; thy work is done; thou hast shone upon the evil and the good here, and now thou art gone to enlighten other regions of the earth; and some, perhaps, at the moment while I write, are kneeling down and paying homage to thee. God has placed *me* in a gospel land; he has graciously smiled upon me, and given me more blessings than it is in my power to enumerate. O that I could dispense some of that which I have received to the unenlightened of my fellow creatures. One hand has made us all. A similarity prevails in the formation and nature of those whom wide oceans and immense continents separate. All are enlivened by the same glorious sun, all be-

hold the same waning moon, and we are all indeed members of one family. But what a difference does the gospel make! Some, on America's favored shores, hear from week to week the glad news of salvation; others, in Asia's distant clime, never heard of a gospel, speaking good news to the soul—never heard a Saviour's glorious name, and through this unhappy ignorance of the soul's life and glory have recourse to perishable gods whom they blindly adore. But the time is hastening when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, and brother will not say to brother, Know ye the Lord; and none shall grope in darkness, for it shall be noonday.

15.—The remains of Miss B. R. are this afternoon to be deposited beneath the cold clods. In early life she is called hence—she who but a short time since was looking forward to pleasures and prosperity for many years to come. But the "staunch murderer" spares her not; he mows down the tender plant; and that which was so lovely and pleasing—which delighted her parents' hearts and excited admiration in those of her friends—is consigned to the tomb. Such is the termination of earthly hopes, such their instability.

And must I, too, come to this? Shall these eyes be closed through a long—long night? these ears be deaf to the kind voices of those I love? these lips cease to address a friend or the throne of grace? and this blood, which now flows freely in a thousand channels, become stagnant? O, when life thus becomes extinct—when this earthly tabernacle shall be dropped—may my Redeemer receive the immortal principle within—this something that now thinks and prompts to action.

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last."

27. *Sabbath.*—My Monitor warns me to-day to be patient. How seasonable is this; for my long absence from the house of God, and the gloomy unpleasant weather we have had, have strongly tended to produce discontent. When, O my Father, shall I again appear in thy sacred courts?

March 9.—I am laboring under dreadful apprehensions. O where shall I find relief? Can anything ease this aching heart—is there any healing balm? What will banish these anxieties from my mind? Yet I know if God but speak the word, all will be serene and tranquil. May I then trust in him, and with readiness submit.

10.—I am constantly penning the needless distresses my mind. But should I say *needless*, when I know not their design nor what may be their effect? Yet I greatly fear I bring a reproach upon religion. O God, wilt thou keep me from this.

11.—How beautiful the scenery around. The trees are splendidly ornamented with a thousand icy spangles, all glistening in the bright sunbeams. What in art can equal that which nature now presents? O how far must nature's God exceed our highest conceptions.

24.—Once more I arise from refreshing sleep. While thousands, burdened with affliction and loaded with cares and sorrows, in vain have closed their eyes, and sought in vain to cast their cares away and find relief in sleep;

while thousands, too, racked with torturing pains, have rolled from side to side and found no rest—I, in the possession of perfect health and quietude, have laid down and slept, and awoke in safety. Thanks to my God for all his gifts. They call for renewed exertions for him, and may these exertions be made with alacrity and pursued with perseverance.

TO MISS A. C., RESIDENT IN D.

Dorchester, March 29, 1820.

It is with mingled emotions that I take my pen to address my much esteemed Miss C. The idea of commencing a correspondence with her, and of being favored with her friendship and advice, fills my mind with pleasure. But the consciousness of my inability of communicating anything that will be pleasing or edifying to her, or that will equal the claims of her letters, strongly induces me to relinquish the attempt to write. If I may be indulged with your acquaintance and friendship, there will be many things which you must overlook and forgive, as well in the conduct of your friend as in her letters; and your well known candor assures me that you will do this.

I have given up the plan of taking a school at the eastward this summer, and shall probably go to reside with you. There may we spend many happy hours together, and reap from them eternal benefit. Yet life is uncertain. Before to-morrow's setting sun our eyes may be closed on all terrestrial things, and eternity be unfolded to our view. O, should either of us meet a frowning Judge, and after the time and opportunity afforded us for repent-

ance hear the dreadful sound, Depart—with what bitter remorse and sighs should we sink to endless ruin. But I hope we shall both be prepared to reign with our Redeemer in yonder happy mansions. I write in haste, and remain your unworthy friend. S. H. C.

April 17.—

"More gaily smiles the blooming Spring,
Now wintry winds are o'er."

The winter is past and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come. Everything calls on me for renewed thanks, and lays me under increased obligations to my Maker. What shall I render unto him? I hear him say —"Give me thy heart." But, O God, unless thou change my sinful nature, my heart can never be truly devoted to thee.

22.—I expect soon to leave this much-loved spot, and take up my residence for six months a few miles distant. Why this door is opened, I know not, but hope my heavenly Father has something for me to do there. May I help to build the walls of Zion wherever I am.

27.—Never, while life continues—while this feeble tongue can speak my Saviour's praise—nor in eternity itself, where I may strike a golden lyre and sing immortal strains—can I sufficiently thank my God for religious impressions in early life, ere the morning of childhood had flown away, and snares and temptations and worldly cares had beset my path. Was my heart entirely devoid of the grace of God, methinks I should find little time or inclination, at this period of life, to serve my Maker.

should doubtless be delaying the important work of salvation to middle life, or old age, or till sickness came upon me, and then perhaps my soul would have been ruined. Blessed and forever praised be God for what he has done for me.

May 2.—Gloomy thoughts possess my mind, when I consider that I am shortly to leave this endeared spot. Where, O where shall I find friends like my parents, or a place so pleasant as my beloved home? But if God is with me, this will be sufficient. Yes, he can be more than a father or a mother; his presence can make any situation pleasant and agreeable.

June 1.—Time flies rapidly away, and summer has again returned. It is now four weeks since I left a happy home; but here I am well contented. My employment is peculiarly favorable to serious contemplation.

TO MRS. E. C. OF R., MAINE.

Dorchester, June, 1820.

My dear Friend—Having the opportunity of a convenient conveyance, I with pleasure address you. I rejoiced to hear that you had arrived at your intended home in safety, and were well contented. But it is with deep regret that I consider I shall see you here no more. My feelings, when I last parted with you, I cannot describe. The reflection that I was taking leave of a friend—of one with whom I had spent many pleasant hours, and who perhaps I should never more meet this side of eternity—excited the heartfelt sigh and rising tear. I feel myself indebted to you for many favors, and hope I may have an

opportunity of returning them. Perhaps we shall yet spend many happy hours together on earth; but if we do not, the time is fast approaching when we shall meet at the awful tribunal of heaven, where I trust we shall both be acquitted and received into the joy of our Lord. What will everything else avail us, if at last we come short of this? What if health be our constant companion, and the rising sun of prosperity shine on all our undertakings, and we have more than heart can wish; there is a messenger on the way—a deadly messenger this night may knock at our doors, command our souls, and convey them to an unseen world. Then whose shall all these earthly things be, and what shall we do if our peace is not made with God? But O, my friend, I hope that after all these changing scenes have come and gone, and the last mortal conflict is over, it will be our happy lot to be admitted to a world where sorrow and sighing are unknown—where the wicked cease from troubling, the weary are at rest, and where Jesus reigns forever and ever.

I trust, ere this, you have a hope grounded on a good foundation—that you are indeed born of God. Then you possess greater riches than all this world can bestow; yours is the pearl of great price, with which nothing is of equal value, and which shall not be taken from you. When time shall be no more, you will be conveyed to blessed mansions prepared by Jesus in his Father's kingdom, there with thousands of angels and happy spirits to sing the high praises of Immanuel. Happy, inconceivably happy place! Who has purchased all this felicity for us? Who has fulfilled the law of God, and rendered

him just in saving sinners by making atonement for those who believe? Even Jesus, our Mediator—Jesus, our great High Priest, who has passed into the heavens, and who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities, having been tempted in all respects like as we are—Jesus, our elder Brother, who now sits at the right hand of his Father and our Father, and makes intercession for us. Wonderful love he has displayed in his plan of redemption and salvation for guilty sinners. High and ceaseless praises are his due. S.

July 23.—Have attended meeting to-day, been to the table of the Lord, and enjoyed the season. I long, ardently long, to rise above all sublunary things. There is great need of watchfulness. May I ever observe the true medium; and while on the one hand I avoid light and trifling conversation and behavior, may I on the other shun austerity and coldness. Here are many with whom I have no wish ever to cultivate an acquaintance, unless I might be beneficial to them; but there are a few with whom an acquaintance is pleasant, and whose company I can profitably enjoy. I have found a few christians, and a few are anxiously inquiring what they shall do to be saved. O may their number be increased.

Aug. 2.—This frame is debilitated throughout. To how many disorders is this frail body subject, and how do

> "Fierce diseases wait around
> To hurry mortals home."

Shall I, then, place dependence upon anything here, when my probationary state is so short, and the lamp of

life may be so easily and speedily extinguished? O God, forbid. Lift my thoughts and affections above this fleeting, transitory world.

> "There's nothing here deserves my joys,
> There's nothing like my God."

5.—Returned home this morning, unable to pursue my business any longer. Where God is, there must be joy; and if in sickness I enjoy his presence, why may not sickness be made pleasant?

6.—Blessed Sabbath, once more dost thou return and afford a rest to the weary christian. God has so ordered it that I should pass this day at home. I have not a wish to alter one circumstance as it respects myself. Might I rise and grasp at blooming health, I would not if against his will. I am at God's disposal; with confidence I can trust in his goodness, even though he should slay me. Am I not thine, O my Father? And if in thy hands, I am safe forever.

11.—I am still at home, deprived indeed of health, but surrounded by innumerable earthly comforts. Surely God afflicts his people in mercy to their never-dying souls. Though we frequently dictate, and often interpose our feeble reason, and urge the expediency of lessening this and that affliction, yet we are often convinced, even in this world, of our great mistake; and if not here, we shall be hereafter. How apt are we to wish that events would terminate differently, and be as we would imagine favorable to us; or cast an envious eye at others, and eagerly endeavor to catch at what we fancy affords them so much comfort. But could we thus take every earthly com-

fort we wish, seize every imagined pleasure, and become possessors of all our hearts could desire, there would still be an aching void. Many of us know and realize this; yet such is our feeble nature that we still grovel below, and seek our happiness among earthly objects. It is only by assiduous and vigilant endeavors of our own, accompanied by the blessing of God, that we can be raised from our mean pursuits. Our minds are far too noble to be placed exclusively on earthly objects. Our superiority should never be thus degraded. Naturally proud and assuming, why do we not aspire to the greatest possible attainments? Such is our strange inconsistency—such our fallen and depraved state.

18.—My heart is wounded, and where shall I seek relief? In what vehicle will flow the healing balm to ease my laboring bosom? Jesus was a man of sorrows, he was acquainted with grief, and he can assuage a storm of woe; he can suppress the rising sighs and command gentle peace to bless my drear abode. But why do I mourn? Blessings innumerable still attend me. But "were the wealth of India mine, with Peru's golden store," still, without a God—without a refuge from the storm and a covert from the wind—I am a wretch undone. O my God, whatever thou deniest me here, make me thine and I am content. The dearest earthly joy I here possess, if required, I think I can resign, and give my heart to thee.

20.—I have to-day been looking over some of my first writings. The early lispings of religious experience, I trust they were the language of my heart, and that I have never exaggerated my real feelings. When forgetful of almost

every other blessing, I often find my heart drawn out in gratitude, more than I can express, for what I count the greatest blessing of life—that of being called early to devote myself to God. But it is with pain that I review my life since then. O how guilty have I been! "Show pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive."

20.—Was permitted to attend public worship this morning. Heard a very interesting discourse. The preacher appeared to lead us from world to world, from system to system, and then to their Creator. O, I could sit from morn till night and listen to a description of the wonderful works of God in the systems of worlds which revolve far beyond our sight—of the gravitation and attraction which keep them all in order; and likewise of his surprising works on this earth—the formation of the human frame, and the growth and nature of vegetation. How delightful to hear this subject treated of by one whose aim is the glory of God.

TO MISS H. C. OF S.

Dorchester, September 1, 1820.

Dear Cousin—With pleasure I embrace the first opportunity to write you. I reached home on Saturday, much pleased with my visit at S. The next morning I was taken sick.

I have been perusing your last letter, and conclude that your religious views and sentiments are altered since you wrote. But, my dear friend, I hope you will not imbibe a belief in Universal Salvation without examining thoroughly this and the contrary belief; without studying with

an unprejudiced mind the Holy Scriptures, which are our only guide. If this does appear most rational to you—which perhaps is in consequence of its being most pleasing—you know there are thousands, of excellent abilities, who have studied the Scriptures faithfully, with prayerful attention, and believe otherwise. Why may not these be right? It does not appear to me consistent with the character of a just and holy God to save all mankind in their sins. I feel that I have a heart that is prone to evil. I am convinced that I have sinned against him who abhors sin, and that I deserve the eternal wrath of God. But he has provided a ransom; Jesus has made an atonement for sin, and we are told that whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. He is now offering it to us, and inviting us to become heirs of it; but if we persist in sin, despise his calls till the day of grace is closed and our opportunities past, why should we not eat of the fruit of our own doings? What is there in Scripture which gives us reason to think that we shall not? We there read—"He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and idolators, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Why should Jehovah bear so much with us, provide a way for us to be saved, and with promisings and threatenings show that the righteous shall be separated from the wicked as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats, and then, finally, notwithstanding all our impenitency and unbelief, receive all into his king-

dom to reign forever? My friend, can you reconcile this? Can you think God unjust for extending punishment to crimes, as far as he has threatened that he will? I have spoken plainly on these subjects, and I hope that you will do the same; and should we differ in our religious belief, I trust our friendship for each other will not be lessened. We must be charitable, for we know that one of us must be in an error. There is not a person on earth that I should wish banished forever from the presence of God. No, my heart recoils at the thought. If I believed that all would be saved, I think I should not dare to depend entirely on this for my soul's salvation. If this belief should be true, without embracing it I am safe; and if it is our heavenly Father's will to save the whole world, I should indeed rejoice. I trust you will not rest satisfied in this belief until you find sufficient ground in the Holy Scriptures to maintain it; for should you be wrong, what must be the consequence? I remain your affectionate friend.

S. H. C.

3.—This is a Communion Sabbath. Miss P. C., an intimate friend of mine, is to be admitted to our church; but such is the state of my health that I cannot repair to the sacred place. This is the day of rest. All around is hushed in silence, save the humming of little insects, which seem to show forth their Maker's praise. I am alone; and yet not alone, since I am surrounded on every side by an omnipresent Deity. O how wonderful is God —how unsearchable are his ways!

TO MRS. E. H. OF D.

Dorchester, September, 1820.

It is with great pleasure that I take my pen for the purpose of again addressing you. My heavenly Father has seen fit to lay his chastening hand upon me and visit me with sickness. Thus is our path attended with various afflictions; thorns and briars often obstruct the way. But may we walk, without deviation, in our Saviour's footsteps, and all these trials will then help us on our journey. They are very needful; I feel that they are so to me. I constantly need something to raise my affections above this fleeting world, and increase my zeal and vigilance in the Redeemer's cause. Our journey here is short. The departure of near and dear friends to an eternal world, and the loss of health, are loud calls to us to be in readiness, lest, like the foolish virgins who had no oil in their lamps, we should be surprised, and, after all our hopes, find the door of heaven shut against us. It is a very solemn thing to die and enter an untried state—an unseen world. This event cannot be far distant. Are not the feet of those who have carried out our neighbors, waiting to carry us out also? Then will eternity, with all its solemn realities, open to our view; then, with immortal eyes, shall we behold Omnipotence—the God who sways his sceptre over kings and kingdoms, and reigns the sovereign of worlds. Shall we not shrink before his awful throne? But I trust our faith and hopes are built on a sure foundation, even Christ our Lord; and notwithstanding our so often having yielded to the wiles of Satan and the delusions of a vain world, he will then receive us to glory.

Then shall we meet a smiling Judge, and be welcomed to our Father's kingdom. O with what transports shall we enter the glorious city, as we meet here a friend who will bid us welcome, and there a long-lost and lamented relative. As we proceed, how will the music of the heavenly host, the sweet melody of saints and angels, assail and charm our listening ears. All hearts are there cemented in one indissoluble union, and all join in one full chorus—one loud hallelujah—to the adorable Prince Immanuel. With what rapture shall we, too, join the glorious concert. There pride and envy die, and

> "No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
> Nor trifles vex our ear."

This heaven is indeed worthy a short life of affliction—a few severe conflicts. And in view of all this, where are we? Are we grovelling in the dust, cleaving to the world, and laboring for the meat that perisheth? Is it possible, when such joys are proffered—when so much demands our zeal and unwearied perseverance? O may we not sleep, as do others, for the hour is at hand when we shall be done with time, and all to come will be vast, unbounded eternity. I remain yours, affectionately.

S. H. C.

TO MISS M. W. OF D.

My dear Friend—Shall I intrude upon your grief, by addressing you at this trying moment? It is my wish to convey a gleam of consolation to your bereaved heart, and to offer the sympathetic tear; for I am deeply sensible that the scenes through which you have been called to

pass are afflictive indeed. You have stood by the dying bed of a fond parent, and seen him yield his breath to the hand of him who gave it. He has bid you a long adieu. A saint is gone, and the church has lost a valuable member. When I consider that his seat in that sacred house is vacated, and that at meetings of prayer he will no more be seen, and his voice never again rise in devout supplication, I weep; but when I turn my eyes to his bereaved family—the partner of his life and his tender children—my heart feels a double anguish. My dear M., I have thought much of you; I know this stroke must be severe, and much do I wish to alleviate your sorrow and pour into your wounded heart the healing balm. You have my tenderest sympathy. When you realized more than ever the value of such a parent, sickness came, and death conveyed him away. In the midst of life, he has departed. But shall we complain? Shall his nearest relatives complain? The hand of God is in this. He is a God of infinite compassion; he does not willingly afflict, nor grieve the children of men. For wise reasons he has done this. Your father is undoubtedly at rest in heaven, where no sighing nor sorrow shall ever come, and where he is uniting with the heavenly host in singing praises to Immanuel. There does he enjoy happiness indescribable, and there, when this short life is past, if prepared, shall you meet him again. May that religion which supported him in his dying moments, and carried him so calmly through the dark valley, be yours and comfort you under your loss. This, and this alone, yields permanent bliss. I hope, my friend, you are now enjoying all the peace it affords, and

that when the hour of your dissolution arrives, you will fall sweetly asleep in Jesus, and reign with him forever.

Yours. S. H. C.

TO MISS E. W. OF C., VT.

Dorchester, October 8, 1820.

My dear Cousin,—Many long months have elapsed since I heard from you, and many more since I had the pleasure of receiving a letter. I am informed that for some time you have been deprived of your health. This is the greatest earthly blessing we can enjoy ; but the loss of it is often compensated, and more than compensated, by rich and lasting spiritual blessings. Do you know, my dear friend, what it is to enjoy communion with God—to walk in the light of Immanuel's countenance, and have him for the guide and guard of your otherwise gloomy hours, and your travels through this wearisome world? If you do, enviable indeed is your situation. The happiness of the blooming youth who is surrounded with all the comforts and pleasures this world can afford, bears no comparison with yours. The pearl of great, of immense value, is yours ; God is your protecting Father ; Jesus is your friendly Advocate and elder Brother ; guardian angels surround your dwelling, hover over your head, and ward off impending dangers. But life is short—soon your journey will be completed. The waters of Jordan roll just before you, and Canaan—happy Canaan—lies beyond. Soon will your little bark be conducted over the stream, when troubles and sorrows will retreat, and myriads of angels will welcome you to the New Jerusalem,

the voices of millions of saints joining in joyful melody as you receive the welcome plaudit. And this shall be your lasting *home*—this is your Father's house. Here Jesus has provided you a mansion, and you shall wear a crown of glory. In view of all this, can you regret the loss of any, or *every* earthly enjoyment? Place your spiritual possessions in the scale with health and all mere earthly comforts, and O how they preponderate! These are not the mutable comforts of a day, but are sure and lasting. Yet perhaps you have not the hope that your sins are pardoned and yourself an heir of glory. If you have not, I can mention no source of happiness. Your situation must be melancholy, and what is there, besides this, that can alleviate it? I can think of nothing. O, you *must* secure this eternal crown, or sad will be the consequence. But I still hope that you know the pleasures of true religion. If so, not only a friend and relative do I address, but a beloved sister in Christ—one who knows by happy experience the indissoluble union between Christ and his followers. Adieu, my dear friend. Will you write the first opportunity? If I am never permitted to see your face on earth, O may we meet in mansions above the sky. Please present my regards to your parents. I remain yours, affectionately.

S. H. C.

Nov. 8.—Once more my heavenly Parent has restored me to such a measure of health that I am able to follow my usual employment; but may I not also resume my former worldly-mindedness.

TO MISS M. W. OF D.

Long ere this, my dear friend, I had anticipated an interview with you; but such have been my numerous engagements, that it has not been practicable. The reception of pleasing intelligence from you induces me again to take my pen to congratulate you. Yes, I rejoice that you entertain a hope, and are about to give yourself up to God in an everlasting covenant, never to be forgotten. You doubtless view it is a very solemn thing, in the presence of God, his holy angels and saints on earth, to give yourself up to be the Lord's. But it is a great, an unspeakable privilege. May you enjoy much of the presence of your heavenly Father, and go on rejoicing in the ways of righ eousness. I rejoice that on the ensuing Sabbath I shall relinquish the youngest seat in the church, which I have for some time occupied, to one more worthy and deserving; and may you soon give place to one still younger. Youth is indeed the fittest season to begin to serve our Maker. How much joy, if your father is permitted to behold you, will he feel to see you choosing God for your portion. His loss will probably never be effaced from your memory; but if it has been a mean of quickening you in the divine life, what cause have you for thankfulness. Afflictions are often blessings in disguise.

My dear friend, were it pleasing to you I should be happy to continue a correspondence. I know not your opinion of writing; but if it agrees with mine, you think it useful. Letters on religious subjects are generally more spiritual than an hour's conversation, and tend more to quicken and edify us. S. H. C.

Dec. 10.—O how dangerous is prosperity to a heart as worldly as mine. If I at first feel grateful to the Giver and love him alone for his gifts, my heart soon comes down and fixes on the gifts themselves. O for grace to rise above the transitory enjoyments of this vain world. Quicken me, O my Father.

17.—I have been reading in "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," advice for a soul under spiritual decays, which I think exactly suits my case, and every word of the prayer I could adopt.

Such are my engagements that writing and reading are much neglected. I lament the loss of opportunities for this, more than anything occasioned by my leaving home. Am I in the way of my duty? If I am not, O my Father wilt thou convince me of it.

31.—I am brought, in health, and in the possession of every earthly comfort, to the close of another year. How great are my obligations to my heavenly Father! Great favors have been bestowed on me; great mercies, seen and unseen, have I experienced. O God, wilt thou fill my heart with gratitude.

Jan. 1, 1821.—Another year now opens to my view. O may I set out anew for heaven, and pursue with increased alacrity my christian race. O God, may uot this year witness so much coldness and declension in religion as the last has done. O may I increase in engagedness in the best of causes. Surely one with the advantages allotted me should be daily growing in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord—daily increasing in every christian virtue and progressing towards Zion.

TO MISS A. C. OF D.

It is with great pleasure, my dear sister, that I retire, in compliance with your request, and resume my pen for the purpose of communicating a few lines to you. Closely bound to my heart are all the children of God; but particularly that one with whom I have often walked to the house of God in company, and taken sweet counsel. Ours, I think, is an attachment which neither distance or time can remove. Should it be our lot to be separated; should the ocean roll between our mortal bodies; should lofty mountains and trackless forests intervene, still affection would cast a look beyond, and memory—lasting memory—oft recur to the hours which in the society of a beloved friend passed so rapidly away. Time does indeed hasten on. Death will soon, very soon, snatch us from these earthly abodes. Yes, my friend, this is not our home; it is only a transient dwelling place, or pathway to eternity. Here we have no continuing city, no sure abiding place. Do we in very deed seek a heavenly one, while thousands around us are only laying up treasures here—while thousands pursue the downward road to death? Have our feet been turned from these slippery paths, and are we indeed heirs of eternal blessedness? If we really are, then for us are laid up treasures which shall never fade away. Soon shall this short journey be completed, and we shall arrive at our Father's house, where are mansions waiting to receive us.

"There shall we see, and hear, and know
All we desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy."

There shall we bow with angels around the throne, strike our golden lyres, and join in the heavenly concert. There neither sin nor sorrow shall ever interrupt our joys, and no cloud nor veil obscure the bright radiance of our Saviour's face. Reciprocal love and harmony shall pervade the whole, while to our God we ascribe endless praises and glory forever and ever. And has Jesus purchased all this felicity for us with his precious blood? O what shall we render unto him for all his benefits? We can render nothing but our hearts and lives; and shall they not be his? Shall the vain things of time and sense confine us here and engross our affections? God forbid; but may we rise continually above this evil world, and may our conversation be in heaven, where alone is a lasting treasure. S. H. C.

Feb. 1.—I have now retired to the chamber, and sit at the window, where in former years I have spent so many agreeable and I trust profitable hours. Here the midnight moments have solemnly passed me by; here the rising and retiring sun has found me engaged, and here its meridian blaze has glistened around me. Once this was deemed an almost sacred spot; daily was it visited. Business did not engross my attention; and I had time to devote to the employment of writing; and the idea that this might not always be the case, urged me to improve the opportunity. I rejoice that I did, since I have not now equal opportunities, and my relish for it has in some measure left me.

The scenery which I have in former days so often

looked out upon, once more presents itself. O how delightful, could I again go back to those younger years. It is with dread that I go so swiftly forward in the current of time, to meet uncertain occurrences. Yet could I look forward and know what would through the journey of life befall me, perhaps I should see an event awaiting me from which my heart would recoil, and the idea of meeting it might embitter, dreadfully embitter, every passing moment; or I might see an event so pleasing in anticipation, that I should eagerly and sinfully wish each moment to pass more rapidly on. But Jesus reigns; and this, if rightly considered, would quell each anxious thought and rising fear. He has marked out the path for me to tread, and he will smooth the way. Only a firm confidence in him is requisite for me. O may this ever be in full exercise. I need not indeed look forward with any degree of anxiety, for "Jesus will do all things well."

TO MISS O. F. P. OF C.

Dorchester, April, 1821.

An opportunity occurs, and I take my pen for the purpose of addressing an absent friend. How pleasing is the thought that I am addressing one, with whom in christian bonds I am united. Yes, between the hearts of christians there exists an indissoluble union, a union which none but they who feel it know. By this, says the Apostle, shall all men know ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. If we have religion, we must have love. It is impossible for christians not to love each other; and you have doubtless found by expe-

rience that the nearer we live to God, and the more engaged we are in his service, the more ardent will our love be for his children. But when death has deprived us of this earthly clod; when corruption has put on incorruption, and mortal has put on immortality, then shall this grace brighten and increase, while through eternity we unite in ascribing glory and honor, dominion and power, to Him who is worthy. My dear friend, is your soul in prosperity? Are you advancing in grace and making progress Zionward? I hope the world has not engrossed your affections and your heart. It will steal, I know, imperceptibly upon us, and draw us by degrees from important concerns. It is my own experience that leads me to express these fears. Every christian is exposed. Every christian has an evil heart of unbelief, and a busy adversary to contend with. If for a season they desist from the warfare, these enemies will gain upon them. We must watch, and daily and hourly send up our supplications to him who is able to keep us from falling. Every action, however trivial, if performed from a right motive, is acceptable to God, and will be doubly repaid. O how much we have to encourage us to be up and doing—to perform our duty and be engaged in the Redeemer's cause. Every worthy consideration urges us forward, and why, why are we we so dilatory? Perhaps I err in saying *we*; but I feel that this is true with regard to myself. This I know is in consequence of not more frequently addressing the throne of grace. A desertion of the closet will always produce a coldness. Prayer is the life of religion. May we never neglect this until we re-

ceive the end of all our hopes and prayers. Till then I remain yours.

S. H. C.

TO MISS H. C., RESIDENT IN B.

Your long expected letter was handed me in February, and I embrace the first opportunity to answer it. You have been called to part with near relatives since I visited you, whom I then little thought so near their end. Your mother is released from much pain and suffering; and if she has found rest in the arms of Jesus, it must be to her a blest remove. There may we both meet her, when our journey here is accomplished. I hope neither of us will be deceived with respect to ourselves. If we have a soul that will exist forever, it certainly requires our attention here. It is all important that we should be assured of its eternal salvation before we rest, because there is no repentance in the grave; as death leaves us, so judgment must find us. My dear friend, if you have changed your belief, and rest contented in the soothing doctrine of Universal Salvation, I tremble for you. Do you not think that there is even a possibility that you mistake? After reading the sacred Scriptures, for myself, I should as soon believe there was no heaven, as no hell.

I do not think our heavenly Father partial, or a respecter of persons. I believe he is good to all, and that his tender mercies are over all his works; that he is infinitely more so than we in our weakness believe. I feel confident that he is ever ready to forgive the sins of the truly penitent, and that he stands waiting to pardon and receive them to favor. I believe his holy spirit strives

with us to bring us to him; that we, naturally prone to evil, fight against him, and that some resist until he returns no more, and then their day of grace is closed, and all remaining for them must be the displeasure and indignation of the Lord. I believe that God is now offering pardon and reconciliation through Christ to sinners. But if they turn a deaf ear—if his offers are refused—the day is coming when he "will laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh." "Then," says the Scripture, "shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me. For they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord. They would none of my counsel, they despised my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own doings." Jesus has died for the sins of the world, and will save as many of them as come to him in the way the gospel prescribes; for he says—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" and, in another place—"Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life."

You speak of the impropriety of calling a state of endless misery a second death; but the text referred to, Rev. xxi. 8, plainly says that such characters shall "have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, and this is the second death." Eternal misery is so expressed in many places in the Bible, particularly in Revelations. God says—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." We cannot infer from this that the life of the soul will become extinct, because Scripture in so many places asserts the contrary.

I should think that general observation would convince any one that the wicked did not here receive according to their deeds. Though they do not have that peace of conscience and joy in believing that the righteous enjoy, yet in temporal things they are often prosperous. The holy Psalmist thus expresses himself—"For I was envious at the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men. Behold, these are the ungodly who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastised every morning. When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God, then understood I their end," &c.

You speak of the finally impenitent, and wish me to point to the passage in the Bible where they are spoken of. I do not recollect mentioning them in particular in my last letter; but I consider those such who never exercised sincere repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and such as the Scripture alludes to in all its denunciations against the wicked, as in John—"He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him;" in 2 Thes. i. 7, 9; 1 Cor. vi. 9; Rom ii. 5, 6, 7, 8, &c. &c. The passages quoted from Matthew xxv. I should like to have you explain. I am aware that the word *them* must refer to the nations; but it certainly signifies that the nations

must be separated, and a part placed on the right hand and a part on the left—those on the right hand taken into the kingdom of God, and those on the left cast into everlasting punishment.

Scripture does indeed affirm that "he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the only begotten Son of God;" and adds—"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, but men have loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Their evil deeds, and their hatred of the light, prove that they are already under condemnation of eternal death; if not of eternal death, of what? If we sin against an infinite God, against all his infinite perfections, his infinite love and mercy extended to us, why do we not deserve an infinite punishment? We who live in a gospel land know our Master's will, and have every inducement to do it; and if we refrain, what punishment is too great for us?

"A God all mercy is a God unjust."

The subjects of eternal misery cannot, indeed, be made any better by their punishment, because after death it is too late to reform; but we have warnings sufficient to deter us from sinning against God. Yet I am not an advocate for works to merit salvation; it is nothing that we can do that can purchase the glorious prize; our repentance and reformation never can atone for past transgressions. But repentance and faith in Christ, which will produce good works, are essential to salvation. God certainly does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men; but when all his offers of grace and pardon are

for years refused and despised, it is certainly just for us to experience the well known consequence. Still we cannot think that God takes pleasure in inflicting punishment. He has declared that he takes no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but had rather he would turn from his sinful way and live. God has proved his great mercy and love to sinners in sending his only Son to suffer and die for them, and we are under infinite obligations to love and serve him. That we may both be united to him, and when time shall be no more shine as stars in the kingdom of heaven, is the sincere wish of your friend.

I little thought, on commencing my letter, that it would swell to such a length. I should apologize for this if the subject was not important. Will you overlook all imperfections, and write the first opportunity. You probably recollect our engagement to write often. I want very much to see you. If you should go through D. I should be very happy to have you call. I remain your affectionate cousin. S. H. C.

TO A CHRISTIAN SISTER.

Dear ——. After a long, a very long silence, I will improve a leisure moment to write to you. I am sincerely sorry that thoughts in regard to a non-essential rite should have such influence over your mind. Do you think its performance ever made a better christian? I believe Jesus does not require it of any of his followers, and if it is not requisite, it certainly ought not to occupy those thoughts and hours which should be more usefully employed. I would not censure you too much, and I trust

you will excuse my plainness. I hope the friendship which has so long subsisted between us is not now to be entirely dissolved. Our views and sentiments have been consonant. Yes, we have enjoyed many happy hours together, have taken sweet counsel concerning things pertaining to the kingdom of God, and often united in our addresses to the throne of grace. Gladly would I spend such hours again, and I hope you will not build up a partition wall which will bar all further agreeable intercourse, and make those hearts, once so united, strangers and unlike. No, I hope we shall yet be united as one in Christ, and at last share together that heaven where circumcision availeth nothing nor uncircumcision, and where no dissenting party shall say—Stand by, for I am holier than thou. Till then, may we remain affectionate and sincere friends. S. H. C.

April 25.—Such is the state of my health that I have again returned home; but I know it is right. I am in the hands of a good God. He ever does all things well.

May 1.—The pleasant season of the year has now arrived. But soon will this season close, and another and then another come. Time is fast passing by. Soon all the future train of earthly events which may affect myself will have accomplished their end, and then I must quit this mortal shore. O may some guardian angel conduct me safe to Immanuel's land, and I joyfully greet the messenger who bears the tidings that time with me is done, and eternity, a happy eternity, about to commence. What is there here to tempt my stay?

TO MISS A. C. OF D.

Dorchester, May 6, 1821.

On this sacred morning I hope my dear A. is with perfect health enjoying the comforts of religion, and the light of her Saviour's countenance, and is indulged with sweet communion with God. O, my friend, what true happiness does a christian enjoy, when he can look up and say —My Father and my God—and look forward in the glorious hope of a happy immortality; and were he always to live near to God, this happiness might always be his. When death approaches, he would then share in the christian's triumph, and, attended by guardian angels, waft his way to the celestial paradise, where all tears shall be wiped from his eyes, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. O, my sister, may this happiness be ours. And can we not with uplifted eyes pass unnoticed the glittering toys of earth, and all its boasted honors, laying up our treasures in heaven, and having our hearts and conversation there? Yours, affectionately. S. H. C.

9.—O God, wilt thou give me a cheerful submission to whatever may befall me here, and ever give me grace to discern and walk in the path of duty, keeping the great and final day of account constantly in view. Everything around me will then vanish as it were in a moment; the treasure in heaven only will remain. And O, if I really possess it there, may I be continually living upon what it yields me here. O God, enable me to be vigilant and persevering. Everything calls me forward; and shall I, *can* I tarry? All worth possessing lies before me; O

may I press forward and grasp the prize; may I live above this passing world, and ever recommend the peace and pleasantness of religion. It is of great importance to *live* religion. The misconduct of those who are really pious wounds exceedingly the blessed cause; and the ill conduct of those who appear in many respects to be christians, perhaps more than anything injures religion in the eyes of the gazing world. O that exalted piety, godliness and holiness in a high degree, might prevail and shine in their own splendor at least in the conduct of every christian. Shall christians be devoid of charity for the poor and the heathen—of regard for the Sabbath, the Bible, and religious books? Shall they be loose in their conversation, and careless in their actions? What an idea must those form of religion who judge of it only by what they see in christians, whose failings and apparent lightness and carelessness are viewed in such cases in the most unfavorable light.

10.—19 years of my life have rolled away, just like a dream of the night, or a tale that is told. Perhaps this is the last anniversary of the kind I shall ever see. Whenever I am called to quit this scene, whether in early life or at a more advanced period, may He who is the sovereign Disposer of all things kindly take my soul to rest, and all other things are of little consequence.

19.—I have been for several hours engaged in reading the Missionary Herald, containing interesting news from missionaries. The reception of those at the Sandwich Islands surely is enough to excite the grateful song and joyful tear; while the embarrassments of others, and particu-

larly of the Board, the source of their subsistence, must in turn excite the tear of sorrow. Mine, hard as is my heart and callous to tenderness, I could not suppress. O had I thousands—had I millions, and my present feelings, gladly would I present it all, and myself too, to this important work. Shall the Macedonian cry daily be sent forth, and will christians shut their ears? The heathen have claims upon us. More than we absolutely need to supply our wants, is not ours. God will not approve our conduct if we put our hand to a single cent and spend it where we need it not. Who among us would not recoil at the thought of taking the charities of others for ourselves, or stealing that which was already appropriated to missionaries? Yet if we spend more in any one thing than is absolutely necessary, how is our crime less heinous? The only difference is, this is in our hands, and the other has been put out of them. Shall professing christians be guilty of such inconsistency and daring outrage?

26. *Sabbath Morn.*—This is a delightful morning; to a christian how doubly dear should it be! On this sacred day did the Captain of our salvation burst the bars of death, and rise triumphant from the grave. O may I be enabled on this holy day to burst the chains which confine me to the vanities of earth, and rise above all these fading toys.

Eve.—The sun, gradually inclining to the western horizon, silently proclaims the close of the day. Gone, far beyond my reach, are the departed hours. The few days allotted me below likewise draw to a close, and so

likewise do I descend the vale which will finally terminate in the cold grave. There shall shortly all my hopes and prospects, all my anxieties and sorrows, buried lie, and oblivion cover them with her veil. There shall this weary body, this aching head, this throbbing breast, these moving limbs, and all this wonderful machine, find a lasting resting place. What will then avail all the labor and pains now bestowed upon it? Will it smooth a downy pillow, or make an easy bed? Will it refine it, purify it, and fit it to sleep a refreshing sleep, and in the morning of the resurrection to appear before my Saviour? Ah, no. O why, then, should I spend one anxious thought respecting wherewith it should be fed and clothed; or why should I set any value upon the honors and applauses of the world, since in a few days they will thus cease forever? O let me daily aspire for something more valuable. There is a treasure laid up in heaven for all the ransomed of the Lord, for all who fear before him. O what honors here are proffered. My God, wilt thou give me ambition; give me a noble spirit, an aspiring mind, and I shall rise at once and seize as if by violence an inheritance in the skies—a kingdom in heaven. O what shall I there enjoy! If now, clothed in flesh, with all my imperfections, my contracted views, my wicked heart averse to what is good, and without a sight, Jesus's character appears so lovely, so perfect, and infinitely excellent; and if it so engages my thoughts, and makes me, notwithstanding my earthly-mindedness, so ardently long to be with him—O how much more, how much more beyond all comparison, must I enjoy, when

from this clay undrest, and my spirit purified, I behold him face to face, see and know all his glory, comprehend all the worth of his character, and enjoy the full fruition of my utmost wishes! Truly heaven is far above the most exalted stretch of the imagination. And am I thither bound? This is an important question, and the answer to another important one may decide the case. If in reply to the question, "What think ye of Christ?" I can say I think him and find him to be all things to me—above everything else I can enjoy—the chief among ten thousands—all my salvation, and all my desire, may I not hope?

TO MISS I. S.

Dorchester, June, 1821.

My Dear Friend—I take my pen to comply with your last request of me previous to your leaving Dorchester. I have in imagination often visited you since you left us. Fancy has wafted me to some sheltering rock, near which stands the humble dwelling which I have supposed you to occupy. No elegance of taste, no embellishment of art, are there displayed. No refined society of learning or science dwell within. No regular walks nor ornamental gardens beautify the scene; but here and there an ancient oak, or cragged rock, rises to view—and not far distant an immense forest, an almost impenetrable wilderness, bounds the scenery. But near, perhaps, runs some purling stream, which, as it gently descends over rocks and pepples, invites my dear Irene to serious contemplation. In the surrounding landscape, though con-

tracted, you behold the beauties of nature free from the obstructions of art. The glorious orb of day regularly rises and sets, copious showers descend and refresh the earth, and the barren wilderness, as well as the cultivated field, thrives and flourishes. The hand of God must there be wonderfully displayed. How manifest in the rising shrubs and flowers, all perfect in form and comeliness, though concealed from general observation. Many useful lessons may there be learned. Gentle rills that chime through the cleft rocks, and whispering zephyrs in the waving branches, like the still small voice to Elijah, bespeak the presence of a God; in them, as well as in harsher sounds, do we hear his voice. The verdure of the Spring strongly evinces his care for us. He is not unmindful of us, however lonely and retired may be our situation. He sees, he watches, constantly watches, and with peculiar care protects his own dear children. Just like an herb in yonder desert, which is secluded from the public eye and from friendly culture, yet is caused to grow and flourish in its season; so the child of God, though deprived of many of the gospel privileges, under the beneficence of heaven will sweetly thrive—for "where he vital smiles, there must be joy."

I wish to hear that you enjoy the comforts of life, and have the satisfaction of seeing your efforts crowned with success and of knowing that you are doing good. If you have this satisfaction, I need not say that I hope you are happy. But I sincerely congratulate you. You are building the walls of Zion, advancing the Redeemer's kingdom, and aiding to usher in that glorious day when all

shall know him, from the least to the greatest. Glorious undertaking! In such a business you cannot be weary. Should an host encamp against you, the Lord is on your side, and you need not fear. Probably obstacles do arise, and the prospect is sometimes dark; but he who has promised never to leave or forsake you, will still be near; and when all other comforts fail, if in him is placed the firmest confidence, you will never be moved. As we travel through this world, in any condition, many and various will be our trials; but if we rely on that strong arm which created the world and redeemed man from hell, safe and secure we shall remain, and nothing, as St. Paul expresses himself, "neither life nor death," &c. shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Such is the soothing power of our religion; it calms amid the storms of life, and sweetly captivates the soul when darkness and distress surround.

My dear friend, you have stepped forward to meliorate the condition of our fellow creatures. May you be followed by multitudes, eminently qualified for the arduous employment, while the prayers and munificence of those left behind shall water and bring to an exuberant growth the precious seed sown under the smiles of heaven.

I trust that, though absent, you often think of our little "Gleaning Circle." I hope when you approach the throne of grace you remember it; and O, when there, will you also remember your useless friend. I know I have no right to encroach upon your precious time; but if you can spare a few moments and write a few lines to

me, I cannot tell you how acceptable they would be. When you get those under your care so forward as to write, will you not encourage them to write short letters to a friend in D. who feels very much interested in their behalf, and by whom they would be gratefully received and readily answered. Specimens of their writing and sentiments would give me great pleasure. S. H. C.

2.—Sable night approaches. Another day, where is it? Gone, forever gone, with the years beyond the flood. What testimony shall there be borne by mispent days against their insolvent debtor in the court of heaven? Should I be summoned there to appear and answer for my crimes, alas! what could I say? Would any one witness for me? Is there not one who would plead for me? There *is* One who has left heaven and suffered and died to atone for my crimes; and will he, when my naked soul is exposed at the just bar of God, and a long black catalogue of crimes appears against me, when I have no other refuge and nothing to look to but a frowning Judge and an eternal and direful doom, then will he flee also? Will my Saviour then forsake me? I hope, I trust, he will not. No, he will then plead; his wounded side, his scars, his buffeting and scourging, will then plead the atonement he made; and a God that delights in mercy will for his sake spare the rebel. O my God, are these hopes ill founded? Do I go too far in believing that I shall be saved? Am I yet in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity? O, I entreat thee, I earnestly entreat thee to give me sincere repentance and faith in

Jesus Christ; and if I am thine, may I live as becometh a christian.

5.—Have just been apprised of the decease of a cousin in Vermont, whom I addressed by letter last summer. She is the first of my correspondents who has paid the debt of nature, and she in the bloom of life. Eleanor, thou art gone. Never again shall my pen perform the pleasant office of writing to you. O how highly shall I value her letters, and the little token of her friendship. After a long series of suffering and sorrow, with joy she bade this world adieu, and her happy spirit winged its way to the new Jerusalem. O may I soon meet her there, unless there is something for me to do here.

10.—Received a letter a few days since from H. C., whose precious soul, I hope, will never realize that place of torment of which she now thinks so lightly. But while I think of these things, I do not dress my God in terrors, and view him as a tyrant, or unjust. Far from it. No; I can think of his denunciations against the wicked, of his eternal punishment of the ungodly, and yet think him a merciful being, who does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men; and with him I can safely repose my soul, my all, and rejoice that such a God can dispose of me. Not that I view him as partial—partial to me. No, all that come to him, he will safely protect; and when his storm of wrath consumes the wicked, these shall be hidden in his pavilion, and remain sweetly at rest. O why is it that my views are so different from those of my beloved relative. O Lord, wilt thou convince those that are wrong of their error.

TO MISS H. C. OF S.

DEAR COUSIN—It must be a great consolation, when parting with friends, to think that they will rest in heaven; and that when the cares and toils of this mortal life are over, we shall meet them there and partake of the felicity of those who bow at the throne of Jehovah. Surely the anticipation of so much joy must in this life sweeten every bitter cup, and call our affections above this transitory world. Adam, our forefather, by one act of disobedience, brought death to this world and all our wo. The sentence is passed, and all men must die. But Jesus has risen; he has burst the bars of death, and risen triumphant. So all who sleep in death shall likewise rise. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection from the dead; or, in other words, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." All souls are indeed in the possession of him who made all things, and he may dispose of them in whatever manner he pleases. Those who rebel and disobey his righteous laws, he may justly consign to eternal wo; and to those who are washed in the blood of the Lamb, and made meet for heaven, the day which ushers them into the glorious courts of heaven must be far more auspicious than that which introduces them to a world like this, where sin and iniquity abound. You ask how we can be sure of our salvation, unless it is God's will that all should be saved. We cannot be sure, nor have we any hope of our salvation, unless we believe God is willing that we should be saved. Whatever we believe concerning others, will not affect our own eternal concerns. We must be-

lieve for ourselves, and ensure our own salvation. It is God's design that all shall be saved that will partake of his grace, and this design he will beyond all doubt accomplish. My belief is probably as firmly fixed as yours. But, my dear H., one of us must be wrong. Which it is, if not decided before, will be decided in another world.

I do not know what I advanced in my last that made you think I had such shocking ideas of God's character. Was it because I acknowledged him good to all, and his tender mercies to be over all his works; that he was infinitely more so than we in weakness believed—infinitely better to us than we believe him to be? I know not how to express his benevolence in stronger terms, though deeply sensible that I do not feel the gratitude I ought for what I experience.

Prayer is indeed inculcated on us, not only for ourselves, but for others. But though it is an incumbent duty for us to pray for all men without distinction, I do not think it an incumbent duty to believe that all, without exception, will be saved. Notwithstanding all the encouragement we have to pray, we cannot think that our prayers will save the whole world. We ought to address our God in the belief that he is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, for things agreeable to his will, and then we shall not sin: but if we address him without any faith in him, we undoubtedly mock his holy name and commit sin. God has evidently proved his love to the human race, though sinners; but it cannot be consistent with his holiness to love sin. He freely offers salvation; and if we might have an idea that God could weep, it would be

when he sees sinners wilfully plunging into ruin. He has stretched forth his arm to rescue. He entreats them to accept proffered pardon. "Heaven has bled that man might live." God has provided a way in which, consistent with his justice, he can save rebellious sinners. "Whosoever will, may come and partake of the waters of life." "All things are ready."

We do not, my dear friend, sentence millions of our fellow creatures to endless misery and wo. No, far from it. Nor does God sentence any of those who are willing to be saved. But can we carry these wicked hearts to heaven? No: unless our hearts are changed before we die; unless we have, for a carnal mind, which is at enmity with God, the spirit of Christ, we cannot enjoy the society of heaven. Consequently, instead of being happy after the body and soul are separated, the consciousness of what we have lost, of all the offers of mercy which we have refused, with the idea of spending an eternity in such a situation, would so harrow up our feelings as to create a dreadful hell for us. Still, though sinners suffer all this punishment, God is the same. Yesterday and to-day he was and is the lover of sinners. Though thousands probably this moment suffer their deserts, he is the friend of sinners. Though so many have refused, he still offers reconciliation to those that now live. His arms are still extended to save, and he will not cease to love or do those good who are within the reach of hope. This I think consistent with the character of a just and merciful God. Those words from Young's Night Thoughts, "A God all mercy is a God unjust," are true. The few preceding

lines in my opinion may be applied to those who try to defend Universal Salvation.

> "Why set at odds Heaven's jarring attributes,
> And with one excellence another wound,
> Maim heaven's perfections, break its equal beams,
> Bid mercy triumph over God himself,
> Undeified by such opprobrious praise?
> A God all mercy is a God unjust."

I think God's attributes are all in unison. Justice does not oppose what mercy dictates.

You wish to know where eternal misery is called the second death in Revelations. I can point you to the passages, viz. Rev. ii. 11; xx. 6, 14; xxi. 8. You observe the righteous shall be recompensed in this world, much more the wicked and the sinner; but you do not think that the righteous have all their recompense here—and why, then, the wicked and sinner? In the other passages you have quoted, Universal Salvation is not to my satisfaction proved. It is not, I think, because I have wilfully shut my eyes to the force of reasoning. I know I am apt to err, and my weak judgment may lead me astray; but I read nothing in the Bible like this—that every person, without exception, will be an heir of heaven. Nor do I read that there is but one state after death. But plainly do I see a distinction made between the righteous and wicked in their future condition. If you think that those verses contained in Coll. i. prove that everything mentioned will be reconciled to God, it is certainly done by the blood of Christ, which redeemeth from sin; and unless this blood is applied to us and we redeemed from sin and reconciled to God, we can be none of his. By

him, and in no other way, are all things to be reconconciled. I read nothing in these verses which appears to have the least allusion to a future state; of course nothing that proves that all are to be saved. The apostle says, in another place—"Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ; as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." It is here evident that our reconciliation depends upon our own choice.

I hope no person meditates solely on the misery of the impenitent after death; if any one does, he certainly cannot be happy. We are to seek our own salvation, and rejoice that a way is provided.

Thus far I think I have answered everything contained in your letter, and shall now proceed to ask you questions. If there is no hell to escape, why do we receive so many warnings in the holy word, such as to flee from the wrath to come, &c.? and why so many exhortations? Why were the apostles commanded to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature? Why should they suffer privations and hardships, toil and hunger, when all were safe? Was this the doctrine they preached? I should think the persecutions they suffered a sufficient evidence that it was not. I know not why they should be persecuted and put to death, if they told their hearers they would surely be saved. No, I believe this language never did nor never will excite enmity or malice in a sinner's heart. It is ever congenial to his feelings to be assured that anxiety about futurity is unnecessary. It will never incite the inquiry, What shall I do to be saved?

nor, What good thing shall I do to inherit eternal life? but perhaps always tends to lull men into security. And when they feel secure and confident that all will be well, do they guard their hearts and lives with as much care as if they thought there was a future state of retribution—an Almighty God who noticed all their faults, as just as he is good, and good as he is just? Not, my friend, that I would by any means convey the idea that it is my opinion that none are christians who believe this doctrine. If I did, you might justly charge me with a great deficiency in that sweet grace, charity. I know that christians may and do err; that they sometimes fall into worse errors than believing this: but I think this a doctrine that would be pleasing to a very unholy heart. But its being so pleasing is no proof that it is true. I think the christian who has had his heart renewed by the influence of divine grace—with whom old things have passed away and all things become new—who daily walks with God, feeds on heavenly things, and lives above the world, looking forward to the happy hour when he knows his Saviour shall present him faultless before his Father's throne, there to reign forever—far more happy, though at times harassed with temptations and sorrows, than the one who soothes or tries to soothe a checking conscience and hush the tumult in his breast by the belief, which he cannot but know may after all prove fallacious, that finally he and all his fellow creatures will be brought to heaven. A well-informed understanding will not allow him to affirm, in the presence of his God, that he knows he of all the human race is right; that he only, with a few (comparatively few), have

been rightly taught. No, a spirit of charity and candor will not suffer him thus confidently to rely upon his own opinions without a doubt. He knows that, as many have been led to change their views on a death bed, so his basis may then likewise fall to ruins; and if it should, he must, as many of his brethren in the same human family believe, be irrecoverably lost. This reflection, even if he is fixed in the belief, will at some silent hour steal in; and the more charity he exercises towards others, the more humility he possesses, and the more obedient he is to that command which tells him to think more highly of others than himself—in short, the more he loves his God and reverences his Maker—the more anxious will he be to ascertain whether he is certainly right. I speak only of what reason dictates; but if once this reason is prompted by sincere repentance of former transgressions, and sincere love to God, it will excite this inquiry with the greatest solicitude, Am I wrong, or am I right? and thus break his peace and disturb his rest until this most important of all questions is solved. Happy would it be if every one thus exercised would take the Bible, and, with an impartial eye, examine its sacred contents, and with prayerful attention search for the truth until they found the pearl, the precious pearl of exceeding great value.

Will you not write again soon? Though our sentiments differ, it is still pleasant to me to receive letters from a friend I ever loved. My health is not much improved. I thank you for your kind wishes. May we meet in another world, where divisions are not known, but where amity and concord universally reign. Till then, I remain yours affectionately. S. H. C.

20.—Have been thinking to-day of nature's weak fabric. How exposed it hourly is to innumerable injuries—how subject to pain and sickness. A slight disorder utterly debilitates it, and renders it unfit for any action or service; and how thick disorders lurk around us. Even the air we breathe may convey to us some pestilential infection, which will at once subject us to the most torturing pains. Then the body, before in all its vigor and utmost strength, what is it? The mind, likewise, is perhaps just as easily injured, subject to as many disasters, and capable of feeling greater wo. How wavering and unstable; how exposed to errors which in the issue are pains and heart-aches. But what is the cause of all this? Shall we accuse our Maker of injustice in forming us thus? He formed man pure. Spotless, resembling God himself, was the first soul created on earth. The breath of the Almighty, or a spark from that holy flame, that unbounded fountain of light and excellence, was within him. But man, strongly tempted by Satan, ate the forbidden fruit, and involved all his posterity in wo. It is therefore *sin* that makes us weak and exposes us to so many calamities. O for a release from sin. But as I cannot be entirely released from its dominion so long as I remain below, may I daily strive to conquer and eradicate it as much as possible from my breast, and finally overcome all corruption. Every beating pulse leaves the number less; every day that rolls over my head, every night through which I am protected, diminishes my time on earth. Years that fly away, take off a large portion; and nineteen have certainly greatly lessened, if not almost consumed, the num-

ber. Thousands, since I existed, have fallen on my right hand and on my left. The mandate has been hourly issued from the court of heaven; the fatal blow has been hourly struck at some of the human race. I have not yet been summoned hence; but ere to-morrow's sun gilds the horizon, I, too, may be called into the eternal world, there to offer up the solemn account. Would hope then forsake me? Would not my Saviour be nigh—he in whom I trust and do believe? If I am really his, I know he would, and then my soul should greet that blest abode and see its smiling God.

22.—Have spent the greater part of this day in bed. This weak frame, how much the slave to infirmity! But it will soon find a rest in the grave. O, my soul, be prepared for laying aside this body.

TO MISS A. C.

What a delightful morning is this! The air is sweet and refreshing, and the little songsters are chanting their melodious lays to their Creator. How much louder should our songs be raised! to how much more exalted praise our lips be tuned! We are indebted not only for creation and preservation, but for glorious redemption. For us the Son of God has bled, and groaned, and died. For us mansions are prepared above the sky; happy spirits are waiting to receive us, and angels to guard us thither. And shall we be insensible and ungrateful for all these favors? Forbid it, O our God. But, alas! I have to lament, deeply to lament my stupidity and coldness when thinking of these animating themes. My dear friend,

would not a sincere christian, when reflecting on the love of his Redeemer and heavenly Father, feel his heart warmed with true devotion and glowing with zeal and ardent affection to such a God? Would he not rise above all earthly things, live as it were constantly in heaven, and, after one foretaste of a Saviour's love, constantly dwell upon the interesting subject? But I, alas! I can ponder over these things, and my heart seems callous. I can reflect upon the sufferings of my Saviour, and my eyes forbear to weep; or if any feeling is excited, it is very soon effaced. I fear I shall at last be weighed in the balance and found wanting. O, if we could realize as we ought the shortness of time, and the infinite importance of being prepared to die, should we feel stupid and cold? I need your prayers and expostulations. Will you let me have them. Yours, &c. S. H. C.

24.—I fear I am not so submissive to my heavenly Father's dispensations as I ought to be. In one instance I know not how to be reconciled. Tears steal from my eyes, and I can hardly avoid saying—Lord, why hast thou thus afflicted thine Israel? How can we submit to thy providence? But it is the Lord; and behind a frowning providence, I know he often hides a smiling face. Though the prospect of his people may be dark, very dark, yet this season may usher in a glorious day. Yes, I must write that which I would willingly, if consistent with the will of God, have laid down my life to prevent. Dr. Worcester is no more—that excellent man, that eminent christian, that friend and patron and father of Missions and

Missionary Societies. He is gone, undoubtedly, to reap the fruit of his labors; but his friends, and all the friends of Zion, are left to mourn.

July 5.—With returning health I feel an increasing inclination to take my pen and attribute to my God the praise and honor due to his name. O for a grateful heart—a heart sensible as it ought to be of all the infinite obligations I am under to him. It is he that has raised me from a bed of sickness. Yes, since I last wrote I have been the subject of very great pain and debility. I felt the need of patience and submission to the divine will, while wearisome days and nights were appointed me. But though distressed, I felt that I was surrounded with kind friends and all necessary comforts.

In my sickness I was led to think of death. My disease was such as I knew, if not checked, would lead to that lingering but surely fatal disorder, a consumption. The gloomy vale and opening grave were not alluring. But I trust I felt submissive; and at times, when reflecting on the joy that would follow if I was really united to Christ, I thought to depart and be with him was far better than to remain in the flesh. But I had many doubts, and a very wandering mind. Among the many comforts and privileges which I enjoyed, one which I greatly valued was a pious physician. Surrounded with mercies, O when shall I be sufficiently thankful?

25.—I have approached the throne of grace, and have found nearness of access to the Father of mercies. O what a privilege! Without prayer, a christian must die. All his graces, all his soul, are on the decline, the moment

he neglects this duty. Perhaps I may attribute all my coldness to this neglect. O God, wilt thou preserve me from committing this sin again, and make me ever attentive to the duties of the closet.

TO MISS L. S. OF Q.

My dear Lucy, after a long silence, has favored her unworthy friend with an interesting letter. Various were the reasons I assigned for your not writing before. Cowper somewhere observes, that when his correspondents are silent he concludes they wish him to be so too; and this opinion I had almost adopted for my own. The neglect I can easily forgive, deeply sensible that I deserve none of the productions of your pen.

I was sorry to read your complaints of darkness of mind and stupidity. Your letter found me in a similar state. My coldness and stupidity have undoubtedly exceeded yours; it has been very great for many months; and yet, my friend, how is it possible that a christian can be stupid? Everything calls to energy. If we think of that all-creating fiat which spoke the world into existence, and all its concomitant attendants, it is enough to excite our highest veneration and esteem. If we think of that more stupendous deed, Jesus himself coming down to suffer and die for sinners—for us—will it not excite our love and banish stupidity? Shall we long view with a realizing sense these objects, and suffer stupidity to be our companion? I am inclined to think it is the neglect of private duties that produces this state, and that it is only prayer which can revive us. An animating sermon, or

pious conversation, may alarm or comfort us for a season; but if we are not led often to the closet, these feelings will be transient. Prayer is the only remedy. Only while we pray, we live. I hope you have acquired peace of mind, and are walking in the light of Immanuel's countenance. Here is a fountain open; here is a sufficiency. All who apply shall be richly fed, for he sends none empty away. Religion is the precious pearl, by which we are repaid, richly repaid, for parting with every other possession. If we love God supremely, will it not be our constant aim to promote his glory? The love of the world is our great barrier. How apt we are to try to reconcile God and Mammon, and serve them both. But "he that is not for me," says the Saviour, "is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." Our heart and affections must therefore be pure. He penetrates the inmost corners of the heart. If there is anything sincere, it is accepted; but if not—if we profess to honor him with our lips, while our hearts are far from him—we incur the wo pronounced against the Pharisees. If we have the form of godliness, but deny the power, we have no interest in him. How important, then, it is that we should examine ourselves, and see whether we are really on the Lord's side or against him. The great day of decision is approaching; with us the solemn hour may be very near at hand, when we shall stand before our Judge. After all our professions, O may we not be condemned. S. H. C.

30.—O what a privilege it is to be permitted to approach the mercy seat by prayer. May I ever rightly

appreciate it, and never spend another day without repeatedly performing this duty. I believe our heavenly Father delights to honor those who wish to know him; and if we in sincerity bend the knee to him, though we merit nothing, yet he will condescend richly to reward us.

Aug. 5. *Sabbath Morn.*—My wicked heart is almost inclined to think it hard that I cannot this day go to the house and table of the Lord. This is the third Communion Sabbath that I have been detained at home. But though I long to be there, I know it is right, perfectly right, that I am detained. Formerly, when in a very cold frame, I have dreaded the approach of the communion, sensible that I was unworthy. O have I not abused this solemn ordinance? "Show pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive." What can I do but cry for mercy before God?

I never can behold but with extreme regret that foolish haughtiness, which teaches one person to value himself more highly than another, on account of riches or promotion, and to scorn to oblige, or speak to, a fellow creature in every other respect his equal, frequently his superior. If I see this in my best friend, it is equally odious. I have seen those who are thought real christians, tainted with this. I bless God I have seen but a few instances, for it has wounded me to the heart, though not personally in the least concerned. I have at such times asked—Can these be followers of Jesus? Was this the spirit he manifested? I have always thought this betrayed at least a very great weakness, wherever it was found. Where sense is wanting, the vacancy is not unusually filled up with pride. "Where wit fails, pride

comes to our defence." Pride, I know, pervades in a greater or less degree every heart; but where a heart is renewed and made truly noble, pride is subdued. Lord, wilt thou give me the meek and lowly spirit of my Saviour. No pride—pernicious, despicable pride—was ever seen in him. But knowing the weakness of human nature, he took frequent occasions to exhort all his followers to humility. He washed the disciples' feet, and wished them to do the same. And shall a disciple turn with disdain from one professedly his disciple too?

10.—While engaged, last winter, I formed a resolution, if I should spend this summer at home, and nothing special prevented, to devote a great part of my time to the acquirement of religious and other useful knowledge. But, alas! the summer is very far advanced, and how little progress have I made. Have I not misimproved my time? To what has it been devoted? What have I produced? O God, wilt thou forgive mispent time, and help me for the future to redeem and rightly improve every precious moment. I often think of the happy hours which I spent with my dear A. I might have reaped more benefit from her profitable society.

18. *Sabbath Morn.*—O when shall I again come and appear before God in his holy courts? I think I can say with the Psalmist—"My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the tabernacle of the Lord of hosts."

TO MISS A. C. OF B.

Dorchester, August 21, 1821.

It is with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain, my beloved sister, that I perused and re-perused your letter,

handed me on the 18th. As I read, I could not forbear weeping. This is indeed a rugged path, but it is a path which Jesus himself has trod. He has felt all the bitterness of grief. Poignant anguish probably filled his heart, as he breathed out the pathetic lamentation over Jerusalem; and at the grave of a departed friend he likewise groaned in spirit and diffused his heartfelt sorrow in tears. And is it strange that as we sojourn here we should frequently be called to mourn and weep? This is the path our dear Father has marked out for us. He saw it absolutely necessary, in order to prosecute his plans and advance his glory, that we should each be placed in exactly the situation in which we are. I trust your treasure is laid up in heaven, and that you do not seek it here—that you are accustomed to soar upward in quest of sincere enjoyment, to feed on heavenly things—and that you derive your greatest felicity from beyond the skies.

Undoubtedly, as you have advanced in years, you have felt more and more the want of guardians, advisers and counsellors; and perhaps now, more than ever, you lament the early death of those into whose hands Providence saw fit to cast you. Forgive me, my beloved sister, if I distress you by mentioning these departed relatives. You are doubtless convinced that it is right, perfectly right, that you should see their faces no more until you meet them in glory, and begin anew with them the songs that shall never end, even praise unto God. Yes, we shall soon have passed "to the fair realms of endless light." However difficult our journey, we have the sweet consolation of knowing that it will soon be accomplished; and

if we are really united to Christ, with what inexpressible joy shall we greet the fair morning which shall usher us into those blest abodes. Is not this heaven worth fighting for? worth a short warfare here? for the christian's life is indeed a warfare. The fierce fiends of hell are, as it were, in arms against us. But we may apply to ourselves the words of Elisha, when his servant saw an host of enemies compass the city, and cried—"Alas! my master, how shall we do?" and he calmly replied—"Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." Horses and chariots of fire waited around this man of God, to deliver him from those who aimed his overthrow. Is not a child of God equally as precious now, in his sight, as those holy men were then? What a comfort it is to believe that they are. I remain yours, in love. S. H. C.

Oct. 3.—My heavenly Father sees fit again to remove in some measure my complaints, and spare me a little longer. O may I no longer live a cumberer of the ground.

14.—I cannot express my ardent desire this day to go to the house of God. O when shall I come and appear before him in his holy courts? But this is my Father's good pleasure, and I will not complain.

TO MISS P. C. OF D.

Dorchester, October, 1821.

I retire to my chamber and take my pen to commence a correspondence with my dear Miss C., in the hope that it may be productive of great good to our never-dying

souls. But though pleased with the idea of a correspondence with a beloved friend, it is with some degree of reluctance that I attempt to address you. Sensible of my own incapacity in writing, and your superior abilities, I fear I can neither please nor edify. But it is the humble, unadorned doctrines of our Saviour which I trust we shall both choose for the subject of our letters. These are plain and simple, and adapted by him who was Wisdom itself to the meanest capacity. He has condescended to reveal his mind and will so clearly that he that runs may read, and "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." Thus our duty is evident, and we are told what we ought to be, though the perfections of our Maker are far beyond human conception. It was he who created this universe, with its millions of rational creatures. O what evidences there are around us of his greatness—of his infinite power. Without beginning of days, or end of years, he reigns alone—sways his sceptre over kingdoms and worlds, and all the armies of heaven. But, as in the hollow of his hand he holds his own dear children—kindly protects them in every danger, and whoso toucheth them toucheth the apple of his eye. He will deign to notice the meanest and most obscure among them, and safely bring them to glory. Are we of this happy number? Have we peace within, and is this peace ratified by God? Are we in reality his? Specious names of godliness and piety, and high sounding professions, will avail nothing in the great day of decision. The hypocrite will then be disrobed. We may go far without true religion, which alone will stand the final test.

We are commanded by our Lord to watch, to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. Without watchfulness and prayer we may fall grievously. We have nothing in us, no inherent power, that can insure for a moment a safe standing after we cease to lean on him. It is the immediate and special assistance of the Almighty that must hold us up. O what a consolation is the thought that he is able and willing to conduct us through our wearisome journey to the "peaceful inn of lasting rest." This pilgrimage is short. These tedious labors will very soon be finished. Our final destiny we soon shall meet. May the light of our Father's countenance irradiate the gloomy valley, and his kind hand bring us to his seat, there to unite in the music of Paradise. Yours in love.

S. H. C.

21. *Sabbath Eve.*—O what a blessed privilege I have enjoyed this day. I have this afternoon been permitted to go to the house of God, and feed upon the richest manna. Yes, my hungry, thirsting soul has had a supply. Blessed be God for such a favor.

TO MISS I. S. OF MAINE.

I trust you, my dear friend, possess what must be very necessary in your situation—zeal and devotedness to God, and a prayerful spirit. Whether you are separated entirely from christian friends and gospel privileges, I have not learnt. I am very glad if you are favored with these blessings. If you are not, you probably feel the more need of constant help from heaven and of often visiting

the throne of grace. You have undoubtedly found our heavenly Father a present God in time of need, for he is never unmindful of his own dear children. Thither may we repair in every difficulty, and with confidence, without the least fear of a repulse, look up to him and gain relief. While travelling in this world we are the subjects of privations and hardships, toils and sorrows, and if we have commenced the christian life we have many enemies to conquer. We have entered the field of battle in the face of potent enemies. But here Jesus has stood before us. Here he has fought and here conquered, and he has promised to assist us that we shall not fall. "In the world," he says, "ye must have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." But we are not always to fight against principalities and powers. Our time on earth is short. How necessary, then, that we should have our lamps trimmed and burning, and be in readiness to meet the bridegroom, for then our destiny must be decided. Then, if children of God, we shall greet our wished-for home, the dear mansions of rest. No toils or sorrows shall there disturb our peace—nothing shall there harrow up our minds, and interrupt our happiness; but God himself shall kindly wipe away all tears from our eyes, soothe our aching hearts, and cordially welcome us to that blessed abode. No longer shall we complain of sin, our raging foe; no longer shall its venom spread within, and taint our best performances. Coldness and stupidity, so prevalent among the heirs of heaven here, are unheard of there. A pure flame of love shall possess our hearts, and sincere devotion burn

within our breasts, as we stand and praise before the throne of his adorable Majesty. Surely so much glory is worth striving to obtain—worth a life of devotedness to him.

I have been much exercised with sickness during the past summer and fall, but am now just restored to a comfortable degree of health. I have been much detained from the house of God. But God is not confined to tabernacles. No, he is ever present—"where'er we rest, where'er we roam."

My dear sister, my thoughts are often with you. I have wished I could join you and be useful. There is no sacrifice I could not make if a door for usefulness to the wretched ignorant, to the poor heathen, should open. It is your province to labor among the necessitous. May it be that of your friends to pray for you and them. I trust you are not forgotten. May you persevere, and pursue your labors with renewed zeal and activity. But while you exert yourself in a field of usefulness, I hope you will not labor beyond your strength, and so wear yourself out too soon. Perhaps this caution is necessary.

Yours in love. S.

TO MISS H. C. OF S.

I retire to take my pen for the purpose of answering your letter. I am sorry that there must be such a difference in our sentiments; but we may yet perfectly agree. We *shall* agree when we enter eternity, and know the truth. I hope we shall be so happy as to arrive at those blessed mansions which our Saviour has graciously pre-

pared for those who love him. He has laid down his life for us, and is inviting us to accept of pardon and peace and be finally happy.

I think it is in the power of God to bring rebellious man into subjection to him, for he has done it. Stubborn sinners have been brought to bow before his throne in humble submission to his will—to embrace the gospel, and rest in the ark of safety. But any one who does not comply and accept of salvation, it is not in *our* power, had we the inclination, to consign to eternal wo. A fellow creature never had a license to condemn another to future misery. No, we are forbidden to *judge* others. But we have the greatest reason to believe that there are many who, as our Saviour says, will not come unto him that they may have life, but choose for themselves the pleasures of sin for a season, the consequence of which is death. Are you surprised that I should express anxiety on your account, if you rest contented in the doctrine of Universal Salvation? It is a deceitfully pleasing doctrine, and I am not without my apprehensions that it will be the means of leading many to ruin. Many, in the near views of eternity, have seen its shallow basis, and renounced it—have confessed it unfit to die by. It will not abide by them and comfort them when the solemn hour of death approaches, and when visions and dreams must flee away. Then they would grasp at something real, some solid foundation to build their hopes upon.

It appears very plain to me in Scripture, that there is a future state, and that at the day of judgment some shall awake to everlasting life, and some to shame and ever-

lasting contempt. The question which agitates so many minds at the present day, was once proposed to our Saviour. One said to him—"Lord, are there few that be saved?" To whom he replied—"Many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in at the straight gate, and shall not be able." This answer he accompanied with an exhortation to him to strive to secure his own salvation, lest he should also be found walking the broad way; for he adds—"When once the Master of the house is risen up and shut to the door, he will say to those that are knocking without, I tell you I know you not. Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity." At the resurrection our mortal bodies will doubtless be changed. We read in the Bible that this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible shall put on incorruption; but nothing respecting our hearts being changed at the same time.

My opinion respecting unbelievers agrees with yours, that they are dead, dead in trespasses and sins. The apostles acknowledged that they were in this situation before their conversion. You have confessed that sinners are dead; and if already dead, how is it possible for them to experience the second death here? You will acknowledge, too, that sinners are unhappy and miserable. In one of your letters you observed that you could not see the propriety of calling a state of misery in another world a second death; but if sinners are unhappy here and properly called dead, is it not proper to call a state of misery hereafter a second death? I am very far from thinking our heavenly Father a tyrant. God forbid that the thought should ever enter my heart. Think *Him* a

tyrant who considers our weakness, and requires no more of us than we are able to perform, and accepts our meanest services; who pities us in affliction, and kindly administers comfort to our hearts by his holy spirit; and when we have no other refuge, will condescend to be our covert from the wind and stormy tempest; and for all our disobedience chastens us even as a father chasteneth a son in whom his soul delighteth! Shall I have such a thought of that Being, who, notwithstanding all our sin and rebellion, still holds us in existence, and still proffers mercy and invites us to heaven, there to remain with him and be perfectly happy? Shall I, can I ever entertain such a thought of my God as this you suggest? He need use no exertion—he need but frown, and we die; need but speak the word, and we are lost eternally. But he does not frown, he does not utter his voice to consign us to our deserts, until we have refused his offers of mercy. He sees that it is for the good of his creatures that a part should be saved, and a part left to their own free choice. A part, therefore, he does as it were force to obey, while the others pursue the ways they choose. Is there any deficiency here, either of justice or mercy? There would indeed be of justice, were it not for the merits of Christ; because his justice demands perfect obedience of his righteous laws, and this none of us perform. "But Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to all them that believe." Thus justice and mercy, and all the attributes of God, harmoniously coalesce. This was undoubtedly Dr. Young's opinion; and it wounded him to see that others represented the character of the divine Being in

such a light that one attribute rose superior to another; or, as he expresses it,

> "Bid mercy triumph over God himself,
> Undeified by such opprobrious praise."

But his character, as it is, will ever excite the love and veneration of his true followers, though an unrenewed person may see no beauty in it.

I do not think there is one of the whole human race, capable of knowing good and evil, who has not power to obey the commands of God and the invitations of the gospel. If they do this, God is willing to save them; if not, I do not think it in the least derogatory to his character to leave them to ruin. Why call God unmerciful because the wicked suffer eternally? What does he do? He does not make them miserable. All he does is to bring a part to heaven to make them happy. It is as if you were to compassionate a fugitive, whom you saw pursuing a road which you knew led directly to a horrible precipice, from which he must unavoidably fall and lose his life, and were to invite, urge, and entreat him to walk in a pleasant path to a mansion of which you was the owner, there to take possession. If he still persisted, and, though you had claims upon him for his love and obedience, he should to your face peremptorily refuse, and treat with contempt your kindness, when he has met his fall should you think yourself unmerciful, tyrannical? I think not.

I cannot believe you insensible, my dear friend, to the fact that you run some hazard in resting your soul's future happiness on the principles it is your aim to vindicate. If

these, at the great day of decision, prove false, where will you flee? God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world and decide our eternal destiny, and how very important it is that at this trying moment we should receive the favors of our Judge. Supposing you do not doubt that it is secure to you; so much the greater must be your disappointment, should you find you have built on a wrong foundation. And why is it more probable that the Universalists are right, than others who take their sentiments from the Bible? Our Saviour, when on earth, took measures to excite the anxious fears of his disciples and those around him, instead of preaching to them only peace. When the young man came to him, anxiously inquiring what he should do to inherit eternal life, why did he not tell him to indulge no anxiety on that account, and comfort him by saying that all the human race would inherit eternal life, instead of giving him such an answer as to increase his distress and send him away in sorrow Why did he rehearse such a parable as that of the rich man and Lazarus? It must have been a cruel act, if altogether false, to tell his disciples and future generations about this great torment. And when one, solicitous for information, perhaps concerned for his own soul, asked him if there were few to be saved, why did he not relieve his mind at once, and say no one should be lost, instead of increasing his burden by telling him to strive to enter the straight gate. If there is no such thing as damnation, everlasting destruction, fiery indignation, and unquenchable fire, and they are never to be preached nor believed, why do they stain the pages of that holy book where we

find the expressions? Let us believe our Father false and blot them out, or else hold to the declaration and believe these words are not without meaning. Surely what was truth then, is so now; what was then preached and taught, should be so now, without diminution.

What I think to be the fundamental doctrines of the gospel have been believed from the earliest ages; they have triumphed over infidelity, Popery, and every foe. Though they have led many to the stake, they have there wonderfully supported them. In the belief of these doctrines, which have thus carried their subjects undaunted, serene and happy, to the most shocking tortures and to death, I would live and die, for I am persuaded that no other will stand the test. I am not contending for any particular creed, but for those doctrines only that lead the sinner, with all his guilt, to the foot of the cross, there to give up everything for Christ and to begin to live to God. Then there is no danger, no fear of mistake, respecting what doctrine is right or wrong; the soul is then safe. And when the archangel shall have announced the end of time; when the sleeping millions have arisen from their graves; when the globe itself, which we now inhabit, shall yield to the fiery element, and cease to be, then he can smile at ruin, for God is his God, and heaven is his. Desirable indeed is this situation. Who would not wish to know he should be secure when ruin and desolation spread abroad? Then we shall no more inquire what is truth, for the Judge shall determine our irrevocable fate. Then, as a celebrated poet observes,

> "The goddess with determined aspect turns
> Her adamantine key's enormous size

Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt on both their fates;
Then from the crystal battlements of heaven,
Down, down she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathoms, there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more."

Will you permit me to conclude by adopting the language of an eminent minister of the gospel, who at the close of one of his sermons on doctrinal points thus addresses his hearers—"No person ought to give sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids, till he has searched these first principles to the bottom, and become well grounded and settled in the truth. Drop every other concern; forget your business, forget your sleep, forget your food, till the questions are decided. Search the Scriptures; if you find not these doctrines which I have set forth, reject them—I charge you, upon your peril, reject them. God forbid that I should wish to impose my creed upon you. Call no man master, but examine the Scriptures for yourselves. It is they who by business and amusements are detained from their Bibles, that drink in the poisonous errors of the day. Were there but one chance in a thousand that these doctrines will prove true at last, no one bound to an eternal world ought to rest till he is certain that he has explored them to the bottom; for if they do prove true, and you venture forward into eternity upon the ground of your belief, you are certainly lost. I conjure you, by all that is sacred, not to rest your eternal all upon a doubtful basis."

Yours, affectionately. S. H. C.

P. S.—Since I wrote I have been exercised with much

pain and sickness. Soon after my return home I was taken with a distressing pain in my side, which with a cough and difficulty of breathing reduced my strength and brought me very low. But from the application of blisters and from medicine, I found great relief. Again I am restored in some measure to health, which is the greatest of temporal blessings.

TO MISS L. S. OF Q.

Dorchester, Nov. 4, 1821.

Your letter, my dear friend, handed me about four weeks since, came very seasonably, and was full of needed instruction. Yes, surely, we have enough to urge us forward with unequalled zeal. All things belong to the zealous christian, and with the eye of faith we can see immense treasures laid up and kept for him at the end of his journey. And the more diligent and persevering he is, so much the more shall he possess; not as a reward of merit, but a free gift from the King of kings. Shall we here lie, then, in sloth and sleep? Are we so blinded as to see no beauty in these things, nothing that should make us desire them? My dear Lucy is doubtless engaged in the best of causes, but her friend is the reverse. In my heart prevails a criminal coldness and stupidity, and I am often at a loss how to decide the important question whether I am a child of God or not. Whosoever is on the Lord's side ought to come forward boldly at this day of disputes and controversies, and not be ashamed to stand forth and defend the doctrines of the gospel. He must take up his arms, and not shrink, though opposed by po-

tent adversaries. Can he unmoved see the cause he has espoused suffer by the calumny of its opponents; see them aim their blows against a cause its votaries have not courage to aid? No; though many are too slothful and inactive, yet whoever really loves his Saviour will love to conquer his foes and advance his kingdom. This must lay near his heart; and precious is the promise, that as our day is, so shall our strength be. Prayer is the conquering weapon. Without it, we fight in vain; without it, we soon become exhausted. But this I know is frequently a cross. I could not believe that any but myself had ever found it so contrary to their inclinations to address the throne of grace. This has pained my heart and drawn tears from my eyes, for I know prayer is a privilege, and I always experience a benefit from it.

My ideas perfectly agree with yours respecting the principal evidences of a renewed heart. Humility and love I conceive to be the chief. It seems as though we might easily decide the important question; but when we consider how exceedingly deceitful our hearts are—how ready, in every instance, to determine favorably concerning ourselves, and believe all is well—how ready, too, Satan is to quell anxious thoughts and lull into security, we find it requires a diligent search into our own hearts, a thorough examination into our real motives and desires. Many, were you to put the question to them, would without deliberation answer in the affirmative. As they view God's character, they do love it. Perhaps mistakes are frequently made here. When they review their life they cannot help owning that he has been good to them, and

they view him in such a light as to love and revere him. Perhaps they divest him entirely of justice, make him a God all mercy, and think they cannot help loving him.

I have just closed a letter to an Universalist friend, with whom I have for some time continued a correspondence; one who is so strongly fixed in her belief that I feel confident that nothing but the arm of Omnipotence itself will change her heart. Yet he may bless my feeble means. Is it not our duty to use every exertion to reclaim the wandering? Whatever we do from a right motive, is accepted before God, whether he bless the issue or not. While so many opinions prevail, while so many stumble and fall in groping over the dark mountains of error and superstition, without a saving gleam of the glorious gospel of light—if we are right, if we are firmly fixed on the ever-during Rock, and sheltered under the wings of the Almighty, how great is our debt of gratitude! The doctrines we believe are deduced from the word of God. Satan and his emissaries have always been maliciously employed against them; but they have triumphed over every foe, and are handed down to us. They have carried the long list of martyrs, composed and happy, through tortures, at the mention of which human nature shrinks, and thousands in a dying hour have gloried in them. Such a pre-eminence has this our religion over every other. Well may we rejoice in it. What are riches, what are honors, when compared with this?

My health is somewhat improved, but my time on earth is short. The messenger of death may now be knocking without, and I may very soon enter the dark valley

of the shadow of death. Such is the end of mortals. But to the christian these scenes are not without a bright and more cheering aspect. As the world recedes, he can with indescribable pleasure look beyond, for he knows there is laid up for him a crown which cannot fade. Heaven is his long-desired home ; and who that entertains a hope of heaven would shrink from death ? Why do

> " The pains, the groans, the dying strife
> Fright our approaching souls away "

from the superlative happiness beyond them ? I long once more to sit under the droppings of the sanctuary, where I have spent so many happy and I trust not unprofitable hours. Will you doubt it, my dear sister, when I tell you I have not been there since July 29 ; that I have heard our beloved pastor but twice in the last five months, and that more than seven have elapsed since I have been indulged with sitting at the table of the Lord. These are afflictions, to which I have ever till now been unaccustomed, but which I am deeply sensible I deserve. Hoping for your furtherance and growth in grace, I must in haste say adieu. If I offer this to you full of errors, I trust you will forgive. I remain yours, in sincere love. S. H. C.

15.—Who is a God like our God, and who a friend and father like unto him ? Earthly friends may fail —they do fail—they are changeable creatures. The friend who to-day makes high professions and almost adores, to-morrow will set his affections on another, and we may with chagrin behold our rival. The friend who administers to our comforts to-day, who stands waiting to

proffer the lenient hand and pour into our wound the oil of gladness, who alleviates in every possible way our woes and cheers us in affliction, may to-morrow be the very person to inflict a blow and molest our peace. So changing, so uncertain, is the friendship of human creatures! In christians, too, we find some things which show they are far from perfection. They may be left to make vain pretensions, and thus falsify their own words; at least they may change when they are sincere. Perhaps I know but little of this trial. What little I have experienced, however, I think has not been in vain. If Jesus is my friend, what can I wish for more? I have not an earthly friend I cannot resign for him. If he is mine, O what a treasure, what an infinite treasure! Without him, with all earthly friends, I am despicable, wretched, and meanly poor.

TO MISS A. C.

Dorchester, November, 1821.

I embrace, my dear friend, the first opportunity to answer, according to my weak ability, the demands of your letter. We were both gratified with the precious privilege of hearing Mr. M. preach on Wednesday. A precious privilege indeed. It is now gone to testify to the improvement or misimprovement which we made. O how solemn is the reflection that the eternal and almighty God sees all our thoughts and actions, penetrates the inmost recesses of our hearts, and nicely scans all our motives and feelings.

Soon, very soon, also, our lamp of life must be extin-

guished. The breath that now heaves our lungs shall be arrested by a hand stronger than ours, and the beating pulse be quietly still. But Jesus died. Yes, our adorable Master, our blessed Immanuel, once bowed his head and meekly yielded to the grim monster. He died not as a christian may. He had not the presence of a covenant God, the smiles of a kind Father, to cheer him in the fierce pangs of dissolution. He had not a friend to stand by him and wipe away the clammy sweat; not one to administer the last comfort he craved. No—when by severe wounds his blood had been wasted, and a parching thirst ensued, he could not have a drop of water to allay the raging fever; not one blessing, not one refreshment was allowed. He was left by all his professed friends to die in acutest agony. Yonder stood weeping several women, who had dared to follow at a distance their once-loved friend to this awful spot. Thus, among transgressors and vile persecutors, expired our beloved Lord. The sun forbore to see the deed, the earth quaked and was covered with darkness. Is it a mere chimera, or did he really suffer so much for us? Was he overwhelmed with amazement, chilled with dreadful apprehensions, and scorched by flaming wrath, for us? And shall we doubt his kind intentions towards us, when even those around him, those who inflicted the deadly wounds, excited his pity? No, doubtless at that moment he bore his followers on his heart; doubtless he looked forward to those for whose benefit his mediatorial death was inflicted, and anticipated the hour when he should present before his Father's throne those whose ransom he was paying. O what has not Jesus

done for us? This I think is an exhaustless theme. When we rebelled, and divine justice held with a firm hand the flaming sword over our naked souls, then he stepped forward, and on him fell the heavy, awful blow; on him glanced the two-edged, devouring sword, and was reeked in his streaming blood. How shall we repay such a deed? Surely a life of continued service—unremitted diligence—and sincere, uninterrupted devotion, falls infinitely short of compensating for such an act. The unspeakable benefit arising from his labor and suffering is ours; he received nothing himself.

Seeing that all the things we now behold fade away, that the earth itself must be dissolved and perish, O may we not set our affections on any fleeting object. Should the sun of prosperity and joy gild our undertakings and lighten our paths—should we have more than heart could wish—without an interest in our Redeemer how wretched must we still be! O, then, may we labor chiefly for that treasure which shall endure forever. Gladly would I write an hour longer to a beloved sister; but writing so increases the pain to which I have been for some time subject, that I am obliged to give less time to it than usual, though perhaps I ought to apologize for the length of this epistle. Let us reflect on the sufferings, the intercessions, the merits and example of our Lord; the insensible and speedy flight of time, and our proportional advances to eternity, and then think what inconsistent beings we are to suffer the concerns of a day, an hour, or a moment, ever so to engage our time and thoughts as to shut out death and eternity. You doubtless bear these

things more in your mind than your friend, though sickness has more than once called upon me to arise from the bed of sloth. Farewell. Yours, in christian love. S. H. C.

Dec. 19.—A kind God has seen fit to restore me, a vile sinner, almost to perfect health. Shall I ever forget to praise his name for all his goodness to me. Methinks, were I always to realize as I ought my infinite obligations, I should immediately begin a song of unceasing praise. My tongue would never forget to speak a Saviour's love. This exhaustless theme would be continually issuing from my lips—a Saviour's love, his dying love to dying men. It is by the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. Adorable mercy! Wonderful, unbounded goodness! Goodness which centres in every living creature, in every wheeling world, yet extending without circumference.

24.—Have attended to the reading of many interesting pieces in the "Evangelical Magazine." How many and various are the religious publications of the day. Christian knowledge circulates in many limpid streams. Ignorance must be the effect of carelessness and inattention alone.

30.—This is the last Sabbath in the year.

> "Thus far my God has led me on,
> Thus far his grace prolongs my days."

It has long been a query with me, why I live. He who holds the universe in his hand can answer the question, and he alone. Universal Benevolence, to promote his glory, still holds me in being. It is his will, and this is sufficient for me. But O, I long to be useful; I long to see that I in some humble measure advance his glory.

This is probably the last close of a year that I shall ever see. Before another December returns, this hand will perhaps, lifeless and cold, lie beneath the clod—this head no more retain the thinking principle, but lie low in the dust. Is there not something very remarkable in death? To see a form one day all life and animation, able to engage in any pursuit and business, and the next cold and lifeless, and gradually decaying and falling to dust. What effects this mighty change? How must an infidel view it? to what must he ascribe this total extinction of life? He will probably resort to second causes. But a christian need not inquire into the physical meaning of death. Sufficient for him to know himself born to die, and his soul to enjoy the presence of his immaculate Redeemer in the pure and spiritual regions of joy.

Jan. 6.—Another Sabbath is come, and I cannot enter the courts of the Lord's house. God's will be done, and his alone. I know he will do right.

This year finds me in comfortable circumstances, in the possession of many invaluable blessings—all coming immediately from that kind God whom I have times without number offended. I feel that I should love and value them for his sake alone—love them because they come from him. If I know my own heart, this does greatly enhance their value; but I am far from being so sensible of this as I ought to be. I am too apt to look to second causes, and forget the primary source of every good thing. I too seldom realize what a privilege the Sabbath is, and how thankful I should be to the King of glory for such a gift.

I was perusing, this morning, a sketch of the memoirs of W. Cowper. The humility which shone so conspicuous in all his character, raises it high in my esteem. In his human nature was humility, but grace increased it. Doubtless in some instances his natural diffidence was carried too far to be a virtue. The memoirs of his brother, written by himself, I have frequently read with pleasure. It is delightful and profitable to read the life and death of christians; and is it not a striking proof of the reality of religion, that the language of its disciples is universally the same? In trifling things they may differ; but in the cardinal points, christians, in every quarter of the globe, unite. Each and all acknowledge themselves born in sin, prone to evil, and totally lost without the interposition of a Saviour. His merits alone they plead. The glorious day, I trust, is drawing on, when the lion shall sweetly repose with the lamb, the leopard with the kid, and christians shall have none to molest them; when no one shall fear to avow his sentiments, and the name of the true God shall be every where revered. Hasten on, happy day, and bless our darksome land. Hasten on, and lighten and irradiate the dark corners of the globe. Let the brightness of thy coming greet the waiting eyes of the lonely missionary, the praying Indian in his little insulated hut, and the sable African in his dark retreat.

12.—Several of my fellow creatures in D. have this week been consigned to the silent tomb. My turn may next arrive. I shall soon be confined to the narrow house, and surviving mortals will pass heedlessly by and trample my little mound to a level with its kindred earth. Should

a humble monument be raised to my memory, the scowling blasts and rough hand of time will soon erase from thence my worthless name; and while every earthly friend is forgetting that I ever existed, the worms shall be feeding bountifully on this decaying flesh, and soon no traces, either on earth or beneath its surface, will be left of this too-much-loved self. I shall then slumber silently; no passing traveller shall interrupt my long repose, no sound of contentious voices salute my ears, no noise of hurry and business, nor of care and sorrow, disquiet me. This head shall lie quietly still, without a plan or scheme. Free from toil or pain, how calmly shall I rest. O that I might in some good degree advance my blessed Redeemers's cause, and then lay me down in that contemplated spot, leaving behind me, for the sake of surviving friends, evidence of my sincerity, and soar to realms above, for which I was born, for which I live, and for which I dare to die. Prepare me, O my God, for this great event. I rely alone on thee.

TO MISS L. S. OF Q.

Dorchester, February 24, 1822.

As another Sabbath morn dawns upon us, O that we might, like Abraham, the father of the faithful, say to all worldly concerns, "Tarry here while I go yonder and worship"—while I ascend the acclivity towards Mount Zion, rise above this terrestrial globe, far above the mean concerns of earth, and hold heavenly converse and sweet communion with my covenant God, my Preserver, my Benefactor, my Saviour and Redeemer. And why not,

on this holy day, feast entirely on heavenly things? There is nothing of sufficient consequence to excuse an intrusion upon our devotional hours; and if christians, we certainly do not grudge to give to God exclusively the seventh part of time allotted us here. But ah, it is easy, very easy for us to sit down and mark out the way in which we ought to tread—to smooth the path before us and lay down rules, the strictest rules, for our walk and conversation; but when we arise to put our resolutions into practice, and pursue the path so plainly discerned, we find we have a heavy clog to draw, an enticing sin to beset us. O sin! how strangely interwoven in our nature—how it pervades our every action, and how it reigns and thrives within. This blinds our eyes, and then strews our path with cruel thorns and snares. But this is a foe, which, if we ever arrive at the gates of the holy city, we shall leave behind. It will not track us thither, nor find admittance there. Yes, if real christians, we shall finally gain a complete victory over this our inveterate foe, our deceitful enemy. How must joy thrill our hearts as we then shake off dull sloth, every inclination to evil, and every evil itself, while Jesus kindly clothes us in white robes of immaculate purity, and gives us harps to tune his praise. There, after all the cares and toils of this short life are over, I hope we shall meet and unite with all the ransomed of the Lord in the song of Moses and the Lamb, never more to part. But surely there is need of the strictest watch over ourselves, lest we should be found unworthy these blessed mansions.

At this time, when errors abound, and the professors of religion are cold, how ought its true followers to

strengthen the things that remain, to cultivate the sparks of grace that are left behind, instead of catching the prevalent infection and slumbering too. This contagion has already spread too far. O may its desolating sway stop here, and spread no further. My dear friend, will you write to me soon. All your letters are truly welcome. I expect our friend A. will spend some time here this spring, and I wish you could make it convenient to pass a few days with us. If health permits and nothing special prevents, I expect to go to B. as soon as the first of April, to reside several months. At the throne of grace will you remember your friend. S. H. C.

28.—I have been reflecting to-day on the inestimable value of the Bible. Lately I was in company with a fellow creature, who feels himself to be wretched. In conversation he represented himself as the most unhappy, the most miserable of all the human race. Complicated woes and sorrows attended him, and he had not one single ray of comfort, one source of happiness. The prize he aimed at, and the only thing, in his opinion, that would make him happy, was beyond his reach, and he appeared confident he should never more see good in the land of the living. Besides all his great afflictions, to add to his anguish he was daily anticipating far greater. He had no comfort, and expected none. For this reason he excludes himself from society, and wishes to die. But all his hopes, and wishes, and sorrows, arise and centre in the world. He looks to fluctuating fortune for happiness, and so he finds disappointments. I can easily trace the cause of all

his afflictions, of his restless anxieties and inquietudes from day to day. He disbelieves the sacred Word. He discredits the divine Oracles, and where can he seek relief in trouble? There is no source to him but what the world affords, and that ever disappoints, so that he is in fact without a refuge or a hope. The billows will always swell around him; the tempest will always be threatening; and ere one stroke is past, one swell is gone, the clouds at a distance will gather blackness and portend a more dismal desolation. He has an immortal soul made to soar to heaven; and while he bends and confines it down where it can never feel at home, can never be at rest, it is beyond possibility for him to be happy.

TO MISS H. C. OF S.

DEAR COUSIN—I received your letter with pleasure, but on reading it was sorry to find you still so zealous in vindicating those doctrines which in my opinion tend greatly to lessen your ideas of a just and holy God and the pure religion of the gospel. I think the Scriptures as plainly assert the eternal misery of the wicked as any other truth we take from them; and that to a mind unprejudiced and open to conviction, this would appear clear. Place the Bible in the hands of a heathen, and give him no other instruction, explain no part of it to him, and I am confident he never could tell you that he found, by perusing it, that all the human race would be brought to glory. Facts prove that the contrary would be the case. You speak of Universalism not being understood. I fancy it is something which needs much explanation. The

standard is erected just as the human mind would have it, and the character of a sovereign God reduced to it. Many passages of his word are detached, and others wrought over, until they are all brought down to this standard. This is the favorite doctrine, and everything, however obstinate at first, must submit. But the truth in the Scriptures is declared so plain, that he that runs may read, and the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

The second death is clearly explained in Revelations. To maintain that there is no second death after the death of the body, I do not see how you can do otherwise than throw aside many passages of Scripture; for instance, Rev. xxi. 7, 8; xiii. 8, 17; xiv. 9, 10; xx. from verse 10 to the end. Where can we find plainer language than is here used? How can we make a stand here? The story of the rich man and Lazarus I do not understand literally, for I conceive it to be a parable; but, like other parables of our Saviour, I think it is drawn from analogous circumstances, and has not so intricate a meaning as you have annexed to it. The Jews I do not think are to be cast off forever in this world; they are not always to be despised and contemned, the offscouring of all nations. No—the Scriptures abound with promises of their future restoration to their own land, and to the favor of the Lord. The holy Psalmist, indignant at their rebellion and sin, requests that their eyes may be darkened, and their back bowed down alway; but a merciful God reserves mercy even for them, a most disobedient people; and, says Paul—"Have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid. They shall not utterly fall, but only

for a season, that salvation may come to the Gentiles, and so provoke them to emulation." The Prophet Hosea writes—"Afterward shall the children of Israel return and seek the Lord their God and David their king, and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days;" which are sure promises that after the Gentiles are brought into covenant with the Lord, the Jews shall also be favored.

In the most remarkable, the most condescending manner, God has made provision for the salvation of those who believe. The Messiah was early promised, and in due time died and bore the sins of many. How kind, gracious and manifold were his invitations to all around him and to us, to believe on him and be saved. And we have the power. Where is the existing being who cannot, if he chooses, turn to God and become an heir of salvation? Who was not formed by God to serve him and to be happy eternally? Point out the person, my dear friend, whom God has brought into existence incapable of serving him and glorifying him forever in the way in which we consider the Bible requires, and then, and not before, accuse us of representing God tyrannical and unmerciful. But to believe that the mercy of God will protect and save you, though you refuse to obey his commands, is presumption in the highest degree. Seriously consider the subject, and you cannot, if you study for yourself, but be sensible that you risk the eternal welfare of your soul at a venture. Your all is at stake, your everlasting good.

The poetry in my last, to which you allude, came from Young; and if you are acquainted with his writings or character, you know he was not a papist or a heathen.

Whether agitated at the view of the solemn hour of retribution or not, I cannot tell; but I think it most probable he could look forward with christian-like composure to the important hour when the eternal destinies of all shall be determined, when it will be too late for the wicked to reform, and when the righteous shall bid a final adieu to suffering. The poetry, I think, I need not explain, because I am confident you are sensible it is metaphorical.

May I not conclude with a wish, similar to yours, that you will search the Scriptures and be convinced of the truth; for until you do, I cannot think you safe or happy, for you *may* prove to be of the number whom God leaves to hew out broken cisterns.

My dear friend, if I have in this letter been too free to censure, please forgive. S. H. C.

March 16.—The waxen wings of time have borne another week beyond my reach, and far beyond recall. With what velocity has its flight been attended. But Time, even thou must ere long be swallowed up. Thy reign is short. The great archangel will ere long lift his hand and swear that thou shalt be no more. At that moment what will succeed to thy throne, and under what influence shall we exist? Alas! our minds are so contracted, our conceptions so limited, that it is impossible for us rightly to digest the great and momentous facts of judgment and eternity. O how will the resurrection morn burst on our astonished eyes, when that audible and loud voice shall utter itself at once to all the sleeping millions in east and west and north and south, as it did to Lazarus—"Come

forth." Then shall they at once burst their cold receptacles; bone shall cement with bone, and flesh and sinews again be united. Jesus shall instantaneously form a body for each, and each shall appear before God. O how will this summons confound the sinner, and where then shall the hypocrite appear?

17.—Another dear Sabbath draws to a close. How many thousands on this holy day have sitten under the sound of the gospel and been refreshed, while I have been obliged to pass the day at home. To attend the dear place where I have so often been instructed—where I have sat and heard with pleasure the truths of the gospel—where, too, I have wept at the thought of my own vileness and guilt, would indeed have conferred the highest delight. The thought of those departed hours casts a gloom over my mind and excites the rising tear; for such is my present state of health that I do not anticipate the return of similar favors. It is necessary that we should learn in the school of affliction. The rod must bring us to the path of rectitude. Had I never been debilitated and unable to attend divine worship, I never could have had the feelings I now have for christians similarly afflicted. I should not have known, had it been in my power, how or in what way to assist them; and this is the excuse I can make for others, who in this respect appear deficient. But though deprived of attending public worship, though I cannot go up with the multitude who keep holy day, I have innumerable blessings, for which my heart should swell in songs of praise. I have a pleasant home, where I can spend my time as I wish, where noise and confusion

do not disturb. I am blessed with a variety of religious books and publications, which I am permitted to peruse, and a few christian correspondents whom I have found a benefit to my soul.

19.—Everything—the whistling winds, the floating clouds, the springing of the grass, the bursting forth of the buds and the starting leaves, but more particularly hurrying time—reprove my tardy steps, my dilatory progress in the ways of Zion. On the verge of the unfathomable abyss, is where mortals tremble; here is where the stout-hearted have been forced to yield to fear, and here the infidel drops his defenceless weapons. But the beloved child of God, as he stands on this awful spot, as he sees the portals of eternity open for his reception, may rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Let me, O my God, die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

TO MISS O. F. P. OF C.

After a long time, my dear Miss P. has taken her pen and written to her unworthy friend. I knew not to what to impute your long silence, but with pleasure I will renew the correspondence. O may it be long and profitable to each of us. With respect to a revival of religion in D. I wish I could satisfy your inquiry with pleasing intelligence; but, alas! I fear we all experience the sad reverse, a cold declension in the best of causes. There are a few who have recently had their attention called to their spiritual concerns, but very few have for some time come forward and united with the church. A realiz-

ing sense of our sinfulness must excite renewed exertions to live to God: it will lead us to prayer, and prayer is the only remedy. It is by prayer alone that we can overcome this coldness, and I am inclined to think that it is only the neglect of this duty that occasions it. Were we as punctual to our closet as we are to our worldly concerns; did we as frequently and with as much pleasure converse and hold sweet communion with our God as with the friends we love, we should never have the occasion we now do to go mourning all the day, desiring the light of God's countenance, which alone can dissipate the gloom which reigns within, and lamenting that it is not with us as in former days when the candle of the Lord shone bright around us. It is our duty carefully to avoid this backsliding from God—a duty we owe to him, our own souls, and our fellow creatures; for as professing christians we are as a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid. The world is watching the lives of christians. Do they observe us careless and negligent in duty, deviating from the path of rectitude, they draw their conclusions that religion is vain, and, as it were, take refuge under our failings, until, through our means, they are finally ruined. Solemn thought! Though we may repent, and reform, impressions are made on their minds too strong to be erased. We must watch with peculiar care our words and actions; they may be noted down, and influence the eternal destiny of a fellow creature.

That we may both be prepared for the solemn hour of death, lay down in peace, and meet a smiling Father, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate friend s.

April 8.—Yesterday morning attended meeting at Mr. D.'s in B. (where I expect to reside for several months), and was permitted once more, after a year's deprivation, to sit down at the table of the Lord. I think I felt it good to be there.

TO MISS R. R. OF D.

Boston, March, 1822.

It is with pleasure I understand you are about to give yourself up to God in the presence of his professing people, and become united with his church. Since I heard that you had turned your attention from the vanities of time and sense to the important considerations which concern your everlasting peace, I have been anxious to see and converse with you. An opportunity has not been afforded; and now, as you stand a candidate for admission to a solemn ordinance, I take my pen to address you a few lines. This is an important duty, a solemn engagement. Our Saviour's dying injunction there is a peculiar pleasure in obeying; and if this is done from love to him, he will ever deign to meet and bless us. Doubtless, my dear friend, you feel deeply impressed with the solemnity of the ordinance, with your utter unworthiness to partake of it, and perhaps a sense of your weakness and utter nothingness suggests distressing fears that you will finally be left to dishonor the cause you espouse. But though you are weak, Jesus, in whom you trust, is strong; though of yourself you are nothing and can do nothing, yet clad in his righteousness and in his strength you can do all things. The fear of one day deserting the cause, of putting your hand to the plough and looking back, with the

dreadful consequences, perhaps you ought to bear on your mind. We ought ever to keep a jealous eye over ourselves. Our Saviour's dying injunction was likewise, Watch. Watchfulness and prayer are the christian's victorious weapons. Our hearts are very deceitful, and we are inclined to judge of ourselves in the most favorable light; it is therefore necessary that our daily prayer should be—Lord, search our hearts and try our reins, and see if there be any evil within us. Self-examination should be our daily practice. A christian can lose nothing by paying particular attention to his heart, his walk and conversation. But, my dear friend, I would by no means discourage you. No—though we had better never profess, than profess and then turn from religion—yet if grace is really implanted in the heart, we shall be kept, we shall maintain a constant walk with God and persevere, for Jesus will keep his own and none shall be lost.

I have taken the liberty to address you with freedom, though our acquaintance has been short. My time is so much taken up that I can write but a few lines. I should be highly gratified to receive your sentiments in return. May you ever enjoy that peace of mind which passeth understanding, until transported from this church militant to the church triumphant above the sky. Till then, yours in christian love. s.

June.—Amid a thousand revolving thoughts and cares, a thousand delusive, enchanting objects and airy dreams, O may my heart, like the undissembling magnet, always tend to one grand point; and if occasionally misdirected

and unfixed, still may it at last get firm footing on the dear centre. There is a beauty, I am more than ever convinced, and a reality, in religion, which none but they who feel it, know. To others it appears foolishness, enthusiasm, and zeal without knowledge. This is not surprising. Religion, to be understood, must be felt. The power of it must be felt in the heart, before any adequate or real knowledge of it can be obtained. It is not like a system which we may adopt and practise, or neglect—keep, or relinquish—as we please, after fully understanding its meaning. No; religion takes firm possession of the heart, and in so doing unfolds itself within and unavoidably regulates our words and actions. A superficial knowledge of religion is far from being religion itself. From whence proceed all these divisions and disunions which rack our convulsed globe? The want of religion. From whence proceed the disputes and controversies of the christian world? From whence but the want of religion. It must be this, for certainly the nature of religion is to unite, to create one heart and one mind in every possessor. It has this benign effect wherever it sheds its mildest rays. Religion never skilled the tongue in sharp reproofs and quarrels. It never, in angry voice, let loose a fiery zeal to vindicate an unimportant tenet. It never breathed destruction, slaughter and death around; never erected a fiery stake, or smiled at a brother's woe. The reverse is the aspect it ever wears. How, then, can those possess religion, that radiant gem, whose delight is to call in question another's belief, and brand their characters with injurious epithets? How can they inculcate religion, whose

practice it is in the pulpit pointedly to condemn their neighbors, and set at nought a brother, solely because he differs in religious sentiments? It is to be lamented that religion is so little known, so little understood. But the Scriptures must be fulfilled. Our Saviour foresaw it, and prophesied it; and as he prophesied, so it is. There have come deceivers and false prophets, deceiving many.

Sabbath, P. M.—This is the blessed Sabbath. Thousands are now assembling for worship; but in a heathen land they know not a Sabbath. I never walk the streets of Boston on the Sabbath, to the house of prayer, without thinking of heathen lands. As I see the streets crowded with passengers, passing and repassing, as they repair to their several places of worship, I cannot but think of the contrast between this and the benighted places on heathen ground. When will the happy time arrive when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, and houses for public worship shall be erected in every land? Roll on, glorious period; long wished for era, begin. Shall so many prayers be spent in vain? Will a gracious God be deaf to the supplications of his children? No; but in his own time, the best time, his promise shall be fulfilled, and the heathen shall come in.

TO MISS H. C. OF S.

Boston, July, 1822.

I take my pen to answer your letter, which I should have done before had not my time been completely occupied. I regret that you still persist in denying doctrines which, could you believe, I can assure you would have no tendency to lessen your ideas of God, but rather to exalt

them. The Scriptures indeed justly declare of our Saviour, that "He came to seek and save that which was lost"; but the number of those which are lost and will be rescued by his interposition, cannot be ascertained by us. That he will introduce the whole human race to the joys and felicities of heaven, I think he has no where intimated in the Bible. That all will finally confess that Jesus is the Christ, will doubtless be the case; the devils can do no less. But all who believe, and are born of God in this day of probation, shall be saved, whatever bigotry and opposition may do. Your attempts, my dear friend, to prove that *forever and ever* and *eternal* may be taken in a limited sense, appear strange and inconsistent to me; yet I am aware that your doctrine requires you to maintain this, for if you do not, the system totters and falls at once. This is all on which it is suspended—I cannot say *founded*, because anything so shallow cannot need a foundation. But let us take the following passages—in which, I think, the fallacy of this limited meaning of these words must be evident. "The Lord reserveth wrath for his enemies, and they shall be in torment forever and ever." The Psalmist observes—"When all the workers of iniquity do flourish, it is that they shall be destroyed forever." Our Saviour—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." Paul—"Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction," &c. Are not these passages applicable to all who persist through life in contemning God?

The parable of the rich man and Lazarus I think cannot with propriety be applied to Jews and Gentiles. They both died; Lazarus died and was carried by angels into

Abraham's bosom, and the rich man died and was buried. In what respect could the Jews and Gentiles be said to die and be buried, and live in another world—the one exclusively happy, the other as exclusively miserable; Abraham himself denying the latter the smallest relief, and assuring them it was utterly out of their power to partake of Lazarus's enjoyment. The rich man, finding himself entirely shut out from happiness, requests that Lazarus might be sent to inform his brethren, lest they also should enter that place of torment. This favor could not be granted. These two cases, I think, plainly represent the righteous and wicked after death.

I do not agree with you, my friend, in believing that every sinner is or will be brought to the foot of the cross, like the returning prodigal. Observation proves the contrary, as many die hardened in sin. An awful instance of this recently took place not far distant from us. A man, while passionately blaspheming the Almighty, in a shocking manner, was struck dead by lightning. Where was the justice of God, if this man, with all his sin and guilt, and with horrid oaths on his unhallowed lips, was taken into favor? Was this a character fit for the pure abodes of heaven? What a heaven must that be, where all the characters which compose this contentious world shall be indiscriminately admitted. If God has declared his willingness to save all men, he has also declared that he will by no means clear the guilty. Place these two passages together, and what will be the result? I am not backward to conclude with you that our God is a God of love and mercy, ready and willing to save all who come unto

him. To have our hearts renewed is a sure preparation for eternal glory; but because the apostle has declared that the natural body shall be changed, we are not to conclude the spirits of all shall be likewise changed to holiness, for he that is unholy at death it is said must be unholy still. To be humble and penitent, like the prodigal son, and partake of a Saviour's righteousness, is the only way to ensure our eternal welfare. To rest solely on Christ is our only refuge. St. Paul labored and prayed for Jews and Gentiles, and this is an incumbent duty on us. While it is our duty to love our neighbors as ourselves, it is our duty to pray for their salvation, though we cannot believe in the salvation of all. Nor is it a sin thus to pray; if so, our Saviour would not have prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me"; for well he knew that he should drink it. Though we cannot thereby purchase salvation, I would by no means set aside good works or practical godliness. Without these we are not children of God; and our Saviour declares—"Every tree which beareth not good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

May we both search the Scriptures, which contain all we can know of divine truth, but be careful to take them with a mind open to conviction. I have, according to my ability, answered every question you have proposed in your letter. The subject on which we write is indeed important, and I hope it will be profitable to each of us. Yours affectionately. S.

21.—O when will the time come in which all the controversies and dissensions which now divide our christian

world shall cease; when the watchmen shall see eye to eye, and all hearts shall be united? O that the misty errors of the day might be expelled by the rising of the glorious Sun of Righteousness. Nought but that radiant light which emanates from his countenance—nought but an arm like that of Jehovah, and a voice like his—can make this darkness flee. O Error, how hast thou gained votaries! How art thou worshipped by thy deluded vassals! I have, in my lonely pilgrimage, when the sky lowered and gathering clouds obscured the sun—when the dim ray scarce illumined my path, and the rough wild lay before me—I have frequently said, with David—"My soul is among lions, and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men," &c.

It is perhaps a true saying, that where controversy begins, religion ends. To be religious, is to be assimilated to our blessed Master; and he was ever mild and gentle, meek and lowly. These are the traits which shone with the most resplendent perspicuity in his character. Are these the traits which now mark debates and controversies? When they are not, religion cannot be in them. Religion, too, teaches to love our neighbor as ourselves; in so doing we should treat him as tenderly as we should ourselves, pass over his errors with as much lenity, and forgive as readily as we could wish to be forgiven. However, as it is not often real religion that excites disputes and controversies, it is seldom this, perhaps, which is the point in debate, but more frequently a mistaken religion or a doctrinal point.

28.—Another Sabbath smiles upon us. What profi-

ciency shall I make on this holy day, and what progress Zionward? Accelerate my speed, heavenly Father, to thy holy mount. May I no longer grovel in dust, which is so unworthy an immortal mind. May I aspire and strive assiduously and earnestly for something more. Such trash can never feed the mind; the world, with its gaudy shows, is unequal to this task. O for a mind fixed on God and eternity. Then I should rise above all these petty cares and anxieties which almost continually tease and perplex my mind; I should view the hand of God in all these things, and know that all was right.

Aug. 3.—Returned home last night to spend a few weeks. O may the time be profitably spent. But my short life may not be protracted even until the time arrives to return. Known only to Omniscience is the important hour. Future events are locked from me in inscrutable darkness; but sufficient for me to know that the eternal God reigns over all things. I can with pleasure and the most unlimited confidence refer all my concerns to his wise disposal. Though human nature is often inclined to murmur, yet my better feelings uniformly tell me all is right. I can rely with safety on him; and O, what a prop is this when weakness pervades my frame, when dangers press around, and when the scene is dark and enemies assail.

4.—O that, like the holy Evangelist, I might be found in the spirit on this sacred day. I should bid earth depart, and not attract my attention or engross my thoughts in these devoted hours. Devoted should they be exclusively to God.

Purify my heart and affections, I beseech thee, O God, and assimilate me to that blessed character which once deigned to visit our world. I admire the holy walk, the upright conversation, and uniformly pious and perfect life of Jesus. I exceedingly admire the mildness and meekness which he ever manifested. They were not forced into one or two acts, and practised an hour or a day, but were intermixed with the whole tenor of his life and conversation. I am charmed with his patience, forbearance and forgiving disposition, and the accordant precepts he inculcated. He was faithful unto death; not like us, unstable mortals, alternately exhibiting the good and the bad. Even while we profess to follow his example, how wofully deficient we are! When he was reviled, persecuted, or wronged, where and in what way did he ever retaliate? What ever kindled resentment in his bosom? Yet though we do in many instances submit to persecutions, and rejoice in them for his sake, looking with disdain on the mean revilings of enemies, does not revenge sometimes find place in our bosoms? Does not anger burn within, which, instead of banishing at once, we use all our exertions to palliate? Do we not sometimes strongly desire to return an injury? Do we not harbor ill will, and, like the rebuked disciples, wish to call down fire from heaven to consume our enemies? Or if these are not literally our feelings, yet is not the sinful temper the same? Where is the existing being that would even be thought incapable of resentment, which to all appears plausible in a different name; it is sensibility, it is spirit, void of which, in the general estimation what are we? But our Saviour could well dis-

pense with the applauses of the world, and the vain imputations which might in consequence be urged against him would have no effect on him. O that I might strive to emulate him in all my conduct—strive to copy as far as possible all his character, no trait of which strikes me with greater force than that which I have alluded to. Is not *peace* the aspect religion always wears? What sang the seraphim at the Redeemer's birth? "Peace on earth, good will to men." There is something alluring in the idea of peace. What but a clear conscience should not be sacrificed on every occasion to maintain it? Of what should we not abridge ourselves to extend it? Where peace is not, happiness cannot be found. How can we better promote it than by conquering in our hearts every sentiment which has a contrary tendency, and nurturing whatever may tend to promote it? If this were done, how would happiness spread around, triumphing over man's evil thoughts and war and bloodshed.

But we may cultivate peace with one another, may follow the divine injunction to be at peace among ourselves, and yet our hearts rise in rebellion against our Maker, being at war with heaven and fighting against God. We may, too, be pleased with the character of our Saviour, and adore him with ardor; we may endeavor to walk in his steps and follow his example, and yet fall short of heaven. O Lord, wilt thou search my heart and try my ways, and see if there be any evil way in me and lead me in the way everlasting.

6.—What can be more fluctuating than the tide of human affairs. That which one moment buoys up our

hearts and rejoices them with fond expectations, may the next be a worm at the root of all our comforts. Yes, I feel this morning a tie unloosed, a void in my heart which I yesterday little anticipated. Unexpected and sudden is the hasty departure of my dear A. She is summoned away to attend a nearer friend in sickness, and left her mourning S. What the result will be, is all unknown to mortals. But the Lord reigns. He that sits at the helm will safely guide the vessel to the destined port, though rocks and quicksands lie between.

25.—The apostles, the evangelists, and all the prophets, were zealous defenders of the truth. They did not hesitate to hazard their lives for the defence of the gospel. To them life was nothing, any further than it could be made subservient to this great end. When their usefulness terminated, no object remained desirable to them but heaven. How did Moses, the man of God, urge and entreat the revolting Israelites to yield themselves to the service of their covenant God. How did Joshua plead for God. Samuel lent his aid and exhausted his strength in the glorious cause. Job, in affliction, exhibited a noble pattern of patience and submission to God. The holy Psalmist says—"Rivers of water ran down mine eyes, because men kept not thy law." The prophet Elijah I am led to venerate and admire. Methinks I see him sitting in some obscure retirement, his eyes dim with age and moistened with tears, while he lifts them in humble adoration to heaven and mourns the depravity, the prevailing profligacy, of the age. Lord, they have killed thy prophets, digged down thine altars, and none remain to seek

and serve thee. Must thy name be banished from the earth, and Baal receive the homage due to thee? Shall thy great name finally be unknown? After all the mighty deeds thou hast achieved for our fathers, shall their degenerate children grow unmindful, and in the worship of idols entirely forget thee? They have done it; I, only I, am left, and they seek my life. Then who shall declare thy name? When I am gone, who shall remember thee? No one; ignorance has blinded their eyes. Thus weeps, in bitter anguish, the holy man of God, until his prophetic eye saw that even then the Lord had in reserve several thousands who had not bowed the knee to Baal, and that he would advance his cause more and more. Ezra and Nehemiah labored arduously in the blessed work, and wept over the corrupted multitude of their kindred; likewise Jeremiah, Isaiah and Ezekiel, honored be their names. O that my head were a fountain of tears, and mine eyes rivers of water, breathed the mourning prophet. Wo is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Deep-felt anguish rent his heart when he beheld the wickedness of his nation, while he labored, in defiance of prisons and gates of iron, to ameliorate their condition and gain for them the despised favor of their Maker. Isaiah held forth his prophetic visions to deter from vice and allure into obedience a sinful people. All his eloquence was improved in the best manner, and his talents devoted to God. These men were earnest in their belief and calling. It was not with the cold ceremony and indifferent air which too often mark discourses of the present day, that they held up to view

important truths. Mere frothy words did not constitute their sermons; but sublime truths, eloquently delivered. What worthy examples of imitation were they in their writings. Every sentence swells with meaning, which does not evade the strictest research, and needs not a screen from the most scrutinizing eye.

Perhaps there is not a character drawn in Scripture so conspicuously upright and unblameable, amiable and pleasing, as the devout prophet Daniel. His natural genius and disposition were doubtless conciliatory; but religion heightened every natural grace to a supereminent degree. It was his enticing outward deportment, that first gained him favor in the sight of the king; but it was the favor of an higher than an earthly monarch that rendered his character truly worthy of affection. God gave him knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom. Before a heathen king and courts of heathen princes, he maintained his firm allegiance to his God.

With what faithfulness did the apostles toil for the promulgation of the blessed gospel. It was their meat and drink, their incessant labor. O enable me, heavenly Father, to follow with greater vigilance the examples of these holy men and of my blessed Master.

Sept. 29.—I can scarcely realize that another summer is past. I am sailing down the smooth stream of life insensibly, yet with inconceivable velocity, and soon shall be landed on the shores of eternity. Am I prepared for this great change, which, prepared or not, I must experience? "'Tis a point I long to know." All other knowledge is trifling compared with this. Do I love the char-

acter of God? Do I love Immanuel? I think I do; but there remains in my heart so much coldness and stupidity, so much worldly-mindedness, that I cannot read my title clear. O my God, wilt thou dispel the clouds which overshadow my mind, and shine within with thine everlasting rays.

TO MISS L. S. OF Q.

Dorchester, Sabbath Morn, Sept. 29, 1822.

BELOVED FRIEND—On this holy Sabbath, our dear brethren and sisters will assemble around the table of the Lord. Perhaps my dear Lucy is among them. O may it be a precious season, long to be remembered. May impressions there be made, never to be effaced. Alas! the world too soon drives from our hearts the remembrance of our dying Saviour. Too soon we forget that he groaned and bled for us, that for us the garden of Gethsemane witnessed his bloody sweat and unspeakable agonies. What has he not done for us; and we, how ungrateful! O may we this day give our hearts unreservedly to God, and commence with new zeal and assiduity our christian course. Now is the only time to labor for him; and is not the first and most important step to be taken with our own hearts? We must set them right, and we shall then act aright and render ourselves acceptable to God and useful to those around. A christian's outward walk, if correspondent with his high and holy vocation, speaks volumes. It is to be lamented that here we are all defective; but this, instead of excusing us, ought to be an additional incitement, for by vigilant exertion we might be outwardly

blameless. A perfect character once graced our earth. Who can contemplate his life without adoration? The philanthropy and benignity of his heart shone conspicuous throughout his life, and his meek and lowly aspect recommended the religion he inculcated. So also might ours in an eminent degree.

You, my dear friend, are about to take a very important step. The idea of leaving a pleasant home, your friends, and the parents and guardians of your youth, must, I should think, be painful. But I rejoice that the situation you contemplate is so much to your mind, the prospects so flattering, and religion the aim of you both. The last consideration must conduce greatly to your happiness. I congratulate you on your friend being of one heart and mind with yourself, that you can walk hand in hand toward Zion. Where this is not the case, there must of necessity be a division. You may unite in your supplications to one Father and Redeemer, in going likewise to the table of your Lord, in advancing the Redeemer's cause, and be helps and assistants to each other. May the union be long and increasingly happy, and beneficial to the church of God, until death shall more strongly cement and re-unite you in those glorious mansions where troubles, the common lot of all, shall find no admittance, and tears be wiped away. As various concerns have not erased from your memory your worthless friend, I feel inclined to hope you will now and then continue to glance a thought on her, and remember that your letters, whenever they arrive, give her more pleasure than she can describe, and are needed in her present lonely situation with re-

gard to christian society. My dear sister, I need your prayers that I may be useful. Yours, sincerely.

S. H. C.

January 1, 1823.—As we meet the congratulations and fond wishes of our friends this day, O may we remember that our life draws to a close; that our time is measured out by months and years, and that not a small portion of it is struck off by the closing year. We must be up and doing, for death is fast approaching, which precedes a night in which no man can work; and as we this day give and receive tokens of friendship, may we recollect the gift our heavenly Father has bestowed on us, and what he still proffers. This is not our rest. Like Noah's dove, which, while the waters covered the earth, the trees, and the tops of the mountains, was obliged to seek other refuge, so the christian can find no refuge for the sole of his foot in terrestrial things; the ark alone can afford him shelter and protection.

15.—This day returned from B. to the place of my nativity, which I have not visited for more than eight weeks. It is pleasant once more to greet my home, but I find I have left some pleasant things behind. O God, wilt thou make me, wherever I am, more conformed to thee, more like my blessed Master, who went about doing good.

TO MISS H. C. OF S.

Dorchester, Jan. 26, 1823.

Dear Cousin—The passage with which you head your last epistle, I think, may with more propriety be

taken in one of these lights, either that God is willing that all men indiscriminately shall be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth, or that it is his determinate will that all ranks and descriptions of men, Jews and Gentiles, &c. shall be saved, than that *all* Jews, *all* Gentiles, &c. will be saved, and afterwards come to the knowledge of the truth. If we do not read precisely the words that God will have some men to be miserable eternally, we read that he will in flaming fire take vengeance on them that obey not the gospel, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord. This passage proves clearly to my mind that the punishment of the wicked will be eternal; neither does it contradict any other passage in the Bible. God no where expresses a desire to make his creatures miserable; but on the contrary declares plainly that he has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but had rather he would turn from his sinful ways and live. So far, you may say, he asserts the truth of Universalism; and in my estimation it is only so far. The more I see and know of this doctrine, the more I am convinced that it is a system drawn up for and exactly suited to the naturally depraved heart. It breaks off the restraints which would be felt by the believers in a just God who required holiness of heart and life, and it dissipates the fears and anxieties to which the guilty might be subject did they believe that the unrighteous should not inherit the kingdom of God. We cannot know more of these things than what God has revealed in his sacred word; but, blessed be his name, sufficient is there revealed to point out to us the only way of salvation, which is

through faith in a crucified Redeemer. The will of our Father, as says the Saviour, is, that whoso believeth on him may have everlasting life. If all do not believe, how far is this doctrine in favor of Universalism? If Christ has given himself a ransom for all, yet if all do not accept of this purchased salvation, it appears reasonable that this must only be a means of adding to their condemnation. Many of the passages you quote prove that we refuse that of which we are invited to partake; and this shows how culpable we are, and the degradation of our sinful nature. Others, beyond doubt, relate to the millennial period, when all nations shall worship the Lord. They cannot refer to the present time, because many are now bending their knees to idols and evil spirits. Many of these passages, also, are selected from among others which directly counteract the meaning you annex to them. They do, however, as you observe, help support the doctrine of God's universal, impartial goodness; but not that he will suffer sinners to persist in their sinful courses and rank them in the future world with penitent believers. One of the prophets says—"God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth, the Lord revengeth and is furious; the Lord will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies. He will not at all acquit the wicked." Solomon—"He will laugh in the day of their calamity and mock when their fear cometh." Are not these passages true? and why will you try to defend a doctrine which is so contrary to them and to the general tenor of the Scripture, and which can have no good effect? Does reason countenance it? I do not think my own depraved reason,

which has so many times suffered me to err without hesitation, the apparent dealings of God with his children here, the shining of the sun on the evil and the good, &c. anything more than a very faint light; and these considerations, with many others which are often adduced, as the treatment of a father to his children, or any proceedings of human beings, are in my view utterly inadequate to convey correct ideas of the character of an Almighty God, the perfection of whose attributes extends beyond the conception even of celestial spirits; neither can they give us any knowledge of our future state of existence. All the reasoning which is drawn from sensible objects, without the aid of revelation, instead of elucidating these subjects, often bewilders the mind, already darkened by sin. God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither his ways as our ways. Neither David, Josiah, nor Peter, nor any of the sons of men, could see heaven without a change of heart, for we are all sinners before God from our earliest infancy—a God who will by no means clear the guilty; and an entire renovation of mind and will is indispensably necessary to prepare us for that pure abode.

Where, in the Bible, are the terms *eternal*, *everlasting*, and *forever*, applied to things which must have an end? *Everlasting*, I know, is in a few instances; but then it is to something which has a much longer continuance than the life of man. If these phrases, in regard to the punishment of the wicked, apply to things which terminate, why not in all other cases? If the punishment of transgressors is limited in duration, we may certainly conclude with equal, and, considering our sins and iniquities, with

more propriety, that the happiness of the righteous will likewise cease, and even the duration of the eternal God. We may then in every instance follow the dictates of our wicked hearts, for to-morrow all existence ceases. Where, on such a supposition, is there any incentive to virtue, should it clash with our own selfish interests? and where any preventive from vice, provided it adds for the moment to our pleasure? O, if such a doctrine was universally believed, to what a state would the world be reduced. And your doctrine is on the verge of this, and where will you stop short of it?

Let us desire and endeavor to promote the salvation of all around us, but let us not be unmindful of ourselves; for it is the hope of the righteous only that shall be gladness, and the expectation of the wicked shall perish.

I enclose a tract which contains a selection of passages from Scripture. Will you please seriously to peruse and meditate on them. It contains four strong and well-founded arguments, which must be my apology for sending it. I am confident you cannot oppose four equally valid. It is the word of God, which must stand though heaven and earth pass away—must stand as long as God himself endures. Yours, affectionately. S. H. C.

March 23.—Another Sabbath morning, with its enlivening rays, greets my opening eyes. Tired of the cares and occupations of this busy world, I have waited its approach and now joyfully welcome it.—I am this day detained from the house of God. To this I have reluctantly submitted, as worldly thoughts are so apt to intrude upon

the devotions of the day that I feel the need of much outward assistance.

May 7.—Passed a few hours last evening with a christian friend—one whom I have every reason to believe is sincerely pious, and has been so for four or five years, but who has never professed faith in Christ before the world and become united to his visible church. I was rather surprised on being informed of this, but the thought rushed into my mind that I had for many years been a professor, and yet I have the greatest reason to mourn bitterly over myself, to blush and be ashamed, for all my coldness and inactivity. Called early in life to walk in the ways of religion, indulged with the opportunity of forming my sentiments and my judgment in the mould of piety, and of growing into maturity in virtue as I grew into maturer years, O what could not be expected of me! But, alas! I have neglected my opportunities and trampled on my privileges. Blessings were so free and unnumbered that I too lightly prized them, and my heart has roved from the fountain where I might have drank continual supplies.

> "Alas! I've broken many a vow;
> Alas! I've lived I know not how,
> And robb'd my soul of rest."

May 10.—Another birthday has arrived. Twenty-one years of my life are now completed. How different my situation on this anniversary from the last, or indeed any former one. A brightness now gilds the hemisphere around; peace and prosperity appear to smile. Yes, with respect to myself, only one wish of my heart remains un-

gratified, one hope unrealized—that of more heavenly-mindedness, more devotion to God. In my temporal undertakings I have been more successful than I had ever anticipated, more prosperous than I had dared to hope. Health, too, has crowned my days, and every desirable comfort has blessed me. One joy after another has been added, until I have realized all I ever could wish. But O, may not this elate me. Clouds may gather, and soon darken the scene around. May I be prepared for whatever awaits me, and always submissively say—"My Father, thy will be done." O, my God, I need thy guidance. May I ever choose thee for my chief good.

June 8. *Sabbath.*—

> "Day of all the week the best,
> Emblem of eternal rest."

O may I be prepared for this eternal rest, and when summoned hence sweetly repose in the arms of Jesus. Alas! the world has too great a share in my thoughts. This vain and transitory world deprives me of heavenly joys.

July 9.—During the last few months, in which the bright sunshine of earthly prosperity has shone around me, what effect has been produced on my heart? What has been the result there? Have these gifts led me to the bountiful Giver? Have I received each and every one as directly from his hand, and with devout gratitude? and have I realized the obligations under which each one has laid me to devote myself renewedly and unreservedly to him? Has his infinite goodness served to wean me from the world, and place my affections supremely on heavenly things? Alas! before I go any farther I must stop and

plead guilty, guilty altogether. O God, thou knowest every snare around me. Wilt thou guard my heart, for thou alone hast power.

Aug. 11.—Oppressed by cares and anxieties of various kinds, I drag heavily on. This is a troublesome world. Every day's experience tells me here is no true happiness, and yet every day finds me eager to grasp the shadow, and one disappointment ever inspires with new ardor to pursue another object which has a like termination. O, hardest of all truths to learn and retain, that here is nothing to be depended upon. Alas! wo is me that I should profess the religion of the gospel and live as I do. Nine years since, how different were my feelings from what they now are. Lord, wilt thou elevate my affections above these fleeting vanities; may I begin anew to live to thee, and influence those around me to do the same.

TO MISS N. F. OF P.

Dorchester, August, 1823.

I cannot tell you the pleasure I felt, a few days since, at the reception of intelligence from you, communicated by your mother. I then resolved to comply with her request and improve the first opportunity in writing, for which purpose I seize a hasty moment this morning. But what shall I tell you? I wish I could give you some good information concerning this village and the little circle of sisters. I can say there are some favorable indications; but we want that zeal which ought to inspire the heaven-born children of God—we want that ardent zeal which at

this important season ought to glow in every christian's heart. We want something to elevate us from the low cares of time and sense, to the superior joys of heavenly converse and sweet communion with our God. I think christians in general are in a very dull, low state. A languor almost unparalleled seems to pervade the church, all energy to be dormant, every flame of love extinguished, and a firm decision on the Lord's side superseded by a yielding compliance with the god of this world. We appear to be trying to serve God and Mammon. We aim to follow the dictates of both, and it is difficult for others to determine which master we most reluctantly disobey. In such circumstances, how can we progress in a religion which explicitly calls us to love neither the world, nor the things of the world, and which cannot thrive in the tainted atmosphere of a worldly mind? It is impossible. When we comply with the world and conform to that, we cease to serve our Maker. He is no longer the Regent of our hearts, the supreme object of our regard, nor we his willing subjects. But I forbear. Perhaps I have drawn too dark a picture of religion here, owing to the excessively cold state of my own heart. But let us remember that there is a remedy even for this disease, which perhaps always originates in the neglect of the closet. We must frequent that retirement, and study the sacred volume, or we are decaying christians. "Only while we pray, we live."

Let me tell you, dear N., that in return for this I shall expect a long letter from you, full of seasonable advice, reproof and counsel. Be plain, and do not fear, for my

heart is hard, and nothing but the greatest plainness will make any impression there. I need reproof, and wish for it until I can feel as I ought. Wishing you happiness far superior to any this world can bestow, I remain your sincere friend. S. H. C.

Sept. 19.—Passed last evening with a christian friend, by whom I was faithfully warned of my situation, and entreated to be aware of it and awake from my stupidity. I felt thankful that I had one friend interested enough in my spiritual welfare to reprove me. O that we might be faithful to each other, and in every interview may religion be the chief subject of conversation. Thus may we ever improve and edify, and may the blessing of heaven attend us.

Nov. 30.—More than two months have gone by since any record has been made in this journal—this once-loved friend and companion. Such a neglect it has never experienced before. Notwithstanding all my reluctance, time will bear me along with the utmost rapidity from my happiest seasons. I bid the days of childhood and youth adieu, and without a moment's stay proceed forward to—I know not what. The future is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. I cannot fathom one event; but O may that God who has condescended to be the guide of my childhood and youth, still stretch forth his protecting arm and shield me from dangers.

Dec. 28.—Sitting and reflecting this evening on the many, the innumerable blessings which have attended me the past season, I was struck with astonishment at my ingratitude, and wondered that every one had not in justice

been removed. What I most deeply lament, is, that these blessings, instead of leading me constantly to the all-wise Giver, have themselves riveted my affections. Amongst the least of my blessings perhaps I should be unjust were I to place a pious and intimate friend. O my God, I need thy grace to make me in every respect what I ought to be.

Dec. 31.—Another year is about closing forever. Many and varied have been its changing scenes. O that I could look back with heartfelt satisfaction, and know and feel that through them all the glory of God had been my chief aim. Whatever I do, I am commanded to do all to the glory of God. I have given my word to fulfil the injunction, and how culpable am I, if I fail. What is this world, with all its store, to a soul blessed with the extatic view of joys unfading and eternal? It dwindles at once to nothing.

> "There 's nothing here deserves our joys,
> There 's nothing like our God."

Jan. 1, 1824.—I have this day commenced reading in course the Scriptures. O may the blessing of heaven attend this undertaking. Without this, all our efforts are but useless. Another year has commenced. New scenes are beginning to arise, and events to transpire, the results of which we now have not the least conception. It is well that future events are wrapt in obscurity. Could we draw back the veil and penetrate futurity, how fatal might the result be to our earthly happiness. An all-wise God conceals each coming event from our research; and in all the varying scenes of life, to do our duty and act with a view to the glory of God should be our constant aim.

Jan. 21.—O for assistance and direction from heaven. That which I have accustomed myself to think lightly of, now assumes a serious aspect. I must decide an important question, important in the extreme. My future happiness is interested in this decision. Without divine aid I shall err. And O for a title to mansions in the skies. What but this can afford real joy? Kind friends may alleviate pains and sorrows; but they cannot, no, they cannot accompany us through the dark valley of the shadow of death. It is here we must quit them all. But O God, wilt thou then be my conductor.

Jan. 28.—Another week is closing. Time, divided into years and months and weeks, steals away insensibly. Thus the hour hastens when its wheels shall cease their circles forever, and revolving years and months come to a long—long period. Thousands of them have rolled incessantly on. Nations have been born, have lived and acted their part in the busy scenes, decayed, died, and left no trace behind. Man has been compared to a shadow, passing swiftly over the plain and seen no more; and to look back thousands of years, and think of the millions and millions of beings that have existed and gone to their long home, what more does life appear? and what more is our own life? But, blessed be God for the sacred Scriptures. But for these, we might have confined our views entirely to this short life; we should have known no other joy, no other hope, than what the uncertain scenes of earth afford—joys and hopes, which, however dear, we might in the height of our enjoyment be snatched from, and consigned to an uncertain futurity or total anni-

hilation. Blessed be God for the Scriptures; for the description contained in them of the creation of this globe, and the formation of human beings, with their interesting history through a series of years. And blessed be his name for an account of his own perfect character, his dealings with mankind in every age, and his just requirements of them; and forever blessed for the news of salvation held forth to us in those holy writings, the knowledge of the unparalleled mercy of God in offering his Son to suffer in our stead, and thus providing eternal blessedness for us. O what a rich treasure is his Holy Word! But how necessary is it that we should have the eyes of our spiritual understanding enlightened from above to discern the hidden truths of Holy Writ. So prone are we to err, that perhaps it is not unfrequently the case that we form our opinion and endeavor to bring the Scriptures to a compliance, instead of yielding to them.

Feb. 26.—Memory recurs to years when I scarcely thought of passing a day without transmitting to writing my feelings, hopes and views. But those years are past; the fugitive moments refused to stay. Other cares and hopes have engrossed me. The world has called me forth from my solitude and retirement, and my avocations have placed me in a comparative vortex. What cause of gratitude have I to that Being who called me, as I humbly trust, at an early period of life to a knowledge of the superiority of religion. The more I am among the gay and fashionable, and the votaries of pleasure, the more cause I feel for thankfulness to God for calling me early to choose superior joys. The more I see and hear,

the more am I convinced that it is nothing but religion that can bestow solid happiness. How much misery, mortification, disappointment, and the workings of the corroding demon, envy, incessantly follow the worldling! Whatever may be the advantages of riches, splendor, and all earthly good, the mind that soars not above them must feel an aching void, and fall short of the sought-for treasure, happiness. But I would defy any one to produce one humble christian, who has for years walked with God, who lives near the throne of grace, and has his conversation in heaven, who is truly unhappy, though he may labor from day to day to earn his scanty meals, and feel in every sense of the word "the wants that pinch the poor." What a source of happiness he has within. It must be so, for his body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. If a burden of anxiety arising from accumulating woes and darkness around, do corrode, his remedy, his sure remedy, is before him. To that, at any hour, he may apply, and from the throne of grace he can return a happy man. Ah, enviable lot! Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. And who would hesitate to adopt this petition? All acknowledge the righteous enviable in death. O, I would not be without the good man's comfort when I experience this trying hour, for all this world can bestow. At this awful crisis, on what shall the departing soul lean for support, if an interest in Christ is not secured. Where shall it fly for refuge, if not to the ark of safety; and where shall it seek shelter from impending wrath, if not hid under the Rock of Ages?

Aug. 1.—Jesus went about doing good, and when he was reviled, reviled not again, but forgave his enemies. Were this spirit once to become universal, what a happy world would this be. All these animosities and discords, these divisions and back-bitings, would be done away, and peace and joy supply their places. I think there is no duty in life to which we should devote ourselves with more ardor and zeal, than this habit of making peace, and forgiving injuries; and no disposition we should be so anxious to cultivate, as one on which hatred and revenge can make no rude impression, and where anger and resentment find no welcome. The moral virtues are often too much neglected, even among christians; and while they believe in an entire renovation of heart, they sometimes forget that the good seed, though sown, requires unremitted attention. An upright walk and conversation, evincing the meek and lowly, the benevolent, charitable, and affectionate spirit of the great Founder of christianity, will conciliate the love of those around them more than all the noise of disputation and reproach. Consistency is admirable to every candid observer, and may kind heaven confer on all of us a large portion of the spirit of the gospel, evincing love and good will to all mankind.

July 3, 1825. *Sabbath, P. M.*—Have attended public worship this forenoon, and sitten down at the table of the Lord—a privilege I have not been indulged with for a long time. Many considerations combine to render this season peculiarly solemn to me. Under present circumstances, it is the last communion Sabbath I shall ever

spend. Before another, Providence will have ordered a different lot for me. O God, let thy presence go with me.

July 10.—This is an important era to me. From this day will be dated new cares and troubles, new pleasures and comforts. Will not He who has deigned to bless, still continue to bless us, still make us happy.

Milton, Aug. 7.—Have this day sitten down and communed with the church in this place. It is an unspeakable privilege to be blessed with such a meeting—a privilege I am far from deserving. Forgive, O God, all my sins; forgive the sin of ingratitude against thee. I am the recipient of innumerable blessings, each of which demands a song of praise.

20.—This afternoon are deposited in the narrow house the remains of an intimate friend and cousin, Miss H. C. of S. She, who less than a year since was apparently the picture of health, has received and obeyed the solemn summons. How uncertain is life, health, and all earthly things. Our correspondence has ceased forever. The long discussions respecting a future state of existence have come to an end, and she now possesses all the knowledge we labored for. May this event be a successful call to me to be ready to meet my last change.

TO A BROTHER IN B.

Milton, Aug. 26, 1825.

Dear Brother—Inclination urges the improvement of the first opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of your very welcome letter. I rejoice that you have not forgotten me, and gladly enter into a correspondence.

Of letter writing I have ever entertained the highest opinion. Of its usefulness, if rightly conducted, I am fully convinced. To write, is almost the first art we are taught in childhood; a knowledge easily attained, but of what vast importance. Who has not learned how precious this method of communication between absent friends?

The country here is pleasant, particularly at this season of the year. Were you seated with me, you would all around have a near view of trees bending down with fruit—of corn-fields, where the golden ears are fast ripening—all promising the husbandman a rich reward for his toils. A little farther are extensive fields and meadows, which have yielded in part their verdant covering and richly stored the neighboring barns. Still farther, hills and trees, with their foliage, bound the prospect; and though rude and rough, can boast this striking trait peculiar to nature's self, they will bear minute examination, and where all appears barren, homely and wild, there may be culled many a flower, may be observed the most exact symmetry, and read many an useful lesson. I am led to think that nature is seldom unpleasing. In all her seasons and works she opens new beauties, brings new delights, and yields charms unknown before. In other words, I am led to think that whatever comes from the forming hand of our Maker, without the spoiling hand of man, must be beautiful; that in all his works, in every season, there is something charming. Surely the Creator of all these things must be divine.

You must never be afraid of writing too long a letter, nor of telling me too much. Though I often sit down

here in my retirement, saying to myself—What care I what the busy world is about? still anything you will tell me I know will be interesting. Yours, &c. s.

Sept. 24.—I have this afternoon been looking over the tract entitled, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." I have ever admired this interesting narrative. Contentment and happiness are here exemplified in the most abject poverty, such poverty as is very common in other countries; but how few of these sufferers, as we should here call them, evince the happiness of this poor Shepherd. This was the effect of his religion, a true religion, which if enjoyed can always make its possessor happy.

Oct. 9.—Death makes havoc in families and neighborhoods, taking the old and the young, the parent and the child. O may I be prepared for the solemn hour, which I know hastens on apace. I must soon bid adieu to all the scenes of earth, and follow my kindred who have gone before to their eternal homes. This pleasant and retired spot is not an abiding place. These woods will continue to spread their foliage, and the feathered choir to chant their songs in the branches, when they can bless my eyes and ears no more. Hills will rise on every side around this our Vale of Content, when I am laid beneath the clods. Friendship and Love, endearing names, sources of the greatest happiness of earth, may exist, but I shall feel their earthly influence no longer. O may I be prepared for this exchange of worlds. Then shall I lay down at night unconcerned whether I awake in this world or another. Happy security.

December 3.—The past has been the most marked year of my life. Half of it was spent at home, under the paternal roof, where many and many a happy day have been enjoyed. To that loved spot my mind will oft recur, and find a pleasure in pronouncing these simple words—*My Home*. The little mount which near by commands an extensive view of the country, of the distant hills and forests, the extended bay with its isles, and the neighboring city, will ever be a dear spot to memory; nor shall I, while reflecting on all these scenes of youth and of youthful hilarity, forget my kind and indulgent parents and other relatives, all intimately connected with home. To think that this home is no more to be the place of my abode, has sometimes been painful. Still I cannot say I regret the change. No—my expectations have thus far been more than realized. Providence has smiled upon us, and, I have often thought, has granted everything heart could wish. Our station is humble; no trappings of splendor and magnificence mark our dwelling; no pomp and show present themselves within. A thousand welcome and unwelcome visiters do not crowd upon us. Riches are not ours, and I have often thought this a happiness. My heart ever sought retirement and obscurity, but with riches these are seldom enjoyed.

Dec. 11.—I have lately been much interested in H. K. White's writings. They have beauties I never knew of before. He evinces more piety and devotedness to religion than I was aware of. It was indeed a dark Providence which placed him in a situation to struggle with so much poverty, to be the subject of so much pain and

anxiety to himself and others, and then, when his way was just opened before him, when he could look back on the thorny road he had traversed, and with joy say it was all over, and pleasing prospects were before him, to remove him hence forever and blast the hopes of his friends. But there was a design in this. These clouds do not form in vain; though dark and discouraging, they often let fall a shower of blessings on this guilty world, extending far and wide. His writings are excellent. They are writings, too, which probably would have been lost had he lived. We may perhaps say that had he been spared, the superior productions of such a pen would not have failed of reaching the press and the public eye. This seems probable; and it is probable, too, that he would have greatly improved both in poetry and prose. But we cannot penetrate futurity. We read that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come. Perhaps nothing is more dangerous than *fame*. Of this Henry would have had a full share; and where, where might it have borne him? Think of the unfortunate Dodd. Henry's career terminated honorably; he was summoned from a world of sorrows to that rest which is reserved for all the children of God. His weary feet have greeted that peaceful inn, and his aching head reclines on that quiet bed.

Jan. 21, 1826.—This is the Sabbath. Thousands are at this moment assembling at places consecrated to the special worship of God. By what motives many of them are actuated, is known only to God and their own hearts. But I imagine it is a common error to repair to those sacred edifices without once thinking for what purpose we

go. It is the force of custom that carries many thither. Still, whether custom impel, or principle, or we are sensible of being carried there by any unlawful motive, it is the place where we ought punctually to be found. God's house, the holy sanctuary, is the place on every Sabbath for every individual who is able to be there. If moved by wrong motives in repairing thither, it is our indispensable duty to correct them, rather than on that account to forsake the holy place.

TO MISS E. T. OF W.

Milton, August 12, 1826.

Esteemed Friend—I sit down this evening with the intention of devoting a few moments to you; and it is only the idea that I am incapable of writing anything which will give you pleasure, and a fear that you will consider it an intrusion, which makes me reluctant in yielding to my desire to write you. But I trust you will forgive imperfections.

I have recently received information concerning you which gave me the greatest pleasure. It seems you have indeed found the pearl of great price, the hidden treasure, which they who part with all they have to buy, buy cheaply, and are gainers indeed. You have probably ere this come forward before a gainsaying world and professed yourself decidedly on the Lord's side. I rejoice with you, my dear friend, heartily rejoice, and congratulate you in your happy choice of Christ for your portion; for I know that your happiness is what the world can neither give nor take away, that it springs from a

source infinite and inexhaustible. If I am not greatly deceived, I have experienced this happiness in some degree; and whenever I have failed of enjoying it, I could trace the cause to a neglect of closet duties. Here declension begins, and here alone the remedy must be brought to operate. How strongly our Saviour enjoined prayer on his disciples—even praying always, and has set us the example in frequently retiring himself; and when his last painful hours had arrived, and every friend was about to forsake him, he had recourse only to prayer; and at last, in that dread hour when prayers for himself could avail no more—when expiring nature was about to heave its last sigh—he still forgot not to pray with his latest breath, uttering a fervent petition for his enemies.

After a profession of religion, it is important that we evince to those around us, by an upright walk and conversation, our sincerity. The eyes of the world are upon us—an opposing, an uncharitable world. You have commenced a warfare. If a living christian, you must be a fighting one; beset behind and before with enemies, there can be but little rest. We must keep near to our great Leader; here alone is safety. He knows all the road we have to tread, and is willing, if we will but follow him, to be our conductor. He will be all in all to us. Let us rely solely on him, keep near to him, and we shall come off conquerors, and more than conquerors. O may this be our happy lot. May all our pains and toils terminate in unbounded joy; and then we shall never regret our privations here, but only wish we could have had the honor of suffering more for him who has done so much for us.

I wish you would favor us with an account of your religious experience, and of your present views and feelings. S. H. T.

April 17, 1827.—I have just finished reading the Memoirs of Mrs. Huntington, in which I have been for a fortnight engaged. I have, through the book, entered into all her feelings, and realized all her sufferings. O that like her I could live for God. But, alas! my wicked, wicked heart. Alas! my mercies abused, privileges slighted, all my best gifts perverted. What have I done? I have struggled through all these years, and am now without one good thing in me. The little time I have to live, may I live to the glory of God; may I be weaned from the world, and be ready, whenever I receive the summons, to enter into the joy of my Lord.

20.—This is a delightful season of the year. The rough blasts and fierce driving storms of winter give way to the genial rays of the sun, and all nature seems to rejoice. Fields and trees are fast clothing themselves with verdure, and sweet melody fills the air. The streams are loosened from their icy fetters, and sparkle in the sunbeams as they pursue their wonted courses. The kind Author of our being is not forgetful to provide for us, and regularly in their seasons brings seed time and harvest, summer and winter, and supplies all our wants. The earth yields a sufficiency both for man and beast, without cessation, from year to year. And it is the productions of the earth, too, which clothe our bodies. It is likewise a truth that we also are formed of dust, and that unto dust

we must return. We must yield our spirits to him who created them, and our bodies to mingle again with their kindred dust, until the morning of the resurrection, when the same voice which said to Lazarus, "Come forth," will also summon us from our slumbers, and body and spirit shall be re-united and spend an eternity where there shall be no more change. O may it be a happy eternity in that blessed world where no sighing nor sorrow shall ever come, and where the inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick."

June 17.—I once more take my pen, perhaps to write a farewell to this my journal and to the world. My health and life are precarious; probably before I write here again the important decision will be made whether I shall survive the trying hour which awaits me. I cannot realize things as I wish with regard to all-important concerns, though so momentous. I cannot realize as I wish what it is to quit the world. O my God, my waiting eyes are to thee. Prepare me, I beseech thee, for whatever thou art preparing for me, whether life or death. Notwithstanding all the vileness and wickedness of my heart and life, I do indulge the hope that I have been born again. It has ever been my constant and most earnest prayer, that if deceived, I might be convinced of it before it was too late; and shall I not be? Alas! I have not felt and acted as becomes a christian. I have daily and hourly erred. But I trust in the merits of him who died for the chief of sinners. For the sake of a better world I feel willing to leave all things here. O may I there be met b all my dear friends.

I think I will not destroy these writings, though I should not like to have them much exposed. I have spent many happy hours in penning them, perhaps the most really happy of my life; but should they be deemed entirely unimportant by those in whose hands they may be left, I wish they may be destroyed. And now, perhaps I have done with all earthly concerns. Perhaps the hand which now pens, and the head which dictates, are soon to be consigned by friends to the grave. Friends, weep not for me. Our heavenly Father has sufficient reasons for this removal.

Oct.—God has restored me once more to health. What has he not done for me? Early in August our dear little son was born, and last Sabbath we gave him up to the Lord in baptism. I had, ever since his birth, contemplated this with a great degree of pleasure. I thought it would be our duty and privilege to bring him up for God, should our lives be spared; and as we could as yet give him no instruction, to be permitted to lay such a foundation as this was peculiarly gratifying. I thought I never went to the house of God with more delight. Previous to my illness, my mind, with respect to death, was generally calm and resigned. Within the six weeks immediately preceding, Solitude Sweetened was my constant companion. Daily I perused and enjoyed that book.

Alas! returning health returns me to the world. I cling to it too much, far too much. O my God, draw my affections hence.

TO MISS E. T. OF W.

Milton, January 4, 1828.

Dear Cousin—Excuse my long neglect of writing to you. Gladly would I continue a correspondence which I think may be of so much benefit to me, though conscious that I can contribute but little towards rendering it interesting to yourself. I wish to thank you for the pleasing account you gave me of the exercises of your mind. I congratulate you, for your happiness must be very great in seeing your brother and sisters giving up the world for the one thing needful; and you have also seen many others around you giving themselves up to the Lord in an everlasting covenant. There has also been some unusual attention to religion in Milton, and quite a revival in Dorchester. Is this not a day of revivals? It is indeed an interesting period—a day of great exertions in every christian enterprise. What would our pious forefathers have thought, could they have seen all that is now going on in their once lonely asylum? Should not every christian be awake and engaged in the great work? Can any one look on and still slumber? O we should each, in some humble measure, strive to aid the Redeemer's cause. But the work will go on. If we slumber or stand all the day idle, we shall manifest our base ingratitude to him who has condescended to place us in his vineyard where so much is to be done; we shall lose all that unspeakable happiness which others feel who are active laborers, and we shall have no "Well done good and faithful servant" pronounced to us by our blessed Master; still the work will not stop for our tardy steps,

To the throne of Jehovah all shall finally bow the knee; and is not the glorious day beginning to dawn upon us? Its beams are already beginning to irradiate the earth; but who can conceive of the splendor of its mid-day glory? But then to us will be the night in which we cannot work.

It is now the commencement of another year. I wish you, my friend, a happy new year. Yet I know that while you remain here, you, too, must taste the bitter cup. I know that cares and anxieties must find a place in your heart, and at times your tears, as well as those of others, must flow. From that fatal day in which Adam fell from innocence, mankind have been doomed to eat their bread in sorrow; the earth was then cursed, and has ever since yielded thorns and briars, and we must reap the unsavory fruits of sin. But this is not our home. All the varying scenes of another year have closed upon us; and of all the eventful scenes of our life, the last will soon terminate, and we be done with time forever. What, my friend, O what will be the scenes which shall then open to our view? As yet, on this terrestrial ball we are living actors, instead of lying unconsciously beneath its surface: but the destroying angel is on his way, and the day and hour will arrive when our bodies, like those of our friends, must be silently borne to the receptacle of the sleeping dead, and the loud trump calling to judgment shall be the first sound which shall penetrate our ears and awake us from that heavy slumber. O, of that solemn, dreadful hour, how faint are our conceptions. Then shall be uttered, by our Judge, the irrevocable decree for eter-

nity. No more inquiry then whether we are fit to die, and whether heaven shall be our home. No more inquiry then how to gain the most of this world's substance—for this earth and all its dear-bought treasures are consigned to the devouring element. Emulation and ambition, high hopes, and their fruit disappointment—all—all in the general conflagration are dissolved and exist no more. I anticipate our greatest astonishment will be, if astonishment there is in another world, that we fed on these things so much when we had a heaven to gain or lose for eternity. O, on that day may we hear the welcome plaudit from our Judge, and then spend an eternity in the company of saints and angels, and above all in the presence of him who when on earth spake as never man spake. Yours. S. H. T.

TO A BROTHER IN B.

Milton, March, 1828.

Dear Brother—In the still and quiet circle in which I move, I see and hear but little worth communicating. No political or religious information of importance reaches my ears, but what has probably become old to you. Yet in the calm tranquillity of a country life are tasted the purest pleasures. Solitude is sweet, if we have one friend to whom we can make the observation. Cowper, with whose writings you are doubtless familiar, thus beautifully describes this retirement:

> " 'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
> To peep at such a world; to see the stir
> Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
> To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,

> At a safe distance, where the dying sound
> Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.
> The sound of war
> Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me—
> Grieves, but alarms me not."

This calmness and tranquillity is certainly more favorable to piety than the proceedings of your noisy and bustling metropolis. But even to us, secluded as we are, the world holds forth its allurements, and I have often thought, were it not for the Sabbath, engaged as we are in the world, striving to obtain its unsatisfying treasures, which only increase a thirst for more, and perish with the using, we, as well as those who are encompassed with stronger temptations, should almost forget our duty either to God or man. Blessed be his holy name for the institution of this holy day, on which I am now writing. On this day our beloved pastor leads his little flock to the consecrated place, there to commend them to God and offer prayers in language peculiarly his own; there not a case lies unregarded, not a want is forgotten, and there he faithfully dispenses the word of life. In a minister I think we are highly blessed. You, too, sit under the sound of the gospel. O may it not sound to us in vain; without effect, it cannot be. No, when we shall be summoned to give an account of our stewardship, unless we have improved our privileges they will add to our condemnation. This is a day of Bible and Missionary Societies, of Sabbath Schools, of religious publications, of Temperance Societies, and, I might add, of associations of all kinds for ameliorating the condition of the world. Public feeling is excited towards almost every benevolent object, and to a

great degree. How much has been done since our earliest recollection; and how much, how very much, has been done in one year. This work has not begun to stop. No, since its first commencement it has been known only to increase; and nothing, we may believe, will retard its progress, until the world is converted to God. * * * *

Have you been successful enough to read all the unconnected sentences with which I have filled this sheet? If so, you will doubtless be glad to stop. S. H. T.

TO MISS M. T. OF W.

Milton, September, 1829.

Dear Cousin—I have attended divine service this forenoon and heard our own dear minister discourse from these words—"Ye did run well, who did hinder you?" My thoughts immediately recurred to past years and past experience. And why am I not now as happy in the closet, as interested in the house of God, and as engaged in his blessed cause, as I was then? Alas! it is this wicked heart, which has much corruption remaining. This legion of sins within, and the tempter with his thousand snares without, do sometimes effectually draw my mind from everything that is good or worthy a mortal's pursuit. The text above may, too, be applied to some of my early christian friends, some who set out with me in the christian course, with much zeal and warm devotion to God. Why is their progress retarded, and why have they grown cold in so good a cause? Doubtless the temptations of the world overcame them, too, when they forgot, or neglected to look to Jesus for help. Alas! it

is lamentable that this is the case with so many—that so many lose their first love. I trust this will not be your lot, but that you will continue to fight and to resist evil.

Many, very many hours have been given us for improvement, and have passed almost from our recollection. But our privileges shall yet again be brought before us. In the great archives of eternity they stand awaiting the hour of our final retribution, to appear either for or against us. "A moment, how soon it is flown;" and yet how vast its import. Are we living to God in these short moments of our lives? Or are they flying away to be witnesses against us when our condemned souls must plead in vain for a moment to repent in? O that we realized as we ought the importance of being constantly engaged in the service of him who certainly has not made us in vain. Some spot in this spacious vineyard is assigned each of us for labor. If not a conspicuous spot, then humble let it be, as our part in it, if properly performed, will not fail to be acceptable to our Lord and Master. Let us not retire and say there is nothing to do. The poor widow who had only two mites to cast into the treasury, did not hesitate to come with the rich who of their abundance were giving much, though she knew hers was comparatively a paltry sum: and she received the commendation of her Lord—a rich reward indeed. I recollect hearing a minister relate from the pulpit, an interesting account of a poor woman (I believe dependent on charity) who was for a long time confined to her bed by infirmity; but she was pious, and she felt very anxious to do something to promote the Redeemer's

kingdom. What could she do? This was the inquiry she made. She could not enter into any active service in the cause. This she was entirely disabled from. She could not give anything, for she was unable to support herself. What, then, could she do? Much. Yes, no child of God was ever denied by him the privilege of doing much in his glorious cause. She could do much and she sought and found the way, and gave herself up to prayer. This was all she could do, and this was doubtless a delightful employment and acceptable to God. Let us go and do likewise; and may it never be said of us that we performed no service, gave no alms, neither did we pray.

But while I am writing thus to you, you are probably actively engaged. Then I hope you will go on and do more and more, for you cannot do too much; you cannot feel too much interested in our Saviour's cause; and should you render up yourself and all you have to this blessed work, you will never repent it. We have many calls from the grave to be up and doing; for in such an hour as we think not, the Son of Man cometh. Our frail bodies must die, must crumble to dust from which they were formed, and feed the reptiles of the earth; but this immortal part within shall live when earthly bodies are no more; it shall live in heaven or hell, when even earth itself, with all that is therein, shall be burned. O how important that we should attend to the chief concern. Riches and honors, what are they but trifles which cannot benefit the immortal mind? Palaces and costly apparel must grow old and decay, and leave the soul still to be provided

for. O may our souls be prepared for those realms of bliss, where ample provision is made. Then can we behold earthly treasures vanish without a sigh; then may the last trump pronounce that even time itself shall be no more, and we shall not regret the loss, for eternity is ours, heaven is ours, and we have nothing to fear. Temptation, sin and sorrow shall never enter there. There friends shall never part, for death, the fearful tyrant, shall never enter that blessed abode on his cruel messages. There shall we be like our God. O may we both be brought into the right path, and be found faithful. May the God of mercy, for his dear Son's sake, purify us and fit us for that bright abode, which hath no need of the sun nor of the moon. I will close, for I know that with so many imperfections you are sufficiently wearied.

Yours, &c. S. H. T.

TO A BROTHER IN B.

Milton, December, 1829.

Dear Brother—In order to convince you that your letter was truly welcome and induce you if possible to write again soon, I improve the first opportunity of writing to you. * * * * * *

It is very pleasing to review the scenes of past years. Almost all our bliss in this world of trial is in anticipation and retrospection; if we enjoy the present moment at all, it is because it is connected with the past or future. If we enjoy any present possession, is it not because we have labored to acquire it, or expect from it some future benefit? But chiefly the happiness we may feel in look-

ing back upon the past or forward to the future, is because in these exercises of the mind we do not mingle the troubles always attendant on earthly good. The hours of my childhood appear to be happy, unmixed with care and trouble. I believe the happiest I can recollect were spent in the company of a christian female friend; but I remember with dearly cherished delight many little social family circles of ours.

We have always need to be anxious for ourselves; temptations, ere we are aware, are leading us astray, and many a person has been led to do what once they looked upon with horror and believed themselves incapable of. We know not our own weakness; we know not what wicked hearts we have, and how great crimes, if left to ourselves, we should be guilty of. You will perhaps think me gloomy again; but is not everything connected with a sinner gloomy to think of? His heart is set in him to do evil, and every imagination of his heart is only evil continually, saith Scripture. For his sake the ground he treads on is cursed. The condemnation of eternal misery is upon him. And can he be cheerful? Is it consistent for him to devote his hours to mirth when destruction is before him? But in view of the Saviour's all-atoning blood, which cleanseth from sin, the gloom departs. This Wonderful Counsellor, Everlasting Father, Mighty God, and Prince of Peace, as the Scripture designates him; this atoning sacrifice, and this alone, can make us consistently happy or cheerful beings. Washed in his blood from the pollution of sin, we may look up and say, with the apostle—"All things are ours, and we are Christ's,

and Christ is God's." Then may we go on our way rejoicing, for heaven will be our eternal home. A few more days of trial, and we shall be released, never to sigh or sorrow more, and, above all, never to sin. O how important that the eternity we are to spend should be in that heaven which is now proffered us, at the right hand of him who has died for our redemption. There may we meet and dwell through endless ages.

Yours, &c. S. H. T.

TO A SISTER IN D.

Milton, January, 1831.

Dear Sister—As I have been repeatedly disappointed in not visiting you, I take an opportunity to let you know that among my own cares and occupations I am certainly not unmindful of home and its invalid inmates, and wish to see you all very much. * * *

The Winter blocks up our paths, and shuts us up with his cold chilling blasts and freezing breath; but Time, the great Restorer, shall again bring smiling Spring with its mild and genial warmth, when, instead of ice and snow, verdure shall clothe the fields, and in place of howling winds, the melody of feathered songsters shall salute our ears. The flowers with their pleasant smell shall then gaily decorate our path, and all nature rejoice in new life and animation. Such is our life; clouds and sunshine constantly succeed each other. Bright hopes are blasted, and, phoenix-like, from their ashes, spring still fairer prospects and richer possessions. Summer always succeeds Winter; and again, more especially to us who

are prone to view the dark side of things, Winter always succeeds Summer. Portentous clouds, threatening utter destruction, lower around and darken our path, when suddenly the bright rays of the sun dart forth and dissipate the gloom, and its light is so brilliant and grateful we imagine it impossible its lustre should ever again be obscured. But though this is a chequered scene, though we know not where to look on earth for light and comfort with confidence, yet where we expected to grope in darkness there is often noon-day light, and we are led to feel and to know that there is an unseen hand which guides in an undeviating course all the events of this mortal life. Yes, and our kind Father will at length bring all his tried and trusting ones safe to glory. No clouds surround the summit of that hill where angels live, and where we also soon hope to be; no darkness shrouds its brow, no tempest wastes its fury at its foot. It is only on earth that sickness and trouble assail the saints; it is only here that sins beset, and their wicked hearts molest their peace. Here is the place, and the only place, for the warfare. Here the conquest must be won, there enjoyed—enjoyed indeed! What are a few years of pain and suffering to an eternity of joy? Let us be more diligent to make our calling and election sure, for the day is at hand—the final day—to the christian the joyful day. Joyfully he can bid earth, with all its scenes, adieu, or joyful wait his Father's time, willing to perform his will on earth as well as possess a seat in heaven. May this be our condition, living and rejoicing in the Lord, fulfilling our duty in all things, useful in our day and generation,

and waiting for the glorious appearing of God our Saviour in his appointed time, when every one shall be rewarded according as his work shall be. The faithful shall then shine as the stars in the firmament forever and ever. Such may we aim to be. I must close. Yours. S. H. T.

May 12.—This is a day set apart by our church for fasting and prayer. Such is the debilitated state of my health I am unable to attend, but I hope the day will not be lost. This is a time of great revivals, and our town is not yet visited. We do indeed need a few drops of the genial shower. O God, the work is thine; we look with longing eyes to thee. And O may this church ever be united in love and christian fellowship, and may their united prayers ascend to thee this day, and be graciously accepted. Lend a listening ear to their supplications, and be thou in the midst of them. May they feel thy presence and thy power. Give them a spirit of fervent supplication, that will not let thee go without a blessing; and whatever they may say or do, may it be with a single eye to thy glory. Let nothing be done from show or pride; but, like humble beggars, may they approach thee with this one request, the outpouring of thy spirit, and O let this request be granted. Lord, we are nothing without thee, and can do nothing acceptable in thy sight. We sink, we perish, without thy supporting hand. Lord, bless the families that call upon thy name, and may their number be greatly increased. O bless the young and rising generation, and may they be a seed to serve thee. When their fathers have left the stage of action, and they are called to

take their places, O may they be better fitted, for this is a day of light and knowledge, and wo to the youth who neglects his golden opportunities.

June 10, 1832.—I am passing off this stage of action. I shall sojourn here but a short time only. O that this little space might be spent in good deeds to others, and in preparing myself for a happy eternity. When I look back, all my past life fills me with shame and confusion. Many trying things have afflicted me severely for the few past years. Yes, my heart has bled, and my eyes have often dissolved in tears. But I wish to forget them all now. Injuries that I have received I can freely forgive, because God enables me so to do; and I hope that whatever I may have said or done wrong to others, God will enable them as freely to forgive; and all these things I wish now only to remember so far as they will tend to make me humble—for I want humility. I need more of this grace, and I desire a great share of it. Let me take my place in the dust, and look for nothing but an acceptance with God in heaven. "Perish, all my fond ambition." And O may he accept me for the dear Redeemer's sake, wash me from my sins, and take me to himself.

July 1.—When I sleep in the dust I wish nothing to be said of me; but should my eternal state be spoken of, and should any think that through the atoning blood of Christ I have been admitted into heaven, O let it be mentioned alone to extol his wonderful, boundless love in saving so vile, so polluted a sinner as I am.

TO A BROTHER IN B.

Milton, November 18, 1832.

Dear Brother—It was with great pleasure I read your two last letters, particularly the last, which seemed full of comfort and support, which I needed. I was indeed in a state of darkness and doubt when I received it. The thought had come upon me suddenly, or rather the conviction, that I must die. I knew my health had been failing for more than a year and a half, and I had during that time often thought that I must die; but I never *felt* it before. It had come upon me then in all my weakness, and darkness followed. I found a great difference in viewing death at a distance, and near to me. I found he had terrors. Still I shrink from his approach; but I feel more resigned to the will of Heaven, than I could then. God has condescended to permit my mind to be comforted with one promise after another, until I feel as if I could rely solely on him, and trust my soul with him both for time and eternity. He has seen fit to lead me through deep waters. Outward trials must act in concert, too, to bring me low, and all his billows went over me. But still he would not forget his sinking child. He holds me by the hand, and I think and do allow myself to believe, that, sinner as I am and have been, and though nature almost shudders at this great separation of soul and body, he will finally lead me to victory. O what a hope is this! worth more than worlds of wealth and ease. Still, though I entertain this hope, such is my weakness of body that I cannot enjoy it as I wish. I cannot converse upon it as I wish. My time for reading must be limited. Every power

and faculty has failed. But I have been far less troubled with worldly thoughts than formerly, and enabled to fix my mind more upon religious subjects. I have much to be thankful for; many comforts are bestowed upon me, all from the hand of my heavenly Father. Though so undeserving, he condescends to feed me with his comforts and his promises in these sinking moments. I rejoice to submit to the trials he sends upon me, knowing that I need purifying. If he will but give me all my punishment here, and humble me and make me more fit for that blest abode above, shall I dare to complain, though every friend forsake, and every comfort fail? O, no! This life is a dream, and joy or sorrow signify but little, only as they fit us for heaven.

I think it very doubtful whether you will be able to read this writing, or to understand the unconnected sentences if you do. I thought I would make an effort to write one more letter. I shall not attempt it again, unless my heavenly Father sees fit to improve my health. I now confine myself entirely to my room, and probably shall for the winter, if life is spared. But I know this winter is to try me, and I know it is doubtful whether I survive it. O will you pray for me, that I may now be prepared to die, and ever resigned to the will of God—that my thoughts may be entirely withdrawn from the world, and placed on—Home.

I am now reading, or rather studying, Mrs. Graham. She had no doubts. She knew in whom she believed. But I fear, often fear, that my wicked heart deceives me. I know, though she was so very pious, that she had nothing

more nor less to rely upon for salvation than I have, vile and sinful as I am. The merits of the Saviour are all any sinner can plead. I have found great comfort in that book. It was doubtless sent me in mercy, though I am undeserving.

I must close. My dear, dear brother, shall it be for the last time? I think I can say from the heart, God's will be done. I wish to thank you for all your favors of this kind, and every kind, and O may we meet and unite our songs in heaven. Yours. S. H. T.

Dec. 26.—Why distrust a heavenly Father, who has led me so gently thus far; who has mitigated my pains, and given me so much relief from suffering?

27.—I am standing on the brink of this Jordan. The day is very near when it must be crossed. Dear Jesus, meet me there. I trust he will. Sweet promises confirm my trust. "He is not a man, that he should lie," &c. I think my title is clear to mansions in the skies, and I care not how soon the hour of release arrives.

28.—O God, save my children!

29.—Thy waiting servant is still here. O I want a perfect resignation to the will of God; it can be but a few days before the brink of this Jordan must be touched. Dear Jesus, thou must do all for me. O what a miserable place is a death bed to prepare for that solemn hour; but to christians already prepared, a joyful hour, if Jesus will but come and meet us. And certainly he will not be unmindful. He has trod the valley alone, and crossed the stream alone in all its swellings.

30.—Behold thy waiting servant, Lord. Come and convey me hence, if consistent with thy holy will. Thy rod and thy staff must support me as I cross the portals. I am thine. O let me depart in peace. There I henceforth look for my home, and the contemplation, when I can fix my mind on it, is delightful.

TO HER SISTER.

December 31, 1832.*

DEAR SISTER—Farewell, until we meet in a better world. I wish you to think of the children occasionally, and particularly J., when I am gone.

We shall meet again, I trust. Adieu—my only and beloved sister. Yours. S.

* The day before her death.

LETTERS TO HER CHILDREN.

June 1, 1828.—You, my dear child, have just stepped upon this stage of action. Whether you are destined, ere you are aware of the nature of your existence, to lose it in the cold embrace of death, and be followed by your mourning parents to an early grave, or whether you will survive this season of infancy and pass through childhood's days to manhood's ripest years, is all unknown to me. Impenetrable obscurity hides all your future prospects from my knowledge, otherwise than that I know—and O it is a painful truth to know—that if you live, Sin and Sorrow must attend your earthly course. The idea of your sorrowing I can bear. Yes, it is comparatively trifling to think that you may be the subject of poignant sorrows from your cradle to your grave. The thought that those mild eyes, indicative of the gentle disposition you have as yet ever shown, must be suffused in tears over the grave of every friend you have, is not half so distressing as the thought that He, who has brought you into existence, who has watched and ever will watch over you to keep you from harm, will be offended by your disobedience. O, my child, is it possible you can ever be so ungrateful to Him, so regardless of the kind admonitions of friends and ministers, so unmindful of your own best interest, as to slight the God who made you, and who has opened a way for your redemption from sin, though the ransom cost the precious blood of his beloved Son. Whether you will live

to hear, or whether your parents will live to tell you, your duty, is known only to Him who will order it for the best.

> "The spider's most attenuated thread
> Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie to earthly bliss.
> It breaks at every breeze."

Though I am now in health, yet ere you can pronounce the name of the relationship I bear to you, I may be sleeping beneath the sods, and you consigned to the care of strangers. Such a consignment would not now be painful to you, as you would soon forget your mother. But to me it would be inexpressibly painful to give you up in the helpless days of infancy, or even in childhood's older years, when the twig must be *very* cautiously bent, to those who would be comparatively indifferent towards you. Should this be my lot, as it has been the lot of many others, may this little paper be preserved for you until you are able to peruse it. Then will you receive it as a token of my regard for your spiritual welfare. Remember, for no other purpose was it written than that you might be excited by it to live a life of piety on earth, and be prepared for another and better world. And if when you look over these lines you do not feel that you have often sinned against your heavenly Father, let your earnest prayer be, "Lord, show me what I am." Let this be your constant prayer until you are conscious that you need the mercy of a Mediator to save you from what your sins deserve. I cannot think there ever will be such a change in friends and circumstances as that you will not be religiously taught, in some degree; though perhaps this is possible, Still I cannot—no, I cannot relinquish the belief that God

will make you a child of his. Should I early leave you in a world of sin, and should it be my happy lot, sinner as I am, to be admitted into those blessed mansions above, methinks I should anxiously wait to welcome you there; and whenever loud acclamations of praise resounded from the innumerable company around the throne—when angels struck to loudest praise their golden harps, and joy filled every happy spirit, because another sinner had left the downward road to destruction and was travelling to heaven, should I not eagerly inquire whether it was my child? And O, my eyes at this moment fill with joyful tears when I think what must be my extacy if answered that it was. Then how should I eagerly catch at the news of your progress in religion; for if saints and angels rejoice at the new birth of a soul, do they not interest themselves in its journey through the world? and should I not then be gladdened again and again by the joyful intelligence that you had been the means of reclaiming this one, and that, and another, from the paths of sin? And last of all, when the Celestial City was ringing with adoration and thanksgiving because a new inhabitant had arrived from earth, should I not rush forward to see if it were my child?

O think of this—ponder on it. Forget it not, until you have obtained all that the promises contain for you, all that a Saviour's precious blood has purchased, all the triumph over sin which he will enable you to attain, and all the victory that his dying groans achieved for you over death and hell—until you, too, really walk the golden streets, and tune your harp to immortal praise.

June 10.—My dear child—Did I know your life would

be spared and mine taken away, or that any other event would prevent my giving you the instruction I wish you to receive, I think I should not fail to write something every day for your perusal. But should we both be spared ed to live together in love and unity for many years, these imperfect effusions, dictated as they are by a heart whose first wish is to do you good and bring you up for usefulness in the world, may not be wholly uninteresting. I think I shall therefore pursue the plan of writing occasionally—of instructing you briefly in those great and important principles which I trust will early be chosen as your guide through life, and of noticing some of the passing incidents which may interest you. But what shall I tell you? If brought up in a christian land, under the sound of the gospel, you will already have heard its precious truths, perhaps till your heart has become so callous that they make no impression there. The most important truths for you to know, are, that your heart by nature is depraved, and unless renewed by the power of divine grace you can never enter the kingdom of God; that here is your only state of preparation for a never—never-ending eternity, which you must spend in a state of misery if unprepared for heaven. Take these solemn truths with you, my dear child. If you have heard them before, I beg of you for my sake to take them from my pen, and remember them until you have gained that preparation of heart, to produce which is my only aim in writing to you. Yes, my only aim. I would fain have you learned and amiable. I would have you obliging, upright and useful. But I would not give up this change of heart

for these things, nor for everything else. I do not wish you to be rich and great. No, by no means, if you are not good. If your heart is not given to God, and his glory is not your aim in all you do, I wish you, for the sake of others, to live in the greatest possible obscurity. "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you," says our blessed Saviour to his disciples; and this, I believe, has been verified in others, and would be in you. Each of your parents was, I humbly trust, called early to seek for happiness in the promises of the gospel—one at 15 and the other at 12 years of age, and we have been well provided for and led on in peace. Though much silver and gold has not fallen to our share, no doubt withheld in mercy, yet our water has always been given us and our bread sure, and other blessings have abounded unto us. Not on account of our merit, by no means; it is all of mercy. It was mercy that called us early, that upheld us in the slippery paths of youth, giving us kind friends and gospel privileges, and that still leads us safely on. O may that same mercy call and adopt you for a son.

20.—I tremble, my child, when I think into what a world you are entering—what outward trials must meet you at every step. But still, great as these may be, I fear more on account of those within. Here is the source of troubles and difficulties. Your own evil heart will cause your greatest woes. O may that heart be renewed by the power of changing grace. O may that heart be early and ardently devoted to God; and should it constantly be your aim to say and do what would be acceptable to

him, what evils would you escape. But, alas! should you live in sin! O the overwhelming thought! Should you die in sin—But I can go no further—a tear would blot it out.

July 7.—My dear child—This is the first anniversary of your birth-day. I had long intended devoting it entirely to you. Many circumstances conspire to render it peculiarly solemn to me, and I have wished to devote the hours to prayer for you, and in giving you, in the only way I at present can, the best advice I am able. But I have been unexpectedly prevented from devoting so large a part of the day to this purpose as I intended. You have, my child, been with me, night and day, one year, and though by no means a troublesome child, still a constant care. When I first looked upon you on the day of your birth, it was with ardent wishes, and I trust fervent prayers, that I might bring you up for God. I longed to give you up publicly to him, and at the age of two months you were carried up to the sanctuary. I think I never enjoyed any season as I did that. It seemed like laying the foundation stone, and sealing you for the Lord's. O may not the bond be broken. It has since been my wish that in the first year of your life you might become a member of a Missionary Society; but as no Juvenile Society exists in our town, my wish has not been realized. Yet I have reserved a small sum to be given for that purpose on your account, so that you will begin your life by contributing in its first year to the support of missionaries—and O may you never fail to give something each year of your life. And now, my child, the sun has just shed its last

beams on the day which completes the first year of your existence. To you the months have rolled unconsciously away, and to me they seem but a speck of time.

August.—It is astonishing, my child, how much is lost or gained as you manage your temper. Remember, as you grow in years, to govern your temper. Be calm and quiet, and you will almost always, when right, gain your point, and secure the esteem and good will of those around you; but if you cease to manage it, and give way to those passions to which human nature is subject, you will generally for this very reason lose what you wish to gain, and sink in the estimation of every person who sees you. It is important that you possess the good will of those with whom you associate, and that they see you assiduous in rendering them all the services in your power, instead of selfishly pleasing yourself—a practice which always excites disgust.

Sept. 7.—Our neighbors are in affliction, mourning the loss of friends, while we are all spared to each other in health. Yet, my child, if you live, I know that you, too, must see trouble. O may you be prepared to meet it and not sin. I do not fear earthly trouble for you half so much as sin. I hope you will strive to conquer evil passions in your own heart. There is where they have their rise, and there is where they must be subdued. Pride is a sin which taints almost every performance. A sincere and devoted christian has not become such without hard conflicts with this enemy to grace. Humility is a distinguishing characteristic of a true christian. You, my child, must fight against this sin of our nature.

We here form characters for eternity. What they are at our death, I think they will be forever. Not that we shall, in another world, be exactly as we are here in our mortal bodies; but to those who are lost, the envy, jealousy and resentment, or whatever other sins they may have been addicted to here, will more horribly assail them there; and those who enter heaven, if they have neglected to cultivate good graces and amiable virtues, will enjoy so much the less for it there, because less capable of enjoying. Every one will have his cup full; but an expanded and richly-cultivated mind will take in much more enjoyment than a contracted and ignorant one. One abounding with a large share of benevolence and love to all mankind, will enjoy much more in seeing so many happy, than a more selfish one. Still they will be all one in Christ, and emulations and jealousies will find no place there. This should be an additional stimulus to us to make every improvement we can; and you, my child, if your life is spared—and it is with inexpressible pleasure I say it—will doubtless live in a day when knowledge shall be greatly increased. A few generations back, advantages for gaining religious and all other kinds of useful knowledge were very small to what they now are. My grandmother, like others who were children with her, learned to read, and write her name; and this was all the school education she ever received. But you will not want for opportunities of gaining any knowledge you wish. I hope you will feel no disposition to neglect, in the bright season of youth, that which will tend so greatly to your happiness in after life. Neglect not to gain all the in-

struction and information you can. Knowledge is a treasure which cannot, like riches, take to itself wings and fly away. Therefore never keep money to the neglect of education.

September.—Should you ever be left an orphan, my child, the necessity of making to yourself friends will be more apparent than if you are permitted to live under your parents' care. Then you will stand, in a measure, alone, and must push your way unaided by your dearest natural connections. But your journey will be much more agreeable and safe if you have made friends who will accompany you and with whom you can walk hand in hand. I do not mean that you should seek to make friends of every one indiscriminately; for though you are bound to treat every fellow creature well, and, as far as in you lies, live peaceably with all men, yet you are not to take every acquaintance for a bosom friend. You may and should treat those, who are not worthy of this, with great kindness, while your heart is not opened to an intimate intercourse with them. But neither would I have you practise a cold reservedness in your manners and conversation. No, a close and apparently suspicious spirit will excite jealousies, and of course dislike, in others. Be open and affable, very free and familiar with your friends, and easy of access to every one. It will then be easily discovered what you are; and those who thus see that your heart is not doubly barred and bolted against them, will, if kindred spirits and worthy of your friendship, not withhold theirs from you. And now, my child, I will unfold to you the great secret of true kindness, politeness

and good breeding. Who was it that spake as never man spake, and who, after every evil thing had been said against him that could be devised, was acknowledged to be without fault; who was beloved by his friends, esteemed by his enemies, and did good to all? It was your blessed Saviour—he who invites you to come to his arms and to walk in his steps. Do this, my child, with true sincerity and in firm reliance on his gracious promises, and you will be secure from errors both in your feelings and actions towards your fellow creatures. Go, my dear, go without delay, and in obeying him lay the foundation of your character.

Nov. 2.—Several weeks have elapsed since I penned anything for you. Time flies very fast away, and bears you on through your infantile months. Childhood's riper days await you, unless death arrest your steps and bear you to that world "from whose bourne no traveller returns," whither you, your parents, and all your friends, are alike hastening. But I would not dress death in terrors. I wish only to remind you of your latter end, and to inform you, too, that to the christian death has lost its sting. Make it the business of your life, my dear child, to keep in preparation for death, and you will then have nothing to fear, everything to hope. Be about your Master's business, so that you may be that blessed servant who shall always be found doing. Idleness! the mother of every vice! may it be forever banished from all your concerns, both spiritual and temporal. Idleness is degrading to human nature, even were we always to continue here; and O think what a curse to a short-lived, dying

creature! Should your parents live, I think that from your earliest years you will be kept constantly employed;

"In works of labor or of play
Will your first years be spent."

I am digressing a little; but lest I should have no other opportunity, I now enjoin it upon you never to idle away your precious time. Whatever others do, you are now told never, in ordinary hours of business, to practise sitting or standing idle, and in company to spend no more such time than is absolutely necessary. To your mother, an idle, loitering, lounging person is one of the most disgusting of characters. God never gave us a moment to throw away, nor a moment for which we must not give an account.

And now I have introduced the subject, my dear, I wish to tell you more of the dreadful crime of Idleness. It has been the means of bringing many a wretched victim to prison and to the gallows. I wish you to shun not only constant idleness, but also occasional idleness, a vice you will more easily fall into. It is true the employment of most men is such that it cannot occupy them at their own firesides nor in the social circle, as the employment of females can them; and in consequence they must of necessity spend many moments unemployed with their usual business. Do you, my child, endeavor not to lose these moments, but glean, by profitable reading or conversation, something useful. It is my opinion that many little manual occupations might also be pursued by men while sitting with their families during long evenings, without the least impropriety. Some trifling article, which

would be very useful, might at such times be made, and thus the mind, instead of sinking into a torpid state for want of something to do, be kept awake, and a talent, instead of being buried in a napkin, improved and multiplied. Your father's aged grandmother is a model of industry. May it be your privilege to know her when her example can be of service to you. She is now 85, an early riser, and constantly very usefully employed—and besides this, remarkably pleasant and free from the peevishness and impatience too often attendant on old age. She is justly beloved by all who know her. My grandmother was to her latest days, which extended to 96 years, remarkable for her early rising and her industrious habits. Manufacturing cloth by hand was in her day a very common employment for females. This she practised all her long life, and in the course of her ninetieth year she wove 1300 yards. No doubt it was in this way she prolonged her useful life. Early rising is an important duty. Do you attend to this. An idler in the morning is likely to be one through the day. Retire when you please at night; but never let that orb of light which is sent to attend your labors, find you in bed in the morning. It can be of no use to you while you are there. Summer and winter, I wish you to rise before the sun.

But, my child, as you labor and pursue your daily occupation; as you toil, as all the human family must in some way or other, in providing for the meat that perisheth, do not let your mind be bound up in accumulating that which can answer no purpose at the hour of death, nor when you are called to give an account of the im-

provement of your time and talents. Remember for what purpose you live. Remember that the time will come when you must die, and that to be prepared for this is the most important concern of the present life.

December.—Sixteen months of your life are gone, and how many more are allotted you, or whether you shall survive another month or day, is known only to Him who orders all events for good. Should your life be prolonged, I am very desirous that you should first and above all things embrace the religion of the gospel. Let this be the rule and guide of your life, for this only can be a support in death, and this only will open to you the portals of heaven.

March, 1829.—The winter is gone, and the beautiful Spring is returning apace. The time of the singing of birds has arrived, and the bursting forth of the green grass and the variegated flowers will soon bless our sight. The pleasures derived from the sight of these beauteous objects, you now, my child, know nothing of; and neither do you know that this world, notwithstanding these sources of innocent pleasure, is full of wickedness and misery. I often look forward to your coming days with dread, and tremble to think that should you live, you must in some degree mingle with the idle and the vicious who will constantly surround you. But there is a choice for you to make in your companions; and if you should have no parents to direct your steps, I conjure you now to shun bad company. Deceit, you will find, is the fashionable cloak. Yes, deceit and hypocrisy are worn more or less, perhaps, by every human being; by the humble christian,

however, but seldom. For what has he to conceal from the world whose thoughts and affections are regulated by the law of his God? But, alas! this threadbare cloak, with its tinsel trappings, will too often beguile you. Frequently will it be the case, that when smiles and flattery meet you with open arms, you would start back with horror could you behold the serpent that lurks within, waiting only for a favorable moment to give to your peace a blow more cruel far than death. Alas! such is man—unrenewed man. I would not have you in any respect a deceitful character. No, be open and frank in all your dealings with your fellow creatures—using prudence, however, as your judgment or the advice of superiors shall dictate. On the other hand, I would not have you a suspicious character, unjustly fearing every person with whom you have to deal. This course, besides being disagreeable, leads other persons to suspect you. Do not appear what you are not; but what you wish to appear, strive in reality to be. We are apt to take much more pains to appear good, than to be so. This is unwise. Once acquire the habit of being good, and it will be easy to appear so. A bad man must have recourse to a thousand artifices to hide his disposition or habits, and after all loses his labor, for it is a fact that our real characters are generally sooner or later discovered. Are you passionate at home? You may smile abroad, and think no one will suppose that you ever do otherwise. But at an unguarded moment you have let an angry expression fall before a visiter, or a person without has heard the hasty word, and it is of course reported and circulated, and comes to the ears of those whose good opinion

you highly value. Do you occasionally drop a profane word or utter an untruth? Ah, what is whispered yonder when you approach? and what, as you enter the house of God, is felt in many a heart, and what comments are made on your charities to the poor and to religious societies? Why are your endeavors to be considered good and pious so unsuccessful, and why are others preferred before you? Ah, the tale is told. Perhaps only a child heard you; but it was heard, it was rehearsed, and a word once gone from your mouth is beyond your control.

July.—If I should write you a history, my dear child, of passing events, it would be a relation of one affliction after another in which we or our neighbors are concerned. Our cousin, who was yesterday consigned to the tomb in W., has been a great sufferer; for five years she has been confined to her bed, been often the subject of great pain, and from her infancy was deaf and dumb. She has endured more than I should have thought a mortal could endure and live. Sores on one side had drawn up her foot, and in that situation she has been obliged partly to sit and partly to lie for four years, and oftentimes her paroxysms of distress were agonizing to every beholder. But yet her lot was enviable compared to that of many an immortal in this or in another world, for true piety was hers, and her name was doubtless written in heaven. She was daily waiting for her release from pain and sickness and her entrance into glory, where, as she said in her way, she could hear as well as any one, and where she well knew her sufferings would not follow her. Her meek and placid countenance was charming to be-

hold, while her fingers were constantly employed in making articles of use or ornament, notwithstanding her distressing situation. Happy spirit! Her flight is taken, joyfully taken, from a body wounded and distorted, and distracted with constant pain, to a world of glory, where heavenly melody breaks the long silence which to her ears reigned below, and where her own lips are also attuned to enchanting lays. She is no longer a silent spectator of others' happiness, of which she cannot partake, and no longer is the wish of increasing that happiness a fruitless one.

September.—It is often said in my hearing—"What a day is this in which we live!" and there is reason for the remark. Yes, such a time as this was never before known. The last thirty years have produced wonders. Wonderful indeed has been the increase of associations for every righteous purpose; and missionaries, whose researches have extended to the remotest corners of the habitable globe, have greatly multiplied. When I was a child, I recollect barely hearing that there were such institutions as Sabbath Schools; but I believe there were then none in this country. What, in this respect, have twenty years effected? Now every individual child (in this part of the country at least) may attend a Sabbath School. Should these flattering prospects in the religious world continue to increase and brighten, O what, my child, may your eyes behold thirty years hence? More, perhaps much more, than I can now conceive of. If the present generation have felt and done much; if in the beginning of the undertaking they have achieved great

things—what have we not reason to expect from the next generation, brought up as they are with the work begun and in view? O, my child, I hope you will not be unworthy to live in such a day. I could wish you might be actively employed in the glorious work. I hope some little corner at least of the great vineyard will bear testimony to your exertions in some way, in the noble work of evangelizing the world. Unobserved it may be; the eye of man need never cast a look on the humble spot, nor on the lowly being who labors there; your praise need never be sounded among the noisy multitude—your fame need not be proclaimed. But if your talents and circumstances keep you on humble ground, there labor with all your might, and the great Searcher of hearts will not fail to see and approve; and without this approval, of what avail would be all the fame and the praise which the world could trumpet forth?

October.—I wish, my dear child, you would ever remember the Sabbath, as the Scripture directs you. You are not to follow the example of those around you; not that of the worldling, nor even of many professing christians, for christians are deficient here as in other things. Unnecessary riding and visiting on the Sabbath are very unbecoming in christians. One would think they would seldom be guilty of this; but a plea of want of time on other days has brought many out for this purpose on the Sabbath. And what an excuse is this! God has given us six days for ourselves; all this time is ours for lawful purposes, and He has taken but one in seven for himself. How, then, can we say that we have not time in these six

days to perform our temporal duties, but must infringe upon the Lord's time. If we grudge taking sufficient of our own time for visiting, we have no right to supply the deficiency by taking those hours which we have been commanded to keep holy. Be careful, my child, in fulfilling this command.

January 31, 1830.—I am this day absent from meeting on account of extreme cold weather. I have taken my pen, though I think of nothing special to write. Time, with rapid wing, is passing us by, and carrying with it our days, months and years. Our life in review seems like a dream of the night. O that its short period might be earnestly devoted to the best of purposes. It is, at the longest, short enough to prepare for a never-ending eternity. I hope in early childhood you will realize the truth of this.

> "'Twill save you from a thousand snares,
> To mind religion young."

You may repent of almost everything else; but you will never repent of beginning to serve God too soon, or of serving him too faithfully. Ah, no. Labor ever so assiduously to fulfil your duty to Him, and still on a dying bed you will feel regret that you fell so far short and did so little.

April 18.—Several months have passed since I last wrote for you. A kind God has still protected us from all dangers, seen and unseen; health and peace have blessed our habitation, and our friends and all our other comforts have been continued to us. Surely for such undeserved favors our hearts ought to rise in unfeigned gratitude to the great Giver of every good and perfect gift. What do

we deserve, and what do we receive? O how the comparison ought to strike us with awe, and make us humble before the great all-wise Disposer of events. But all these earthly blessings are uncertain. God has so established the arrangements of his providence, that these blessings may be taken from us or we from them without a moment's warning. I hope, my child, you will therefore early seek for more substantial good.

September 26.—After a lapse of several months, my dear child, I am again seated, in health and safety, addressing my lines to you. Many, very many important events have transpired since I last wrote. War and bloodshed in some places have prevailed. Sickness and famine in others have raged. Death, with his sure and certain darts, in all lands has borne away trophies of his destructive reign. The king and the peasant have been levelled to the dust, and in their resting-place is no distinction made. But while war and devastation, pestilence and death, have prevailed in other lands, our own happy country has been blest with the smiles of heaven, and Peace and Prosperity, the plants of choicest growth, have thrived in our borders. But even here we have seen the work of death, and the graves of our kindred are round about us. An uncle of mine has been called, since I last wrote, to part with life and all its shifting scenes. Another event, in which, while life lasts, you must be much concerned, has also taken place. On the 3d of July your brother was born. I hope a fond affection will ever subsist between you, and that no root of bitterness will spring up to mar that mutual love and sweet intercourse

without which you must ever be unhappy. Should you ever cease to love each other, know assuredly there must be blame somewhere, for God and nature have placed you in a very near connection, where you must live together in peace or the consciousness of guilt must make you unhappy. Henceforth I must address myself to you both; and O, you know not the happiness it would give me to see you, as you grow in years, mutually growing in knowledge and walking in the fear of the Lord. O let there be no strife between you, but who shall serve God best. Here you may nobly endeavor to outstrip each other, and love each other the more for the emulation.

Oct. 17.—Probably before you can read your mother's writing, you will have heard all the important things which she can tell you, and I hope will not have heard in vain. But if you have, O read this as for eternity. Read it and take the solemn warning to prepare, in your youthful days, for that heaven of happiness which is to be won. Pause and think; lay not down to rest, I charge you, until you have some reason to think you have made your peace with God. The price for your never-dying souls is paid, and you are the Lord's if you only consent to be. O repent, then, and give yourselves to Him. Assist each other in this important work. Delays harden the heart in sin, and death is ever nigh. O think what an awful thing it must be to leave everything here, every friend and relative, and every object which is dear to us, and go unprepared into another world, there to hear those awful words from the lips of that Being whom you have offended—"Depart from me"! Your bitterest repentance and

deepest groans will then avail you nothing. All the evil passions which haunted you here, will probably be in full exercise there, and be eternal, too. He who once would save you, now gives you up. O, my children, I turn with horror from the picture I have drawn. With your parents, next to their own salvation, certainly yours is the burden of their prayers and wishes. We were all made to serve our Maker. Duty commands, and we should obey. We were made to be happy if we would. It is a great blessing—let us seize it without delay. Invitations from Him who made us are numerous. Jesus has poured out his soul in agony, has suffered the wrath of the Almighty in our stead, and thus widely opened the way for our salvation. O let us walk in it; then happiness, unbounded happiness, is ours.

This is Sabbath evening, and I am alone, writing, my dear children, with a view to your future benefit. Before I can personally tell you the importance of religion, I may be called from you by death. Then, when you can read these imperfect writings, they will probably be given you. Perhaps they are not written sufficiently plain for you to read; but some fragments may be gathered from them which will be of service to you. With the blessing of God, the weakest means can prove effectual to the conversion of the soul.

December 12.—This is the Lord's day—the holy day—a day, I trust, which you, my children, will ever love. You will have great reason to doubt your safety when you cannot welcome the holy Sabbath, and devote its sacred hours to the service of God. I believe that your

spiritual and temporal welfare will depend much on the manner in which you spend the Sabbath.

January 2, 1831.—On us, my dear children, has dawned the light of another Sabbath, and the commencement of a new year. I have heard our dear minister this forenoon on the signs of the times. Verily, my children, it will be your lot to live in an eventful day. Verily you shall see and hear of wonderful things, for the end is not yet. Stand ye in your watch-tower and hear what He the great Mover of all these events shall say unto you, and be yourselves ready for every good work. You will not live in a day of general ignorance, though you may in a day of awful profanity and crime. Deistical and atheistical principles are prevailing to an alarming degree, and are tending to the destruction of all sacred and natural ties and obligations. Awful, awful indeed is this belief, and the result to which it thus tends. I need say no more of this than to warn you against it, for too soon will you know of this and other inlets to the broad road to destruction; while the narrow path, with only one low entrance, containing but here and there an humble traveller, though irradiated by a bright shining light, will be found and walked in only through constant watchfulness and a reliance on divine assistance. An ignorant mind is favorable to the reception of such demoralizing principles. I should not think a well-cultivated mind could for a moment look abroad on the stupendous or more minute works of creation, and doubt for a moment the existence of a great, a wonderfully great and noble Architect, whose genius shines beautiful in every work of his hands. Slight in-

formation will convince us that we are surrounded with wonders, the simplest of which all the men in the world could never create. I wish you, therefore, my children, to cultivate your minds. Neglect no opportunity of gaining useful information of every kind. Study the works of your Creator, the smallest of which are worthy of attention. Every plant that grows affords a useful lesson. Though I am not a proficient in the science of Botany, yet I have heard many a sermon from the pulpit which has not afforded me so much pleasure or instruction as some little flower which I have sitten down and minutely examined. To see how the finger of God had traced every part in inimitable perfection—how beautifully it was formed, decorated and painted, was indeed wonderful and delightful, and at once convinced me of the greatness and perfection of its Maker, who though the former of numberless worlds, neglected not this little plant. This world is likewise suspended by the might of his power, and the sun and moon made to perform their revolutions. He neglects not our frames, which are also curiously and wonderfully wrought, keeping every one of its numerous parts in regular and unceasing motion. Far, far beyond our comprehension is this great, self-created Power. We cannot send a thought half way to God.

February 9.—I hope it will be your happy lot to possess amiable tempers and dispositions. This will be of very great advantage to you in all your concerns, and no time or labor will be lost that is spent in striving to gain these happy feelings. Let not passion usurp the place of reason, but be reasonable in all your requirements and in

all your doings, or you certainly lose by it. Be just and upright, peaceable in your deportment, always more ready to forgive injuries than to inflict them. Follow your bright Exemplar, the spotless Jesus.

February, 1832.—Ever since I last wrote, my health has been in a state of decline, and I often think, my children, that I shall be taken from you at an early period of your existence. If this should be the case, I hope you will be brought up in the fear of God by other hands. In His fear may you pass your days, and with Him be happy at last. My health has been such that I have been unfit for any labor this winter, and consequently unable to write, and I must now lay aside my pen. Should it never be your lot to listen to your mother's instructions, may you be so instructed by others as never to forget her God. May you early flee from sin, and walk in the ways of righteousness.

March 25.—It is not best, my children, that we should always meet with success in our earthly plans. Prone as we are to love this world, I fear we should never take our eyes off the beautiful things around us if the sun always cast its bright light upon them. Should we not pursue these vanities with an ever-eager grasp, did not darkness occasionally hide them from our sight? And O how dreadful would it be to have all our portion here! Our affections are so riveted below, that it requires an almighty power to break the charm; and shall we not be thankful for such kind interpositions? The longer you live, the more inclined you will probably find yourselves to love the world, and the more difficult will it be to relinquish

its pursuits, which in the end you will find are vanity, and not capable of satisfying an immortal mind. Seek, then, early, an interest in the Saviour, and here you will find food and riches which will satisfy all your cravings and never cloy.

June 10.—I have passed a fortnight at my father's in D. It is the only time I have ever been separated from you, my dear children, but I left you in safe hands at home. My health is very poor, and I may soon be called to leave you entirely. If so, I hope and trust Providence will provide for you and give you all needful blessings. I hope you will find kind friends who will regard both your temporal and spiritual welfare. I never had an earnest wish that you should be rich; I only desire that you may have the means of procuring a good education and respectability, to render you useful, instead of being bred in ignorance and unable to be of any service to yourselves or others.

July 1.—Yes, I think I shall leave you. My weakness increases, and I shall not probably be spared to assist in leading you up to youth and manhood. I have nothing else to wish to live for. I think, situated as I am, I could perform no other service than this, should my life continue longer. Yes, my children, you are all I really wish to live for. Sometimes I think of you as little motherless boys, and no one can feel for you like a mother. In such circumstances you will find yourselves under greater necessity of behaving with propriety to all around you, and thus gaining their good will and kind attention. And I hope your education will not be neglected. But

you will not derive all the advantages from it which your mother would wish you to receive, unless you desire learning yourselves ; and if you possess this desire, I have nothing to fear. In this day of schools and mental improvement, you will not be bred in ignorance ; you will yourselves find ways and means to obtain all useful knowledge—and if these are faithfully improved, sloth and a grovelling mind will not be your unhappy portion, but your literary pursuits will be followed with pleasure and great advantage. I hope you will each of you ever cherish a love of knowledge.

In two days, my little J., you will have completed two years of your life. Time will bear you on, if life is spared, to the snares and temptations of youth ; and O, I hope you will have grace to resist them. Let not the gay scenes of life attract your fond regard. Let not the thoughtless and rude be your companions. Look into your own heart and see what you need there. From scenes of gaiety and mirth you must turn away. They do not suit an immortal mind, and thoughtlessness and levity cannot reform the heart. The Bible will point you to heaven, and the society of the good will help you there.

November 18.—My dear children, I must bid you a long—long—farewell. Do not forget your mother, who loves you so much. Charles will remember me. John must try to remember his best earthly friend.

November 25.—My frame is wasting away. I think I shall not long behold you. Death appears to my view ; but I believe, when I meet it, it will be stripped of its terrors, and I think I feel willing to meet it when it is

God's will. I feel that I am a great sinner, but Christ is a great Saviour. I am lost and undone, but such He came to seek and save.

My dear children, whom I love so much, I must leave you. I almost wish I could take you to heaven with me; not so much on my own account, as on yours. But you must make Jesus your friend, and heaven will then be your home at last. Shall we not all meet there—a happy family? or who shall be left out? Will my C. or my J. follow their own inclinations and walk the downward road to destruction? O it must not be. You must give your hearts early to God. Remember, your mother felt much for you on this subject. Her one petition for you was for a new heart. O, children, you must seek this. You must pray for this, and if sincere you will obtain. I am taken from you just at that age you might begin to receive religious instruction. I had laid up many things to say to my children when they could bear them, but I can say nothing more now. I submit.

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